May 19, 1973

THE NEW YORKER

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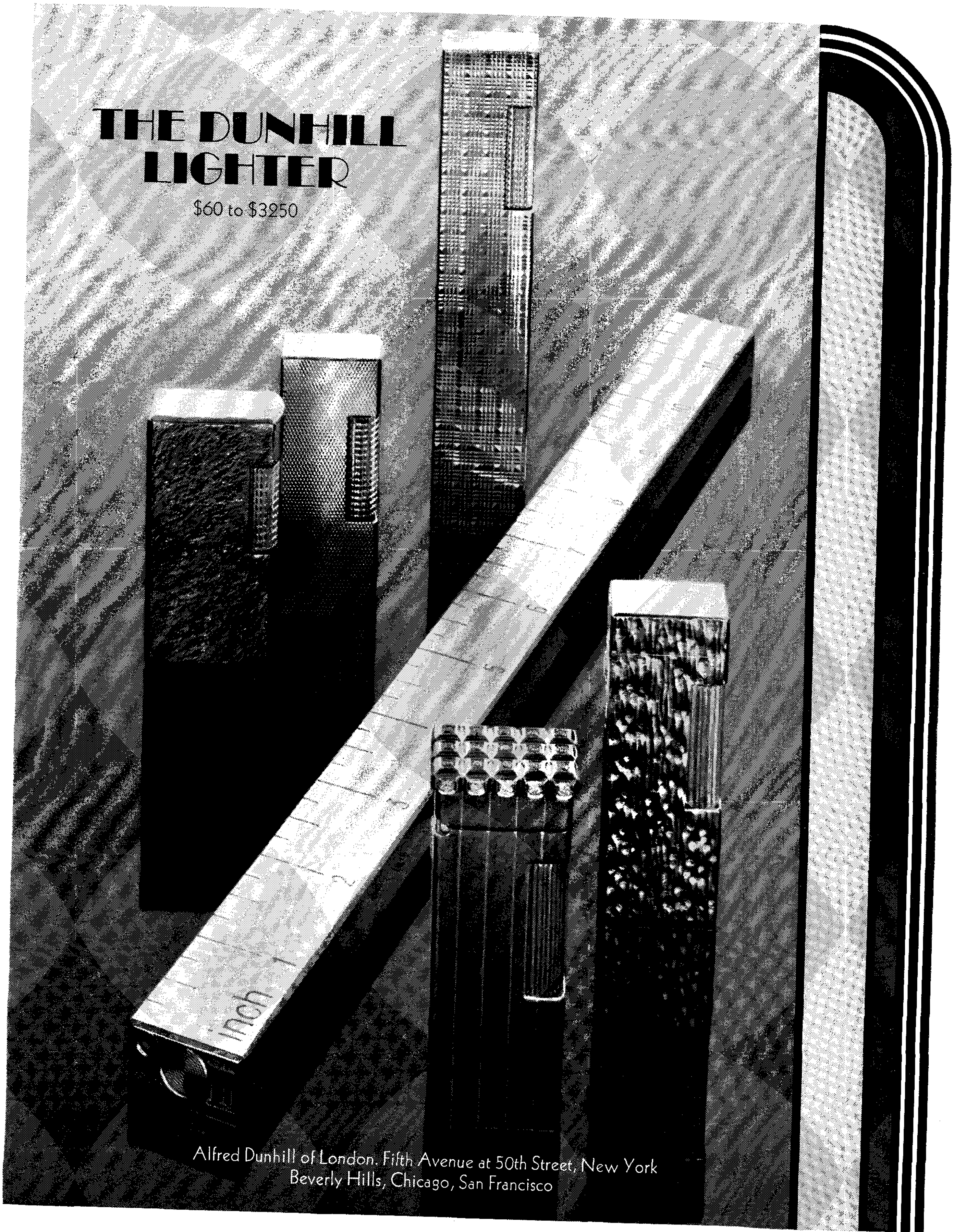

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Baba Goya—A play by Steve Tesich. Season *subscribers only*. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 6:15; Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, June 2.)

The Changing Room—How it is with Rugby in the North of England. Despite the skill of the playwright, David Storey, this is a bleak play, whose large cast has been ably directed by Michael Rudman. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Children's Mass—A play by Frederick Combs. Opens Wednesday, May 16. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Cyrano—Christopher Plummer in a musical version of the Rostand classic, with a book and lyrics by Anthony Burgess, and music by Michael J. Lewis. Directed by Michael Kidd. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Dr. Hero—A workshop production of a play by Israel Horovitz that is itself in the works. Much of the first act is nonvintage Horovitz, but there are some lively scenes in the second. Through it all, we follow the progress, from birth to death, of someone who aspires to be the World's Greatest Man. Edward Berkeley directed. (Shade Company, 230 Canal St. 431-3479. Fridays at 8 and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of RIVERWIND, a musical by John Jennings, is the final production in this season's series. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Wednesday through Saturday at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 20. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Finishing Touches—A *very* domestic comedy by Jean Kerr, who writes marvellous lines but who lets her characters go no farther than to flirt with the promises of life before they wistfully repudiate them. With Barbara Bel Geddes, Robert Lansing, Gene Rupert, and Pamela Bellwood. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Ghosts—A static, diminishing production of Ibsen's play, under Gene Feist's direction. (Roundabout, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 27.)

El Grande de Coca-Cola—A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras, where a local family, untouched by talent, attempts to pass itself off as a troupe of international stars. The show was conceived by Ron House and Diz White, who also appear in it, and was written by them and the three other members of the cast—Alan Shearman, John Neville-Andrews, and Sally Willis. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8 and 10; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Hot l Baltimore—Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is somewhat synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. All the action takes place in the lobby, a wonder of decayed splendor by the scenic designer Ronald Radice. The actors, many of them comparatively inexperienced, perform very well, under Marshall W. Mason's direction. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Irene—A synthetic musical, borrowing from the past without having been there. Debbie Reynolds and the rest of the cast redeem the falseness with hard work and high spirits. (Minskoff, 45th St., W. 869-0550. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performance for the Actors' Fund on Sunday, May 20.)

A Little Night Music—Love in ¾ time in 1973—it sounds improbable, but Stephen Sondheim, with his music and lyrics, and the director, Harold Prince, with his brio, bring it off. The cast includes Glynis Johns, Len Cariou, and Hermione Gingold. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Manhattan Project—André Gregory's production of ALICE IN WONDERLAND. (N.Y.U. Theatre, 111 Second Ave., between 6th and 7th Sts. 228-7160. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturday and Sunday, May 19-20, at 5:30.)

Manhattan Theatre Club—A four-week series of plays by twenty of the best-known Off Broadway and Off Off Broadway playwrights. Wednesday through Sunday, May 16-20: Leonard Melfi's EDDIE AND SUSANNA IN LOVE, at 7:30.... Terrence McNally's BAD HABITS, at 8:30.... David Starkweather's THE FAMILY JOKE, at 9:30.... Kenneth Bernard's MARY JANE, at 10:15.... Tom Eyen's THE WHITE WHORE AND THE BIT PLAYER, at 11.... ¶ Friday, May 18, at 9:30; Saturday, May 19, at 7:30 and 10; and Sunday, May 20, at 5:30 and 8: A chamber-theatre reading of Edward Albee's THE DEATH OF BESSIE SMITH. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 288-2500.)

Nash at Nine—E. G. Marshall in a musical with verses and lyrics by the late Ogden Nash, and music by Milton Rosenstock. Conceived and directed by Martin Charnin. Previews Wednesday, May 16. Opens officially on Thursday, May 17. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

National Lampoon's Lemmings—The second half of this revue is a very funny, dead-shot parody of the Woodstock Rock Festival, with satiric impersonations of Joan Baez, Bob Dylan, and Joe Cocker, among others. The first half of this revue is terrible. The rock score is by Paul Jacobs and Christopher Guest; the lyrics are by Sean Kelly and Tony Hendra; *and the rest of the words are* by various members of the staff of the *National Lampoon*. John Belushi and Alice Playten head a bright nimble young cast. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5612. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:45; and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Oh Coward!—For almost fifty years, Noël Coward's songs have been delighting theatre audiences, and they sound as witty and tuneful as ever in the hands of Roderick Cook, Barbara Cason, and Jamie Ross. The cabaret-style performance, while competent, lacks the

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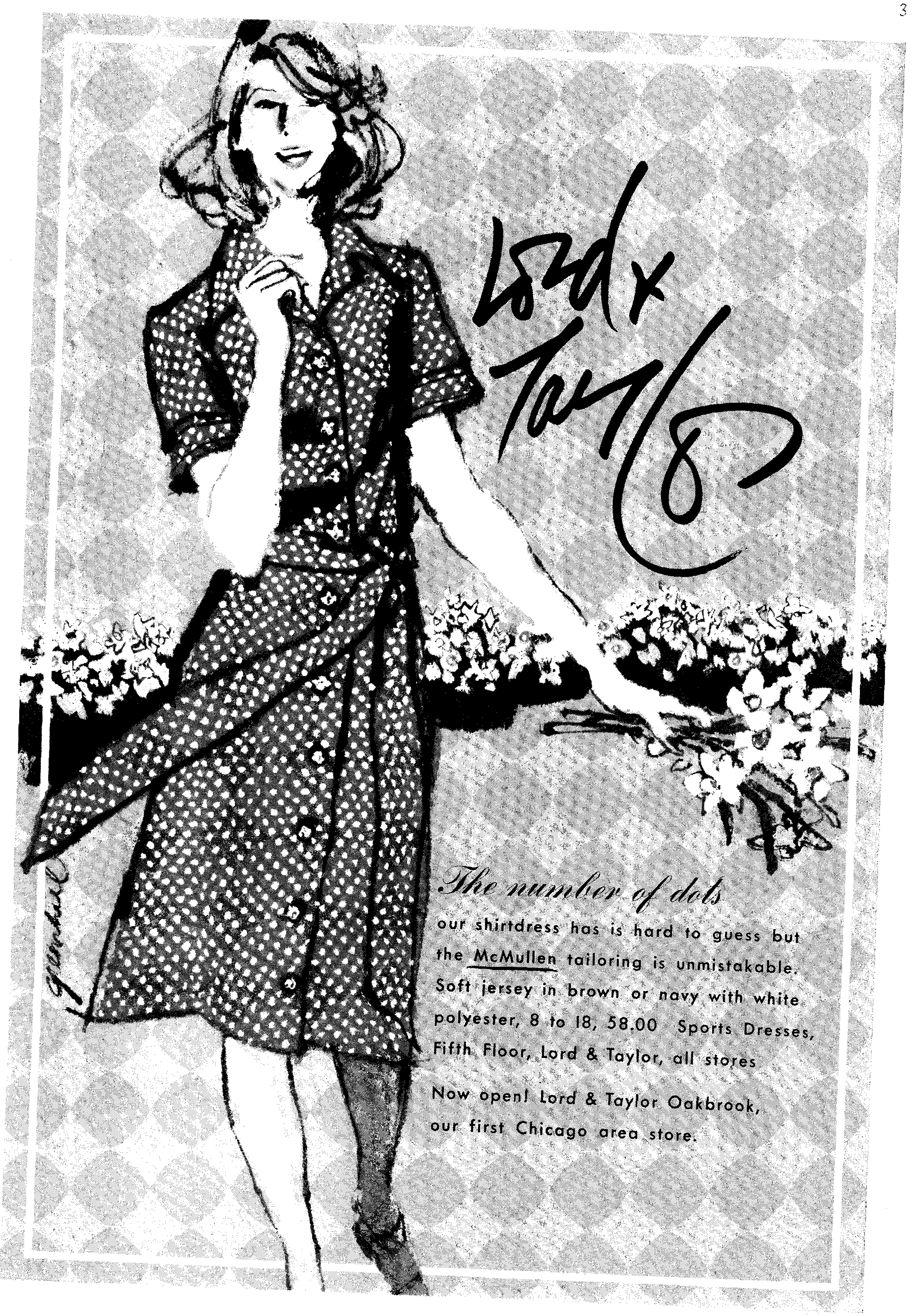

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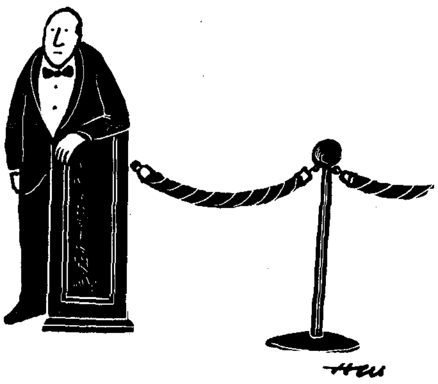
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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essential glamour, youth, and magnetism, but Coward carries the day. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Owners—Jacqueline Brookes and Stefan Gierasch in a play by Caryl Churchill, imported from London and directed by Terese Hayden. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Pippin—A big but skimpy musical that the director and choreographer Bob Fosse has turned into his very own "War and Peace," with everything but a yacht race. Eric Berry and John Rubinstein play Charlemagne and his son. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Play's the Thing—Molnár's comedy in P.G. Wodehouse's witty adaptation of 1926. (Bijou, 45th St., W. 757-8455. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of Tennessee Williams' **A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE**, with Rosemary Harris and James Farentino. The final production of the season. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

The River Niger—Joseph A. Walker's bountiful, satisfying play about a family in Harlem and the crises that beset it is very well performed by the Negro Ensemble Company. With Douglas Turner Ward (who also directed), Roxie Roker, Frances Foster, and Graham Brown, among others. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Seesaw—Michele Lee and Ken Howard make charming, incompatible lovers in this musical version of the Gibson play, "Two for the Seesaw." A flawed but lively production. (Uris, 51st St., W. 586-6510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

6 Rms Riv Vu—Jerry Orbach and Jane Alexander meet, flirt, make love, and part, all in the course of some twenty-four hours in a vacant apartment on Riverside Drive. Bob Randall wrote the play, such as it is. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Nightly at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, May 19.)

Smith—Don Murray in a musical with music and lyrics by Matt Dubey and Dean Fuller, and a book by them, together with Tony Hendra. Previews through Friday, May 18. Opens officially on Saturday, May 19. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Spoon River Anthology—A revival of Charles Aidman's adaptation of Edgar Lee Masters' book. With Robert Elston. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. 288-8057. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Sunshine Boys—Jack Albertson and Sam Levene as a pair of acerbic old clowns are sufficient reasons to view this characteristic Neil Simon comedy. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Tooth of the Crime—This new satire by the erratic, highly gifted young dramatist Sam Shepard is here given an "environmental" production, under Richard Schechner's direction. Much coöperation and agility is called for from the spectators, as they literally track the action all over the playing area and up and down ladders. Some scenes and lines are effective, but many are scattered and get lost. The acting is quite good. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 9; and Sundays at 8.)

Try It! You'll Like It!—A Yiddish musical. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 765-3886. Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 8, and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

What's a Nice Country Like You Doing in a State Like This?—A merry satirical revue, with a young and refreshing cast of five. Words by Ira Gasman and music by Cary Hoffman. (Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. 757-8484. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 11.)

What the Wine Sellers Buy—A play by Ron Milner, directed by Woodie King, Jr. Opens Thursday, May 17, at 7:30. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 240 E. 3rd St. OR 4-1414. Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; Sundays at 7:30; and final performance Monday, May 28, at 7:30. Free.)

The Women—A disinterment of a hit play of the thirties, written by Clare Boothe Luce. The large cast consists entirely of women, who have little on their minds except men. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE:** A sparkling, witty all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good; the presence of the great gospel singer Alex Bradford is especially encouraging. (Edison, 47th St., W. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,430 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR:** The New Testament taking its now usual drubbing at the hands of the young, who plainly believe they are making it "relevant." The music is pleasing, and so are the performers. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST:** Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel set in an insane asylum. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **THE PRISONER OF SECOND AVENUE:** Neil Simon writes very funny lines, and they are being delivered by Hector Elizondo and Barbara Barrie in the leading roles. Directed by Mike Nichols. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE PROPOSITION:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE REAL INSPECTOR HOUND** and **AFTER MAGRITTE:** Two one-act samples of the British playwright Tom Stoppard's wild, sleight-of-hand comedies. Both are very funny. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)... **SLEUTH:** George Rose (filling in for Patrick Macnee, who will return on Wednesday, May 23) and Jordan Christopher in a mystery by Anthony Shaffer. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Tuesdays, except May 22, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **SUGAR:** A musical-comedy adaptation of the celebrated movie "Some Like It Hot," with Robert Morse, Tony Roberts, and Cyril Ritchard. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON:** This well-written comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. A. J. Antoon directed. Winner of the Pulitzer Prize for the best play of the year. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA:** Joe Papp's delightful musical version of a silly Shakespeare play. Book by Mel Shapiro and John Guare, who also wrote the lyrics that accompany Galt MacDermot's attractive music. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, May 16, at 9: A benefit performance (for tickets, call 586-7902), including previews of new ballets by George Balanchine ("Cortège Hongrois") and Jerome Robbins ("A Beethoven Pas de Deux").... ¶ Thursday, May 17, at 8: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "Cortège Hongrois," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." ... ¶ Friday, May 18, at 8: "Scherzo Fantastique," "Scherzo à la Russe," "Apollo," and "Firebird."... ¶ Saturday, May 19, at 2: "Pulcinella," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3."... ¶ Saturday, May 19, at 8: "Serenade," "Scherzo à la Russe," "Scherzo Fantastique," and "Pulcinella."... ¶ Sunday, May 20, at 1: "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet," "Scherzo à la Russe," "Tarantella," "Valse-Fantasie," and "Cortège Hongrois."... ¶ Sunday, May 20, at 7: "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra" and "Harlequinade."... ¶ Tuesday, May 22, at 8: "Serenade," "The Song of the Nightingale," and "La Source."... ¶ Wednesday, May 23, at 8: "Chopiniana," "Danses Concertantes," "La Source," and "The Song of the Nightingale." ... ¶ Thursday, May 24, at 8: "Donizetti Variations," "An Evening's Waltzes" (première), and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3."... ¶ Friday, May 25, at 8: "Donizetti Variations," "Dances at a Gathering," and "The Song of the Nightingale."... ¶ Saturday, May 26, at 2: "Swan Lake" and "The Goldberg Variations."... ¶ Saturday, May 26, at 8: "Danses Concertantes," "La Source," "Symphony in Three Movements," and another ballet, to be announced. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, July 1.)

Stuttgart Ballet—Wednesday and Thursday evenings, May 16-17: "Romeo and Juliet." ... ¶ Friday evening, May 18; Saturday and Sunday matinées and evenings, May 19-20; and Tuesday evening, May 22: "Eugene Onegin."... ¶ Wednesday through Friday evenings, May 23-25, and Saturday matinée and evening, May 26: "Swan Lake." (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, June 3.)

Alvin Ailey City Center Dance Theatre—Wednesday matinée, May 16: "Clear Songs After Rain," "Flowers," and "Kinetic Molpai."...

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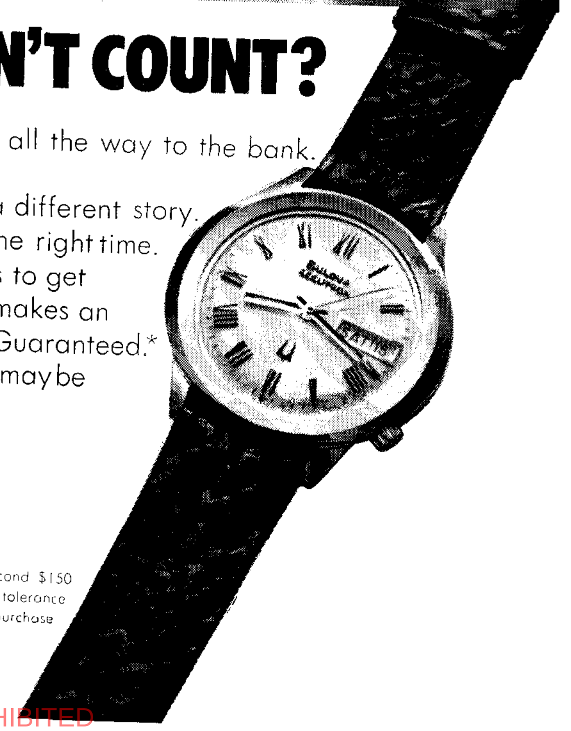

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¶ Wednesday evening, May 16: "Myth," "How Long Have It Been," "Love Songs," "According to Eve," and "Revelations."... ¶ Thursday evening, May 17: "The Lark Ascending," "Love Songs," "Hidden Rites" (première), and "Revelations."... ¶ Friday evening, May 18: "Flowers," "Nubian Lady," "Choral Dances," and "Hidden Rites."... ¶ Saturday evening, May 19: "Choros," "How Long Have It Been," "Love Songs," "Masekela Langage," and "Revelations."... ¶ Sunday matinée, May 20: "Clear Songs After Rain," "Hidden Rites," and "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder."... ¶ Sunday evening, May 20: "Clear Songs After Rain," "According to Eve," and "Kinetic Molpai."... ¶ Tuesday evening, May 22: "Myth," "How Long Have It Been," "Love Songs," "Masekela Langage," and "Hidden Rites."... ¶ Wednesday matinée, May 23: "Flowers," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations."... ¶ Wednesday evening, May 23: "The Lark Ascending," "Cry," "Flowers," and "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder."... ¶ Thursday evening, May 24: "Kinetic Molpai," "How Long Have It Been," "Masekela Langage," and "Revelations."... ¶ Friday evening, May 25: "Choros," "Love Songs," "According to Eve," and "Kinetic Molpai."... ¶ Saturday evening, May 26: "Kinetic Molpai," "According to Eve," and "Hidden Rites." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8980. Evenings at 7:30. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, May 27.)

JUILLIARD DANCE ENSEMBLE—A benefit program of works by Kazuko Hirabayashi, Daniel Lewis, Anna Sokolow, and Doris Humphrey, performed by students of the Juilliard dance department. With the Juilliard Chamber Ensemble, conducted by Peter Leonard, Joseph Lyons, and Ronald Dishinger. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Wednesday through Friday, May 23-25, at 8. For tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

RITHA DEVI—In a program of the classical dances of India. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, May 23, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

THE CIRCUS—The annual spectacle of people and animals doing things that nature never intended them to do. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Mondays at 12:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 1 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; and Sundays at 1:15 and 5:30. Closes Monday, May 28.)

NEGRO ENSEMBLE COMPANY SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS—A series of seven programs. Wednesday and Thursday, May 16-17: A group called the Prime Element, in a concert of contemporary music.... ¶ Saturday and Sunday, May 19-20: The Composers' Workshop, directed by Warren Smith, and the Ron Van Clief Company in a program of martial arts, such as karate.... ¶ Tuesday through Thursday, May 22-24: Chuck Davis Dance Company in "Chronology of Black Heritage" (a new program for each performance).... ¶ Saturday and Sunday, May 26-27: Vinie Burrows in her one-woman show, "Walk Together Children." (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 3.)

TRIBUTE TO S. HUROK—Among the dancers, musicians, and singers taking part in a benefit program honoring Mr. Hurok's sixty years as an impresario (and his eighty-fifth birthday) will be Agnes de Mille, Margot Fonteyn, Natalia Bessmertnova, Mikhail Lavrovsky, Isaac Stern, Van Cliburn, Violette Verdy, Edward Villella, Roberta Peters, Shirley Verrett, Jan Peerce, and Jerome Hines. (Metropolitan Opera House. Monday, May 21, at 8. Noted as a reminder only; all tickets have been sold.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—An informal sort of bar, with beer kegs hanging from the ceiling and people hanging around listening to jazz—some of it familiar, some futuristic—created by a trio under the leadership of pianist John Foster Thursday through Saturday, May 17-19, and Thursday, May 24, from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Dining.

ARTHUR'S TAVERN, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—On Mondays, between nine-fifteen and one, the Grove Street Stompers go to town on "Cake Walkin' Babies" and similar selections. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine to three, pianist Mabel Godwin conjures up other styles, other seasons. Closed Sundays.

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Jonathan Edwards, a country-pop singer of bouncy tunes, tarries with singer Melissa Manchester through Monday, May 21. Starting Wednesday, May 23, a folk-rock quartet known as Mount Airy prevails. Coffee, tea, and water are the drinks. Tuesdays are devoted to visiting performers.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—A soul-food restaurant with *savoir-cuire* and hospitality. A trio called Rhetoric makes its point Wednesday, May 16, followed by the trio of pianist and sometimes Jazz Messenger, Cedar Walton, who presides from Thursday through Sunday, May 17-20. Entertainment nightly from nine to two. Closed Mondays.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Equal parts of dining, talking, and relaxing, along with a certain amount of looking at paintings. A large measure of musicianship is added in the form of Bobby Timmons on electric piano and Wayne Dockery on bass through Saturday, May 19. Monday through Saturday, May 21-26, pianist Coleridge-Taylor Perkinson and bassist Herb Bushler will replenish the sound from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Sundays, Bill Rubenstein, a very capable pianist, performs between nine and one.

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Bobby Short is here, sitting at the piano and singing songs that in an earlier age would have been compared to Burgundy wine—or possibly New York State champagne. His sidemen are Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan, and the music commences at nine-forty-five. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays, Mondays, and Friday and Saturday, May 25-26.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Singer-pianist Nellie Lutcher steps out of the past to occupy the center of the room. She is accompanied by Morris Edwards on bass and Skeeter Best on guitar. Sundays, Dick Hyman brings his chock-full-o'-notes approach to the keyboard. Music from eight until one. Saturdays and Sundays, between three and seven, pianist Roland Hanna does some skillfully structured things. Dining.

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—A long bar and a barnlike back room in which a series of singers and instrumentalists—not necessarily folk (and not necessarily first-rate, either)—entertain. Through Saturday, May 19, the entertainers will be the triple bill of Revival (a country-rock group), singer Steve Grossman, and singer-composer-humorist Irwin Finger. Sounds from nine. Closed Mondays.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An up-to-date version of the neighborhood pub, graced by the fully guaranteed jazz piano of Ellis Larkins, who collaborates with bassist Al Hall Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three. On Sunday, May 20, from five-forty-five until eight-thirty—before the regular session—the pair will do an all-Jule Styne program. On Mondays, pianist Norma Shepherd sings and plays the blues. Snacks.

HALF NOTE, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—In its new, slick midtown home, this club seems to be doing well with a policy that offers two high-level jazz outfits each night. The first is Age of Steam, baritone saxophonist-composer Gerry Mulligan's new group, which displays the renewed capacities of this important artist. Also on hand are the noted tenor sax man Zoot Sims and his quartet. Beginning Monday, May 21, the keyboard introversions of pianist Bill Evans (with his trio) are contrasted with the slick lyricism of alto saxophonist Paul Desmond and his quartet. Music from nine-thirty until three or four every night but Sunday, when Leo Ball and Dick Cone lead a nineteen-piece band between eight and two.

HORN & HARDART, 104 W. 57th St. (489-1414)—A split personality: Automat during the week, musical oasis on weekends, when passersby on 57th Street stare in at you as you stare out at them. The weekend diversion of Friday and Saturday, May 18-19, from ten until two: David Amram's pleasant hodgepodge of musical conceits, some of them involving West Indian and Middle Eastern motifs. Singers Jackie Paris and Anne Marie Moss and their band, Every Thursday, will, unaccountably, be around on Friday and Saturday, May 25-26.

JACQUES, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Popcorn and darts. Lance Hayward gets some impressive sounds out of the piano every night but Wednesday, when Nina Sheldon takes his seat and sings an occasional song. Fridays and Saturdays, bassist Lyn Christie participates. Live sounds from nine-thirty to three. Sundays, from four to seven, the Quantzy Major Trio (violin, oboe, bassoon) plays music of the baroque era.

JAZZBOAT, 101 Ave. A, at 6th St. (677-9721)—Another new jazz club, this one being a long, narrow bar-and-back-room with seashells and other marine devices on the walls. The versatility of the clear-voiced Dakota Staton can be witnessed through Sunday, May 20, when she departs with her trio. McCoy Tyner, a pianist of exceptional gifts, will lead his quintet from Tuesday, May 22. Mondays, Joe Lee Wilson sings with a quartet headed by sax man Frank Foster. Music from nine to three.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It's a long way from Bourbon Street, but the message is still clear. The bandsmen: Eddie Locke, Bobby Pratt, Major Holley, Joe Muranyi, Chuck Folds, and Roy Eldridge. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

JIMMY'S, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484)—A new, large restaurant (once a Toots Shor establishment) with a ceiling as high as a mastodon's eye. In the circular bar, pianist Barry Harris and bassist Larry Davis are turning out some well-planned, well-executed jazz Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight until one. Mondays, singer-pianist Dottie Stallworth leads a trio. A comprehensive menu. Closed Sundays.... ¶ On the Mezzanine, the lively little revue called "What's a Nice Country Like You Doing in a State Like This?" is still functioning.

KENNY'S CASTAWAYS, 211 E. 84th St. (734-9892)—A bar with one of the largest pairs of antlers in New York, and a back room that is faintly nautical. Morgana King's renowned singing style can be enjoyed through Sunday, May 20. On Tuesday, May 22, singer-harmonica-player-guitarist John Hammond will re-create the blues mannerisms and inflections of the Robert Johnson period. Shows begin at nine-thirty Tuesdays through Sundays. Mondays are turned over to an assortment of aspiring musicians and jesters. Snacks.

MAX'S KANSAS CITY, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—A Kansas City woodshed in about 1880, to judge by the furnishings, and a place of pilgrimage that is considered de rigueur for those who thrive on folk, blues, country, etc. Willie Nelson, a genuine, original country singer, whose experience is rooted in Nashville and whose exposure has generally been to an older audience, entertains the youngish crowds here. A rock group, Rob Rothstein & the Rebels, alternates with Mr. Nelson through Monday, May 21. On Wednesday, May 23, the British rock band Hookfoot takes over the mikes. Three shows Fridays and Saturdays. Two shows other nights. On Tuesdays, folk and rock groups play from nine to midnight. Dining downstairs. Drinks and snacks upstairs, where the music is.

MERCER ARTS CENTER, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. (673-3937)—In the **BLUE ROOM CABARET**, on the second floor of this theatre complex, a variety of eager young performers do some

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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urgent playing and singing at ten and midnight each night.

Metro, 188 W. Fourth St. (675-0892)—A new Village citadel upholding the doctrines of folk, rock, and pop. On Wednesday, May 16, folk singer Dana Cooper occupies the stage. Jake and the Family Jewels, who play good-natured rock, perform with singer Doris Abrahams Thursday through Monday, May 17-21. On Friday and Saturday, May 18-19, the brothers Traum—Happy and Artie—will drop by with guitars in hand and play their kind of countrified music, which is enjoyed equally by performers and listeners. Singer-pianist Diana Marcovitz will impart some of her musical notions on Tuesday, May 22. Music at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Snacks.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—Wood panelling and a portrait of Henry VIII. Also a complete menu and some satisfying sounds, the latter supplied by the capable keyboard work of Barbara Carroll and a bassist. Music nightly from nine to one, except on Mondays when a Dixieland band plays from nine to midnight. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An upper West Side gathering place with a softly lighted main room and a glassed-in sidewalk gallery, both of which have tables for drinking and dining. The Junior Mance trio plays in its insistently bluesy way Thursdays through Saturdays from ten until three. No live entertainment Sundays through Wednesdays.

Muggs, 1134 First Ave., at 62nd St. (838-7050)—Singer-pianist Bob Brown and bassist Jack Gregg are here Tuesdays through Thursdays from eight to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to two. No music Sundays and Mondays. Dinner.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (CH 2-1366)—In the Paradise Room—a roofed-over courtyard—New York's supper-club tradition is being kept alive in the following manner: Pianist Sammy Benskin is present from seven-thirty to one. Singer-host Jimmie Daniels, an entertainer of vast experience and spontaneity, performs nightly at nine-fifteen and eleven-forty-five with singer-composer Teri Thorton through Saturday, May 19, and with singer Ellerine Harding from Tuesday, May 22. Monday nights are showcases for burgeoning entertainers. Dining. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Mabel Mercer, who knows how things were when the world was young, sits and charms her followers with songs—more recited than sung these days—that offer a distillation of wisdom through well-considered experience. Jimmy Lyon is her accompanist. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Sam's Jazz Upstairs, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—This new club closely resembles a small-town gathering place until the big-city sounds of the noteworthy jazzmen who play here burst forth. Music and dancing, too, from nine-thirty until two Fridays and Saturdays. Supper.

Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—Two small rooms above a Greek-French restaurant, with some crystal chandeliers and other remembrances of things past. Singer Marlene VerPlanck is assisted by guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli (who also plays by himself) through Saturday, May 19. On Tuesday, May 22, Karen Akers will sing with accompaniment. Music performed in an at-home atmosphere from nine-thirty to one every night except Sunday, and on Mondays, singer Sandra Jordan presents a talent show.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A small and attractive bar (dig the ceiling lights). Pianist Jimmy Sidey's trio performs Friday and Saturday, May 18-19, and the trio of vibraharpist Peter La Barbera will be here the Friday and Saturday of May 25 and 26. No music the rest of the week. Ten to three-thirty are the hours. Snacks.

Three, 314 E. 72nd St. (734-9303)—Blossom Dearie sings, accompanying herself at the piano, with a simplicity that is uncannily deceptive. The hours are Thursdays through Saturdays from six to eight, and Sundays at four-thirty and six-thirty. The whole thing is done concert-style, with a pause or two to enable patrons to replenish their drinks.

Two Saints, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650)—Charles Mingus is inspiring his quintet in these uninspirational surroundings Tuesdays through Sundays, from nine. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—The legendary reedman Sonny Stitt and his trio are now dominating these spacious quarters. On Wednesdays, a trio led by harpist Daphne Hellman is also in evidence. The music begins about ten. Pianist McCoy Tyner and his quartet and the quintet of saxophonist Lee Konitz will provide the music for a concert presented by Jazz Interactions (a non-profit group devoted to promote jazz as an art form) on Monday, May 21, from eight to one.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—A basement *boîte* where history is sometimes made. Confident trumpeter Freddie Hubbard, who has made some of the history, leads his five musicians through Sunday, May 20. The spiritual flutist, Yusef Lateef, brings in his quartet on Tuesday, May 22. Gil Evans, arranger, conductor, pianist, sage, will innervate a fifteen-piece aggregation on Monday, May 21. The entertainment begins about ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—The location—somewhere over the rainspout—shouldn't deter you if walking through dark streets is not a problem. Stained glass, Southern cooking, and amiable waitresses. Satisfying jazz on piano and bass by Hugh Lawson and Duke Cleamons Thursdays through Sundays and bv Kenny Brawner and a partner Mondays through Wednesdays. Eight until two.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—Rodney Dangerfield's home base. His *non-pattern* (and sometimes nonpareil) patter is rough and ready, and it happens to be really funny. Nourishment at all hours. Closed Sundays.

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Let Yourself Go," a portmanteau revue, is on view Mondays through Thursdays at ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays.

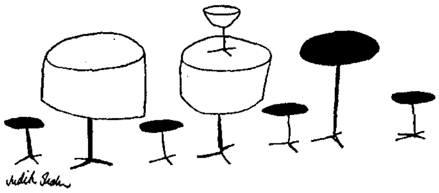
Improvisation, 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268)—Tryouts for new wits and singers in an establishment that is nothing if not informal. Closed Sundays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—A Bavarian Brauerei, thinly disguised as an operetta: merry villagers, dancers, singers, brassbandsmen, on permanent and powerful duty from seven to one. The provender is garnished with red cabbage and draft beer. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—In the **ROYAL BOX**, trombonist Urbie Green is presenting his sextet, along with vocalist Kathy Green. On Friday, May 18, pianist Marian McPartland and trumpeter Jimmy McPartland will bring in a quintet, featuring reedman Buddy Tate. Tuesdays through Saturdays, the George Cort trio alternates with the regulars, and Mondays, the Roger Steele trio does the same. Sundays, the Steele trio is the sole entertainment. Dancing from seven-thirty Mondays through Saturdays, and Sundays from five-thirty.



Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Marcelo and his covey of balletomanes are swarming over the stage; the tenor of the occasion is Andy Russell. Dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty and Sundays from four. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the adjoining **FLAMENCO SUITE**, a minute theatre-in-the-round, there occur (well along in the evening) outbursts of Andalusian foot-and-mouth exercises by a fivesome operating barely inches from one's face. Closed Mondays.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—The Cornelius Brothers and Sister Rose, who play rhythm-and-blues numbers, and pop singer Natalie Cole will check out on Wednesday, May 23. Next evening, on come two rhythm-and-blues groups—the Stylistics and the First Choice. Three shows on Fridays and Saturdays, two the rest of the week. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the ground-floor lounge, one can still evoke the illusion that he is in typical, tropical, topical Las Vegas. The music begins at ten. Closed Mondays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In **LA FORÊT**, dance music issues from the Horace Diaz orchestra and a soft-rock group called Boogie. Seven-thirty to two. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ The **CAFÉ** has a seven-day week, with Herb Winner's dance threesome calling the tunes through Saturday, May 19, and Phil Wayne's crew Sunday through Saturday, May 20-26.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the **PERSIAN ROOM**, the Dick Lewis orchestra is putting forth dance tunes Mondays through Thursdays from seven-thirty to one-thirty and Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two. Singers Daniel & Dimitri appear at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT**, violin-and-piano music susurrates from four-thirty to six-thirty every day, and from eight until midnight Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine until one Fridays and Saturdays.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—On this height of land, Raphael is representing the New Spain of song. Shows are at nine and eleven-fifteen. Dancing to music provided by a tape measure, from eight o'clock on. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The **MAISONETTE**, that venerable aristocrat, is setting forth, at dinner and supper, the piano of Peter Nero. Anthony Terini's orchestra and trio are in charge of the customers' footwork. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA BOITE RUSSE**, the across-the-way peace haven, simmers ever so quietly to the violin of Jani Sarkozi during dinner and supper every night but Monday. The menu is Russian.

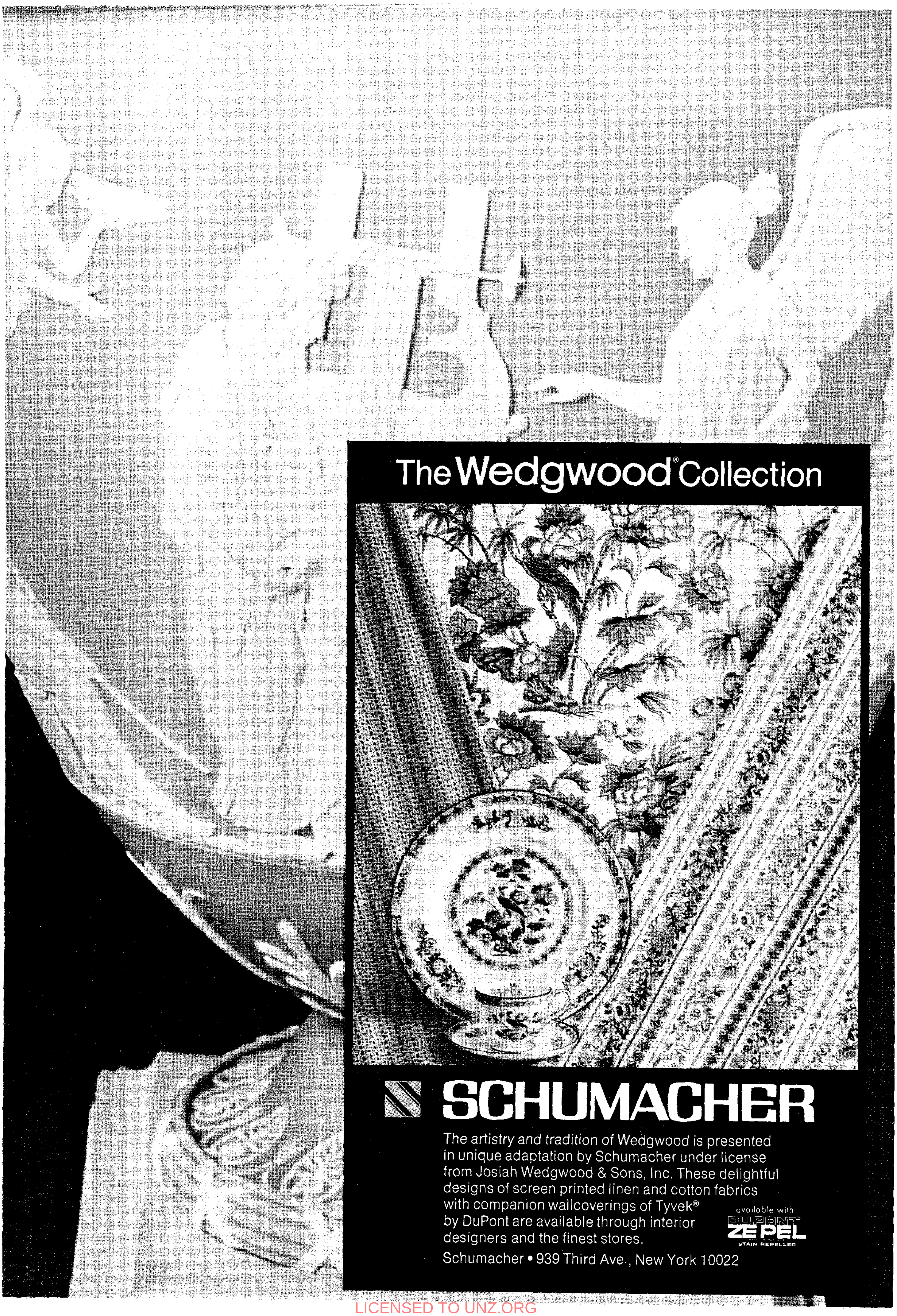
Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Nilotic and pleasantly sybaritic, but given to live entertainment of a sort that might please some playboy of some polyvinyl Western world. Three times nightly, there is a spangly floor show. Between sets—and earlier, beginning at five—people dance to discs. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Lettermen make their final delivery of songs in the **EMPIRE ROOM** on Saturday, May 19. On Tuesday, May 22, the Room reopens to accommodate Pearl Bailey, one of our finest trumpeter swans. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining, but no dancing, except as indicated.)

DUNCAN'S, 303 E. 53rd St. (838-6154): Leisurely evenings, during which Bill Halsey's high-level pianistics can soothe or scintillate, depending on the jazz, blues, or show tunes he is embellishing. With Leonard Gaskin on bass, he plays Mondays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to two. . . . **DIONYSOS**, 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Athenian cuisine, Athenian song, Athenian dance music, Athenian glee, and a dollop of American rock. Closed Sundays. . . . **ADONIS**, 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): A terraced villa up in the hills around Athens (in Kifisia, say). The music, sometimes larded with song, goes from eight-thirty until four. . . . **CHEZ VITO**, 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): The tune is carried by the perpetual fiddlers three, as well as by the foursome of choristers (Leyna Gabriele,



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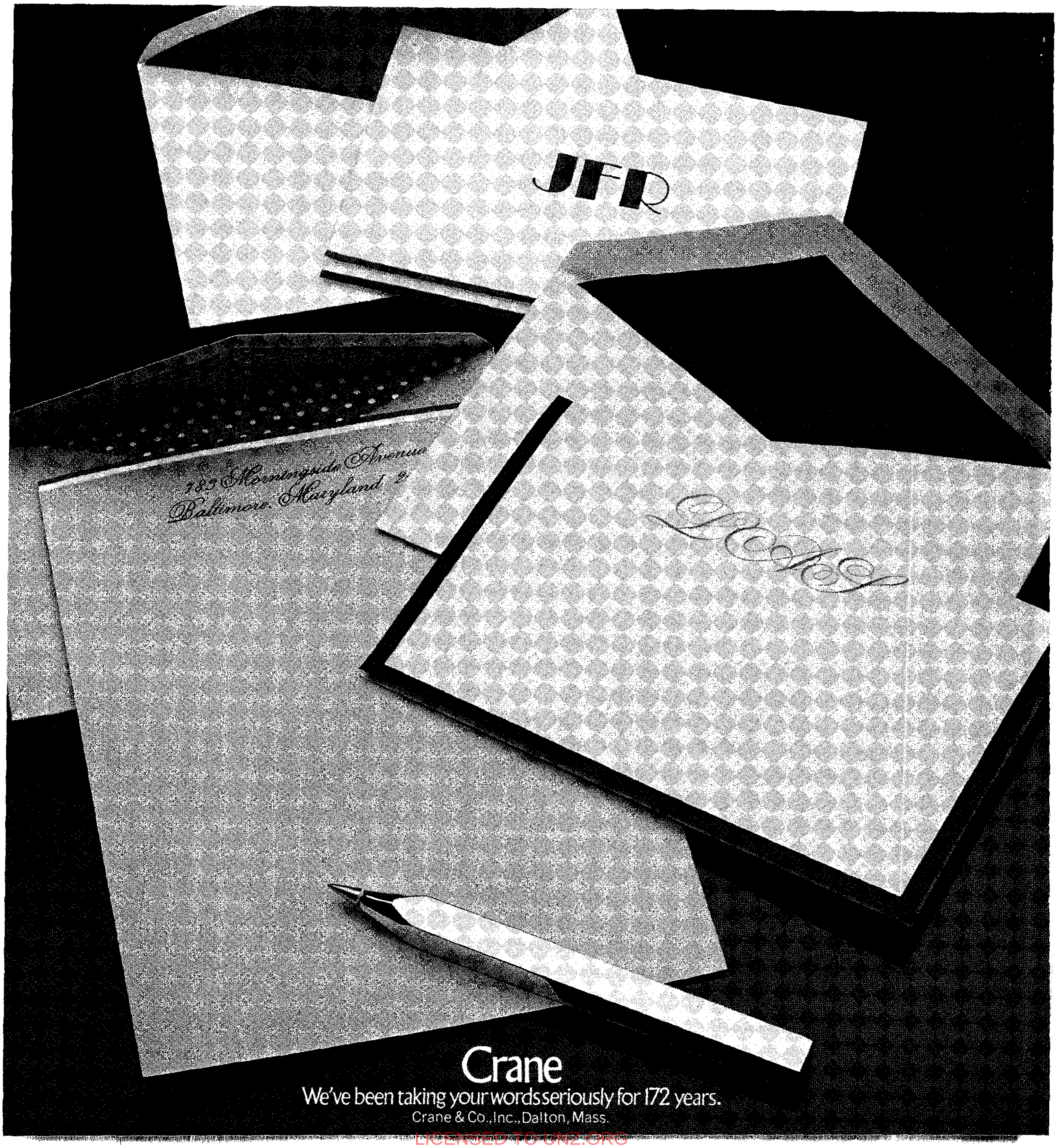

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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prop., included) who operate on the theory that there's no operetta like a good old one. From dinner until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER**, belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): There's piano Tuesdays through Saturdays from cocktails until whenever. (After nine-thirty, it's by Charlie La Torella.). . . **MYKONOS**, 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): The celebrated Aegean island, kept vibrant during the evening by a foursome that cannot be long out of Athens. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): The visitor who arrives unaware soon discovers that the restaurant is really a *schola cantorum*, operatic division, for every man jack of the staff. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who lives in, perches herself on top of a baby grand in the middle of the dinner and supper hours and chirrups the Bal Tabarin songs she's so fond of. Mild dance music starts rustling at eight. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **FRANK'S PLACE**, 41 E. 58th St. (838-0364): For cocktails and early dining, Norman Kubrin sings with *élan* and plays a spinet with finesse. He is present Moudays through Fridays from five-thirty to eight-thirty. No music Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing, except as indicated.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): The leisure class in dining is supplemented by a seven-until-one recitation of guitar and song by Gino Toscano. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 137 E. 55th St. (832-1128): On a lower deck of Iperbole, and one that is distinctly not steerage, the Three Romans, a dance trio, inhabit a pleasurable Roman grotto from seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): George Cardini plies a violin Tuesday through Saturday, and the fine-arts piano of Herman Arminski follows him wherever he goes. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. The *voci* in the bar are sometimes too *vive*, but the restaurant is always *piano*. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The old reliable. The piano of Dick Hankinson is audible most of the time between six and one. Sundays, someone or other fills in for him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): The bar-restaurant is unarguably on the ground floor, but the echelon is unarguably upper. Robert Poitevin, whose piano once sent Piaf's songs on their wistful way, is in evidence from five to one every night but Sunday and Monday. . . . **CAMEL DRIVER**, 72 E. 56th St. (355-8989): Candlelight and memorable melodies. The piano is manned by Marty Berns from seven to two. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **THE GRIFFIN**, 313 E. 46th St. (371-4542): A most mannerly household, whose evening hours are filled by the piano of Richard Wilkins from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE**, 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5444): A hospice at the top of the stairs that leads from far-below First Avenue, and therefore a scenic delight. Tables, a bar, a casual way of life, and (on piano) Norman Rollings, a casual librarian. Eight to one during the week, nine to two on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **JACK DELANEY**, 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7905): Murray Grand does piano, eight to two, Wednesdays through Sundays. . . . **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT**, in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley's piano has a new-wine-in-new-bottles effervescence. Four-thirty to ten-thirty, except for Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Sort of a Roman den of propinquity, with a fair amount of table-hopping by both guests and a set of prowling instrumentalists. Closed Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): George Feyer, last of the Hapsburgs, gives his piano (and occasional lyrics) the flavor that has always been a secret ingredient of Vienna. No sound on Sundays or Mondays. . . . **LAIR**, 1315 Second Ave., at 60th St. (472-0163): A medieval resting place in which Larry Oleno charms the figures out of their niches Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine until midnight. . . . **NIRVANA**, penthouse of 30 Central Park S. (288-9097): The view alone approximates Nirvana, but there is more: the sitar of Arooj Lazewal, the drums and tabla of Badal Roy, and Bangladesh cuisine. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty. . . . **BARCLAY HOTEL**, 111 E. 48th St. (PL 5-5900): A brace of Lester Lanin's boys go plink-plink on the Barclay Terrace during the cocktail session, in the King's Inn from seven to nine, and in the Gold Room from nine to eleven. Mondays through Friday is the extent of this pleasant idea.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

PETER AGOSTINI—Heads, some tiny, some very large, in bronze and terra-cotta, also plaster bas-reliefs and drawings; through Saturday, May 26. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

LEONARD BASKIN—Figurative bronzes, bronze reliefs, and drawings; through June 1. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

GISELA BEKER—Geometrical abstractions by a German descendant of the Bauhaus; through Saturday, May 19. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

ARNOLD BLANCH (1896-1968)—Semi-abstract landscapes by the Woodstock artist; through Saturday, May 19. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

STAN BRODSKY—New Mexico landscapes; through Saturday, May 26. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

DAVID LEE BROWN—Abstract steel sculptures; through Friday, May 25. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

JACK BUSH—Shapes in color on one-color ground, by a Canadian; starting Saturday, May 19. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARTIN CANIN—Optical paintings; through Saturday, May 19. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

A. CHADBOURN—Impressionist landscapes of Europe; through Friday, May 25. (Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

ALAN COTE—Large paintings consisting of bars of color; through Saturday, May 26. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

SUSAN CRILE—Paintings of patterned carpets; through Saturday, May 26. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

HANNE DARBOVEN—Abstract pen drawings by a conceptualist; through Saturday, May 19. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

VESTIE DAVIS—Paintings of Brooklyn and Coney Island by a seventy-year-old naïf; first one-man show here. Through Saturday, May 19. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

PETER DECHAR—Large paintings of outsize pears; through Saturday, May 26. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARK DI SUVERO—Drawings by this sculptor known for his huge works in wood and steel; through June 2. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

JUDITH DOLNICK / RICHARD BOGART—Abstract paintings. / Romantic landscapes. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Through Saturday, May 26. Closed Mondays.)

JEAN DUBUFFET—Studies for costumes and characters made in connection with a theatrical tableau being presented at the Guggenheim as part of his retrospective; through June 23. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

TOM EVANS—First showing in New York of six large lyrical abstractions; through June 2. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

RICHARD FRIEDBERG—Works in many mediums—sand, wood, metal, and string, e.g.—with some resemblance to Kandinsky; through Thursday, May 24. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JUAN GENOVÉS—Paintings by a Spaniard whose theme is the isolation of individuals within public events and actions; starting Saturday, May 19. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

WERNER GROSHANS—Portraits, still-lifes, and rather surreal landscapes by a member of the National Academy; through Wednesday, May 23. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

HERBERT HASELTINE—Thirty-three bronze and marble works by a well-known sculptor of championship horses; through Saturday, May 26. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

BROWER HATCHER / DAVID HOCKNEY—Abstract wire sculptures. / Lithographs. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway. Starts Saturday, May 19. Closed Mondays.)

AL HIRSCHFELD—Fifty years of drawings, lithographs, and etchings by the theatrical caricaturist of the *Times;* through May 31. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6.)

HANS HOFMANN (1880-1966)—Early ink drawings; through Saturday, May 19. (Esman, 24 E. 80th St.)

RALPH HUMPHREY—Shaped canvases; through Saturday, May 26. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

ARLETTE JASSEL / LINDA FRANCIS—Soft abstractions. / Geometrical abstractions. (141 Prince St. Starts Saturday, May 19. Closed Mondays.)

PETER JEMISON—Paintings of abstracted natural forms, plus ceramic masks, by an American Indian; through Saturday, May 26. (American Art, 133 Wooster St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

LEO JENSEN—Sculptures by a pop artist; through Saturday, May 26. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

DON JOHNSON / JOHN OKULICK—Mixed-medium paintings of common American objects—hamburgers, peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwiches, apple pie—combined with three-dimensional forms to show how things seem to be going in the United States. / Wooden constructions built as if seen in perspective, on the walls and floor. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Through June 2. Closed Mondays.)

BEN KAMIHIRA—Paintings of the figure; through June 1. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

CHARLOTTE LICHTBLAU / SY GRESSER—Expressionist paintings in varying degrees of abstraction. / Stone and wood sculptures. (Benevy, 542 LaGuardia Pl. Through Saturday, May 19. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

MARISOL—Sculptures of giant wooden fish, highly lacquered; through May 31. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

JOHN MCCRACKEN—Colored Plexiglas rectangular shapes by a West Coast Minimalist; through May 31. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOAN MIRÓ—Paintings, sculptures, drawings, etchings, and hangings made of jute weavings plus assorted materials—yarn, rope, odd objects, and paint; through Friday, May 25. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

LLOYD NEY (1893-1965)—Nineteen-forties' watercolors and two large oils by a Pennsylvanian who showed at the Museum of Non-Objective Painting; through June 2. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

JULES OLITSKI—Spray paintings with a one-color central field; through May 30. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

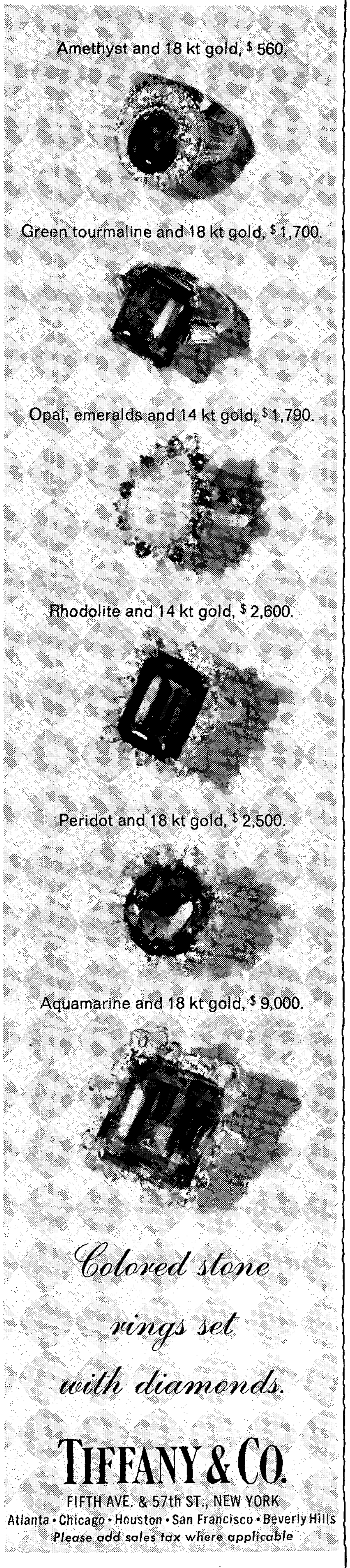
JULES PASCIN (1885-1930)—Oils, watercolors, and drawings by this School of Paris artist who also worked in New York; through Saturday, May 19. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

MASSIMO PIERUCCI—Whimsical sculptures, some with moving parts; through Saturday, May 26. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

ANTOINE PONCET—Sculptures in marble and bronze by an artist who worked with Arp; through Saturday, May 26. (Modern Master Tapestries, 11 E. 57th St.)

ALAN PRICE—Realistic paintings of Long Island sea and shore scenes, also lithographs by Stow Wengenroth; through June 1. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

CHARLES SALERNO—Craftsmanlike sculptures in marble and limestone; starting Saturday,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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

May 19. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Mondays.

Phillip Schreibman—Palette-knife applications of heavy bars of color; through Saturday, May 26. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Smyth—A steel-and-concrete sculpture that occupies the entire gallery; through May 31. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

Julian Stanczak / Fritz Bultman—Paintings in which color is organized in relation to a grid pattern. / Abstract bronzes with suggestions of figurative elements. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Through Saturday, May 19.)

Joe Stefanelli—Hard-edge abstractions with an Egyptian theme by a former Abstract Expressionist; through May 31. (Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Marina Stern—Precisionist paintings of urban scenes; through June 9. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Vera Stravinsky—Abstractions by the widow of the composer; through May 30. (Hutton, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Suttman—Sculptures in bronze and bas-reliefs containing elements of still-life, figures, and architectural shapes; through June 1. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

William T. Wiley—About forty works, consisting of constructions, paintings, drawings, watercolors, and lithographs, by a West Coast artist identified with "Funk" art, a style related to Dada and Surrealism; through June 2. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

John Willenbecher—Constructions based on a labyrinth of ladders and spheres; through May 31. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

National Association of Women Artists—The 1973 annual exhibition of paintings, graphics, and sculptures by members of this organization of professional artists, numbering over seven hundred; through May 27. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, except Saturday, May 19, from 1 to 5.)

Group Shows—At the **A.I.R.**, 97 Wooster St.: Ten women artists; starting Saturday, May 19. (Closed Mondays.)... **ALONZO**, 26 E. 63rd St.: Paintings, sculptures, collages, drawings, prints, and wall hangings on the theme of letters of the alphabet and numbers; through May 31. (Closed Mondays.)... **BONINO**, 7 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Bauermeister, Mallory, Brusca, and others; through June 2. (Closed Mondays.)... **CITY UNIVERSITY GRADUATE CENTER**, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St.: Sculptures in different mediums by eight artists, among them Sylvia Stone, Clement Meadmore, and Linda Howard; through June 1. (Weekdays, 8 to 6).... **COOPER**, 100 Prince St.: Works by gallery artists; through June 30. (Closed Mondays.) ... **ESMAN**, 24 E. 80th St.: Wall sculptures and drawings; starting Tuesday, May 22. (Closed Mondays.)... **FEIGEN**, 27 E. 79th St.: Twenty landscape and figure paintings, dating from 1630 to 1680, by Dutch artists who were influenced by the Italian School; through June 30.... **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: A large show of American and French Impressionist paintings by Monet, Hassam, Prendergast, Frieske, and others; through Saturday, May 26. (Closed Mondays.)... **KNOEDLER**, 21 E. 70th St.: Modern masterpieces from the Hermitage State Museum in Leningrad and the Pushkin Museum in Moscow, just exhibited at the National Gallery in Washington; through May 27. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 6. Admission is $2.) ... **LANDMARK**, 469 Broome St.: Drawings by Lois Dodd, Charles DuBack, Louis Finkelstein, Sideo Fromboluti, Linda Lindeberg, David Slivka, and others; through June 2. (Closed Mondays.)... **LERNER-HELLER**, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: "Protest" art by nineteen painters and sculptors, among them Peter Saul, Benny Andrews, Sylvia Sleigh, George Segal, Lester Johnson, and June Leaf; through Saturday, May 26. (Closed Mondays.)... **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings of Maine by Thon, Betts, Peirce, Etnier, and others; through Friday, May 25. (Closed Mondays.)... **O.K. HARRIS**, 465 West Broadway: Realist paintings by Ralph Goings, romantic-realist landscapes by Stephen Woodburn, and small paintings by Richard Pettibone; through Saturday, May 19.... **PARSONS**, 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures on personal themes; starting Tuesday, May 22. (Closed Mondays.)... **RAYDON**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Approximately a hundred watercolors by artists of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries—Hassam, Heade, Homer, Pascin, Prendergast, Walkowitz, and others; through Saturday, May 19.... ¶ Sixty-four watercolors by three generations of Burchfields—Charles Burchfield, his daughter Martha Burchfield Richter, and his granddaughter Peggy Richter Turco; starting Tuesday, May 22. (Closed Mondays.)... **SCHOELKOPF**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Ninetieth-anniversary exhibition of paintings, prints, photographs, and memorabilia pertaining to the Brooklyn Bridge; starting Saturday, May 19.... **UNION CARBIDE BUILDING**, 270 Park Ave., at 48th St.: The third international benefit exhibit of works by young artists from about fifty countries; through June 1. (Closed Saturdays.)... **WEBER**, 420 West Broadway.: Seventeen avant-gardists of the gallery, such as Haacke, Smithson, Andre, and Flavin; starting Saturday, May 19. (Closed Mondays.)... **WEINTRAUB**, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Degas, Marin, Picabia, Chagall, and others; through Saturday, May 19.... **WESTBETH**, 155 Bank St.: Paintings and ceramics by women of this artists' housing project; through May 27. (Fridays, 6 to 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 6.)... **DORIS WIENER**, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Eighty-six miniature paintings from India representing various regional styles from the sixteenth century through the beginning of the nineteenth; through June 15. (Closed Mondays.)... **WILLARD**, 29 E. 72nd St.: Abstract paintings and constructions by four artists who studied in California and now live in New York; through June 16. (Closed Mondays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Michael Bishop / Elaine Fisher—Conceptual works that deal with space exploration and photographic processes to little purpose. / Sidewalks, buildings, figures, and shadows as elements of strong, abstract compositions reminiscent of the early work of Strand. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Through Saturday, May 26. Closed Mondays.)

Arnaud Claass—Seventy-six black-and-white photographs, all dealing with bicycles; through June 1. (Underground, 134 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Imogen Cunningham—A retrospective of the career of the *grande dame* of twentieth-century American photography, who was ninety last month; through June 1. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

J. Michael Egan—Enormous photographs, on specially treated canvas, of the artist nude in his studio and of his sculptures; the sculptures themselves are also on view. Through June 2. (Rich, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Van Deren Coke / Betty Hahn—Manipulated prints, some based on anonymous nineteenth-century negatives, by a well-known historian of photographs. / Photographic images painted on canvas, cotton, and paper, and decorated with hand stitchery. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Through June 10. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 12:30 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Group Show—At the **PACE EDITIONS**, 32 E. 57th St.: "Sharp-Focus Realism: A New Perspective" attempts to establish a connection between the recent Photo-Realist school of painting and the photography of André Kertész, Walker Evans, Berenice Abbott, Harry *Callahan, Robert Frank, and other well-*known and less well-known contemporary photographers. It only intermittently succeeds. Through June 9. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—An exhibit devoted to gold in many of its aspects, including ancient jewelry and ceremonial vessels, metalwork from the Renaissance to the Napoleonic period, paintings and drawings on gold leaf, and gold used in ceramics, textiles, and manuscripts; through Sept. 9.... ¶ Fifty American Impressionist and realist paintings and drawings, from the eighteen-eighties to the turn of the century, by Chase, Sargent, Twachtman, Hassam, Prendergast, and others; through June 3.... ¶ A hundred and fifty gowns designed by

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Cristobal Balenciaga (1895-1972), plus Spanish paintings, tapestries, and prints from the Museum's collection; through July 1. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Eighty twentieth-century collages, watercolors, and drawings, representing major artists and movements in twentieth-century art, by Boccioni, Léger, Sheeler, Oldenburg, and others; through May 28. . . . ¶ A survey of the work of Charles Eames, the furniture designer and architect; through July 1. . . . ¶ Thirty recent silk-screens by Agnes Martin, a prominent abstractionist; through Aug. 26. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—More than three hundred works by Jean Dubuffet; they consist of a hundred and forty-five paintings, a hundred and fifteen drawings, forty sculptures, six illustrated books, and even a theatrical tableau. Through July 29. A complementary show is at the Pace Gallery, 32 E. 57th St. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Two hundred paintings, watercolors, wood engravings, and etchings by Winslow Homer (1836-1910); through June 24. . . . Thirty-nine paintings by Alice Trumbull Mason (1904-71), a pioneer American abstractionist; through June 17. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6. . . . ¶ On Wednesday, May 16, at 8:30, there will be a Composers' Showcase program in which Anthony Burgess will narrate two theatre pieces by Stanley Silverman, performed by Speculum Musicae and a chorus. . . . On Friday, May 18, at 8:30, there will be a Composers' Showcase program of Merce Cunningham dancing to the music of Christian Wolff. Tickets are issued on a first-come first-served basis.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—More than a hundred sculptures in wood, iron, brass, copper, and terra-cotta representing cultural life of the Dogon people of Africa; also photographs, slides, and films by the late Eliot Elisofon, plus costumes, textiles, and music. Through Sunday, May 20. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Works by newly elected members and recipients of this year's honors and awards. Manuscripts and scores by, among others, John Crowe Ransom, Leon Edel, Richard Wilbur, Lou Harrison, and Vladimir Ussachevsky. Also paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Golub, Pearlstein, Grosvenor, Sullivan, and others. Starts Thursday, May 17. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A collection of archeological and ethnological artifacts, photographs, maps, and audiovisual material assembled to explain the cultural past and present of Greenland; through Aug. 5. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Eighty-six rare Indian miniature paintings from private American collections; through June 10. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Ceramics from tenth- to twelfth-century Manchuria and North China; through Friday, May 25. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—A retrospective show of illustrations by Fritz Kredel, including books, original drawings, maps, watercolors, and working manuscripts, dating from 1923 to the present; through Aug 31 (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Photographs of a middle-class German-Jewish family, taken between 1873 and 1972 and assembled by Catherine Noren, herself a member of that family. Through Sept. 3. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—Over a hundred and sixty manuscripts (including two notebooks in the hand of Sergei Diaghilev), sculptures, prints, engravings, and watercolors acquired for the Dance Collection in the past ten years; through June 2. (Weekdays, noon to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A hundred and twenty drawings from the sixteenth century through the nineteenth, the majority by Tiepolo and his son and never before seen on view in New York, from the Lore and Rudolf Heinemann collection; through July 27. . . . ¶ Manuscripts and early printed books, mostly from the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; through July 27. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—Twenty-seven works in fabric that explore the sculptural potential of the medium; through June 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—Studies in motion of animals and human beings built around photographs by the pioneer Eadweard Muybridge (1830-1904); through June 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Four hundred and thirty-three Audubon watercolors: the collection acquired by the Society from his widow in 1863 and now being shown for the first time in its entirety. Through May 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Documents: Famous & Infamous," an exhibition of letters of historical importance and literary forgeries of great cunning; through May 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 6.). . . ¶ Prints by women, from Diana Ghisi (1535-87) to Lee Bontecou; through May 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Puerto Rico Opera Company—Joseph Lliso conducting the première of Manuel B. Gonzalez's "Nela," in Spanish, with Graciela Rivera, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, May 21, at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic Promenades—At Philharmonic Hall, Andre Kostelanetz conducting the opening concerts of a four-week season that will run through Saturday, June 9—"Spring Is Here" on Wednesday and Thursday, May 16-17, and Saturday, May 19, at 8:30 (with Grant Johannesen, piano, and Shinichi Yuize, koto player); "Allegro Promenade" on Friday, May 18, and Tuesday May 22, at 8:30, and Wednesday, May 23, at 2 (with Dylana Jenson, twelve-year-old violinist); and "Promenade Dansante" Thursday through Saturday, May 24-26, at 8:30 (with Gwendolyn Killebrew, contralto, and Edward Villella and Patricia McBride, dancers).

Senior Concert Orchestra of Local 802—Emil Kahn conducting. (Carnegie Hall, Saturday, May 19, at 2:30.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss directing a program of musical settings of Psalms, with the Dessoff Choirs, Cantica Hebraica, and the Brooklyn Philharmonia Choral Society. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, May 19, at 8.)

New and Newer Music—Dennis Russell Davies conducting The Ensemble in the last in a series of concerts, this one devoted to music of contemporary composers from China, Japan, and Vietnam. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, May 22, at 8.)

Manhattan Wind Symphony—David Simon conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Wednesday, May 23, at 8. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

Mannes Chorus—Harold Aks and Ann Fried Russell directing. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Thursday, May 17, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

"Israel in Egypt"—Johannes Somary directing the Amor Artis Orchestra, several school choruses, and soloists in a performance of Handel's oratorio. (St. Patrick's Cathedral,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Fifth Ave. at 50th St. Friday, May 18, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

RECITALS

ROLLIN SMITH—Organ, in a program of German music. (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. Wednesday, May 16, at 5. No tickets necessary.)

ROGER SCIMÉ—Piano, in a benefit recital. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 17, at 8.)

LOIS WHITEMAN—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, May 19, at 2.)

EUGENE ISTOMIN, ISAAC STERN, AND LEONARD ROSE—Piano, violin, and cello, in an all-Brahms recital. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, May 19, at 8.)

CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER—A benefit concert honoring Gregor Piatigorsky, with Beverly Sills, soprano; John Browning and Charles Wadsworth, piano; and cellists Myung Wha Chung, Stephen Kates, Laurence Lesser, Leslie Parnas, Nathaniel Rosen, Jeffrey Solow, Paul Tobias, and the honoree himself. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, May 20, at 7:30.)

LEAGUE-ISCM—The last in this season's series of programs entitled "The Continuing Avant-Garde" will be devoted to contemporary vocal music sung by Bethany Beardslee, soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, May 20, at 8.)

CONCORD STRING QUARTET—The second of two programs of contemporary music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, May 21, at 8.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

INTERLUDE CONCERTS—Final offerings in a varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, May 16, at 5:45: **STARS OF THE HOOFERS**. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 23, at 5:45: **GEORGE BARNES QUARTET**.

DOOBIE BROTHERS AND ARGENT—Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 18, at 8.

ROGER MCGUINN BAND, BATTEAUX, AND COMMANDER CODY AND HIS LOST PLANET AIRMEN—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Friday and Saturday, May 18-19, at 8 and 11:30. For tickets, call 644-4400.

LABELLE—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 19, at 8:30.

JAZZ/TAP—Baby Laurence, Chuck Green, L. D. Jackson, Buster Brown, and John T. McPhee. The show that surrounds them is of lesser quality. They come on at 6. (New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Every Sunday. Admission by contribution.)

GIL EVANS ORCHESTRA—Henry Street Settlement Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Sunday, May 20, at 7. Free.

DOC WATSON—With Mount Airy and Chris Smither. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, May 20, at 7:30.)

JERRY AMES TAP DANCE COMPANY—Performing Arts Auditorium, 111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. Monday through Wednesday, May 21-23, at 6:30. For free tickets, call 595-5222 Mondays through Fridays, 2:30 to 4.

SEALS & CROFTS—With an orchestra, plus England Dan, John Ford Coley, and Lawrence & Roselle. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday and Wednesday, May 22-23, at 8 and 11:30.)

DEEP PURPLE—With Rory Gallagher. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday and Sunday, May 26-27, and Wednesday, May 30, all at 8.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Milwaukee, Wednesday and Thursday, May 16-17, at 7:30, and Friday, May 18, at 6. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Texas, Friday, May 25, at 7:30, and Saturday, May 26, at 2. . . . **SHEA STADIUM**: Mets vs. Pittsburgh, Friday, May 18, at 8:05; Saturday, May 19, at 2:15; and Sunday, May 20, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. St. Louis, Monday and Tuesday, May 21-22, at 8:05, and Wednesday, May 23, at 2:05.

DOG SHOW—Ladies Kennel Association of America. (Hempstead. Saturday, May 19.)

GYMNASTICS—A Chinese gymnastic team vs. a United States team. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Monday, May 21, at 8.)

HUNT RACING—Radnor Hunt Club. (Malvern, Pa. Saturday, May 19.)

RACING—At **BELMONT**: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, June 16. The Carter Handicap, Saturday, May 19; the Edgemere Handicap, Wednesday, May 23; and the Mother Goose, Saturday, May 26. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:15 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:15 and 1:15.) . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK**, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; through Saturday, June 2. . . . **PIMLICO**, Baltimore: The Preakness, Saturday, May 19.

TROTTING—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Thursday, May 24. . . . **YONKERS RACEWAY**: Weekdays at 8, from Friday, May 25, through Tuesday, July 24. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 17.

FOR CHILDREN

OPERETTAS—By the Light Opera of Manhattan—"The Pirates of Penzance," Saturday and Sunday, May 19-20, at 4. . . . ¶ "H.M.S. Pinafore," Saturday, May 26, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.)

STAGE SHOWS—By **BIL BAIRD'S MARIONETTES**: "Band-Wagon." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturday and Sunday, May 19-20, at 1 and 3:30.) . . . **MERI MINI PLAYERS**: "Behalf of the Laugh." (Hotel Manhattan Towers, downstairs, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. Saturday, May 19, at 2:30. For tickets, call 260-4863.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show, "Our Neighbor World," explores *man's present* knowledge of the moon. (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to sessions of the Economic and Social Council (which is scheduled to adjourn on Friday, May 18), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

PROSE READINGS—Anthony Burgess and John Hawkes reading from their own works. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Wednesday, May 23, at 8.)

SATURDAY NIGHTS WITH THE FILMMAKERS—The fifth in a series of six programs, this one consisting of film clips from movies directed by Stanley Kramer, followed by a discussion between Richard Brown and Mr. Kramer. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, May 19, at 8.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS—Through Wednesday, May 30, the City Center people will be scattering a spring dance festival all around town—staged on various open areas and architectural spaces. The performers are James Cunningham and the Acme Dance Company, Trisha Brown and Group, the Phyllis Lamhut Dance Company, and the Don Redlich Dance Company. For daily information about times and places, call 472-1003. . . . ¶ On Wednesday, May 23, at noon, Jill Hoffman, William Jay Smith, and John Unterecker will read from their own poetry, in Bryant Park, Sixth Ave. at 42nd St. . . . ¶ Soho Fleas, an antiques market at the corner of Grand and Wooster Streets, is open every Saturday, weather permitting, from 10 to 5. . . . ¶ The Market Place (Eleventh Ave. at 42nd St.), another antiques show, is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from 10 to 6. . . . ¶ The Antiques Flea Fair-East (York Ave. at 90th St.), a benefit show, is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from 11 to 6. . . . ¶ The New York Flea Market (Sixth Ave. at 25th St.) is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from noon to 7.

AUCTIONS—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except May 26, from 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, May 16, at 10:15: Chinese Export ceramics, from many owners. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 16, at 2 and 8: Twentieth-century American paintings, from the estate of Edith G. Halpert and from other sources. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 17, at 10:15 and 2: American Indian works of art, from several collectors. . . . ¶ Friday, May 18, at 10:15: American historical prints, including a number of views of New York City; from various sources. . . . ¶ Friday, May 18, at 2: American historical prints, maps, broadsides, books, and flags; from the collection of Ambassador and Mrs. J. William Middendorf II. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 19, at 10:15: Pre-Columbian art, from a number of owners. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 19, at 10:15 and 2: Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century American furniture and decorations, from several owners. . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 22, at 2: English, French, and German silver; from many sources. Exhibition starts Thursday, May 17. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 23, at 10:15: African art, belonging to various collectors. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 23, at 2: French and Continental furniture, decorations, and rugs; from several owners. Exhibition starts Friday, May 18.

COMMENCEMENT DATES—Barnard and Columbia, Wednesday, May 16.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—May 16 at 5:30: "The Thin Man" (1934), directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Myrna Loy and William Powell. . . . ¶ May 17 at 5:30: "Street of Shame" (1956), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi, with Machiko Kyo. . . . ¶ May 17 at 8 and May 18 at 2: A program of short films dealing with anthropology. . . . ¶ May 18 at 5:30 and May 19 at noon: "All Quiet on the Western Front" (1930), directed by Lewis Milestone, with Lew Ayres. . . . ¶ May 19 at 3: "Chronicle of a Summer" (1960), in French, directed by Jean Rouch and Edger Morin. . . . ¶ May 19 at 5:30: A program of six films dealing with anthropology. . . . ¶ May 20 at 12:30 and 3: "The Mystery of the Wax Museum" (1933), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Lionel Atwill and Fay Wray. . . . ¶ May 20 at 5:30 and May 21 at 2: "Chronicle of a Summer" (1960). . . . ¶ May 21 at 5:30: "Nanook of the North" (1922), directed by Robert Flaherty. . . . ¶ May 22 at 2: "Think Fast, Mr. Moto" (1937), directed by Norman Foster, with Peter Lorre. . . . ¶ May 22 at 5:30: "Moana" (1926), directed by Robert Flaherty. . . . ¶ May 23 at 5:30: "Think Fast, Mr. Moto" (1937). . . . ¶ May 24 at 5:30: "Carnivals in Belgium" (1972), a series of five short films by Henri Storck. . . . ¶ May 24 at 8: "Land Without Bread" (1932), directed by Luis Buñuel, and "The Nuer" (1970), directed by Hilary Harris and George Breidenbach. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER**, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Three programs in a series of films starring James Cagney: Through May 17: "Strawberry Blonde" (1941), directed by Raoul Walsh. . . . ¶ May 19-20: "Torrid Zone" (1940), directed by William Keighley. . . . ¶ May 23-24: "Here Comes the Navy" (1934), directed by Lloyd Bacon. (Showings Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.) . . . **ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES**, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3107)—Films by Hill, Hanoun, Jacobs, Markopoulos, Jordan, Landow, Keaton, Menken, Mekas, Murnau, Méliès, Nelson, Smith, and others. Showings at 6, 8, and (except May 22) at 10. No Mondays. On Friday, May 18, at 6, 8, and 10, special screenings of films by Gottheim, Bartlett, and Brand. . . . **WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—May 16: "One P.M.," directed by D. A. Pennebaker and Jean-Luc Godard. . . . ¶ May 17-19: "Women Filmmakers 1," a program of six short films. . . . ¶ May 20-22: "Women Filmmakers 2," a program of five short films. . . . ¶ May 23: "Tales," directed by Cassandra Gerstein; no one under eighteen will be admitted. . . . ¶ Starting May 24: "Comedy," a program of five short films. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6, 7:30, and 9 on Tuesday evenings); on May 16 at noon, 2, and 4. Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.

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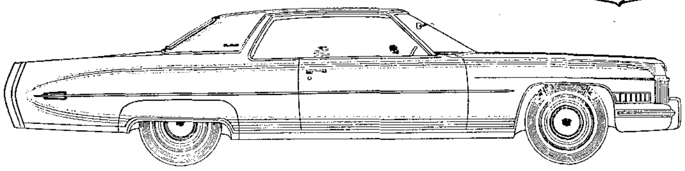

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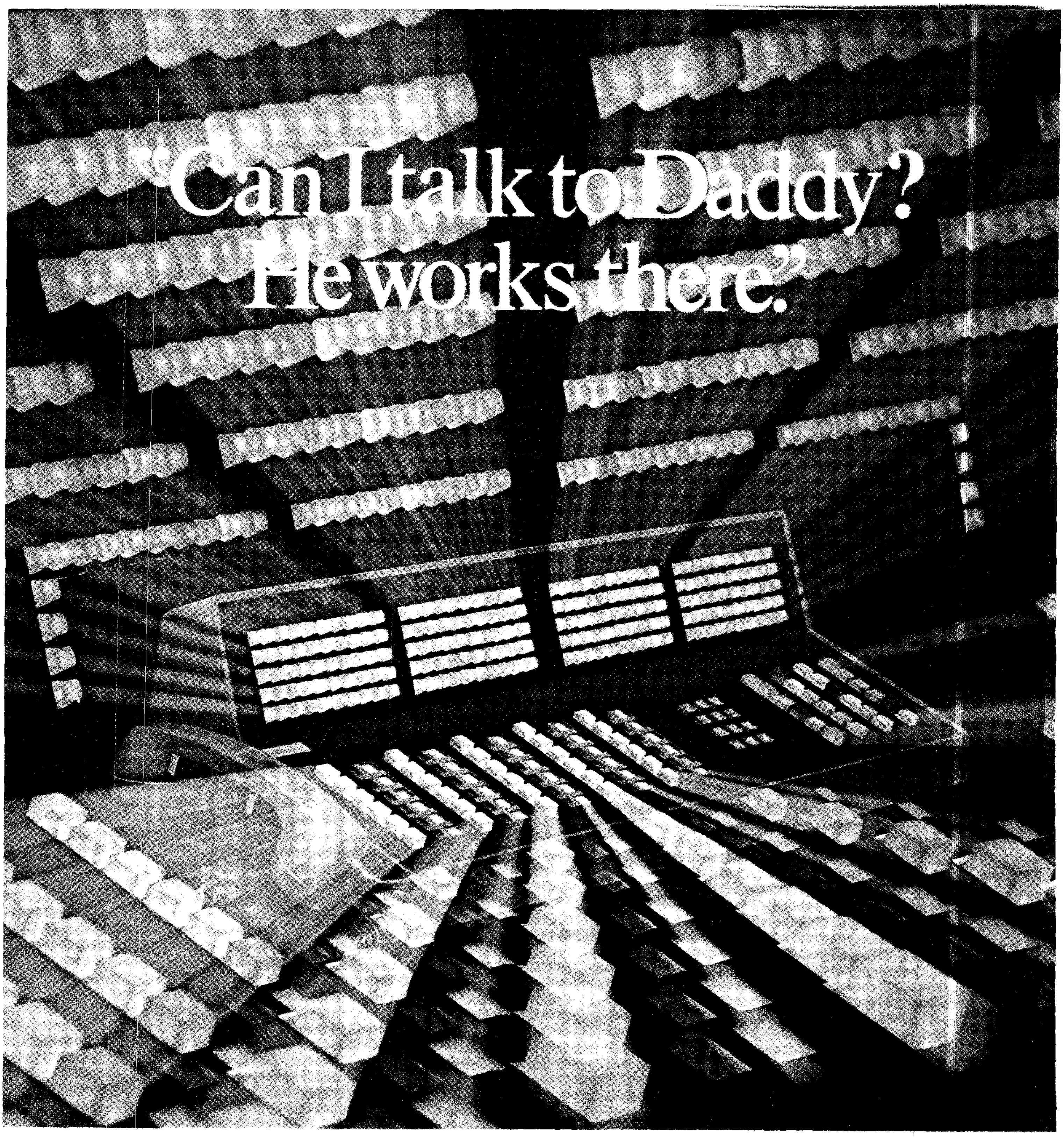

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through May 22: "Ludwig."
From May 23: "Cries and Whispers."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through May 19: "Marie Antoinette" and "Let Us Be Gay."
May 20-22: "Ready, Willing, and Able" and "42nd Street."
From May 23: "Jimmy the Gent" and "The Man Who Played God."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through May 22: "2001: A Space Odyssey" and "Barbarella."
From May 23: "El Topo" and "Reefer Madness."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through May 22: "Dirty Little Billy" and "The New Centurions."
From May 23: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through May 22: "Deliverance" and "McCabe & Mrs. Miller."
From May 23: "Save the Tiger" and "Take the Money and Run."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Heartbreak Kid."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through May 22: "I Love You Rosa."
From May 23: "Hitler: The Last Ten Days."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"L'Amour."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Class of '44."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Last Tango in Paris."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through May 21: "The Nelson Affair."
From May 22: "A Doll's House."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through May 22: A Marlon Brando festival, including "The Wild One," "On the Waterfront," "Viva Zapata!," and "The Men." Schedules not available at this writing.
From May 23: "The Women."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Harrad Experiment."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Paper Moon."

East 59th Street I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
Through May 22: "Soylent Green."
From May 23: "Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid."

East 59th Street II, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through May 22: "Deep Thrust."
From May 23: "Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Save the Tiger."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Scarecrow."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Cries and Whispers."

First Avenue Screening Room, 1st Ave. at 61st. (PL 3-5755)
May 16: "The P.O.W."
May 17-23: "Memories of Underdevelopment."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through May 23: "Dirty Little Billy."
From May 24: "Emperor of the North Pole."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Godspell."

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"State of Siege."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through May 24: "Lost Horizon."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through May 22: "Ten from Your Show of Shows."
From May 23: "Sounder."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Sleuth."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through May 22: "Brother Sun, Sister Moon."
From May 23: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Theatre of Blood."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Slither."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
May 16: "High Plains Drifter."
From May 17: "The Day of the Jackal."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
May 16: "Fist of Fury."
From May 17: "The Day of the Jackal."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through May 22: "Hitler: The Last Ten Days."
From May 23: "A Warm December."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"The Soul of Nigger Charley."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, *Lexington at 86th.* (289-8932)
"The Mack."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through May 17: "Theatre of Blood."
From May 18: "Pygmalion" and "The Importance of Being Earnest."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"An Autumn Afternoon."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Sleuth."

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through May 22: "Deliverance" and "Cool Hand Luke"/"Ten from Your Show of Shows" and "The Twelve Chairs"/"2001: A Space Odyssey" and "Get Carter"/"Cabaret" and "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis."
From May 23: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through May 19: "A Night at the Opera" and "At the Circus."
May 20-22: "A Day at the Races" and "The Big Store."
From May 23: "A Night in Casablanca" and "Love Happy."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
"The Godfather."

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (265-8431)
Through May 24: "Book of Numbers."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Travels with My Aunt" and "The Boy Friend."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
May 16: "Tom Sawyer."
From May 17: "Mary Poppins."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Cinerama."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"The Offence."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through May 22: "Ludwig."
From May 23: "Fist of Fury."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through May 19: "Wedding in White."
From May 20: "The Mattei Affair."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Money, Money, Money."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Heartbreak Kid." (No six o'clock showing on Wednesday, May 23.)

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through May 22: "Theatre of Blood."
From May 23: "Man of La Mancha."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through May 22: "Ludwig."
From May 23: "Cries and Whispers."

Beacon, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
"The Poseidon Adventure."

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Through May 22: "Slither."
From May 23: "Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through May 22: "Adieu Philippine."
From May 23 (tentative): "Sunset Boulevard" and "The Spy Who Came in from the Cold."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through May 22: "Brother Sun, Sister Moon."
From May 23: "Love."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through May 17: "The Horse's Mouth" and "The Battle of the Sexes."
May 18-20: "The Barber of Seville" and "The Lovers of Teruel."
May 21-22: "Boccaccio '70" and "The White Sheik."
May 23-24: "The Night They Raided Minsky's" and "Some Like It Hot."

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through May 22: "Extreme Close-up" and "The Baby Maker."
From May 23: "High Plains Drifter."

Riviera, B'way at 97th. (RI 9-8046)
Through May 22: "Sleuth."
From May 23: "The Heartbreak Kid."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through May 22: "Lady Sings the Blues" and "The Great White Hope."
From May 23: To be announced.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Adieu Philippine (1961)—Directed by Jacques Rozier. In French. (New Yorker; through May 22.)

L'Amour—With Michael Sklar, directed by Andy Warhol and Paul Morrissey. (Eastside Cinema.)

At the Circus (1939)—The Marx Brothers. They do get to fire Margaret Dumont out of a cannon, but it's all fairly ponderous. (Elgin; through May 19.)

An Autumn Afternoon (1962)—The last film of the Japanese master Yasujiro Ozu, made shortly before he died. This picture, like several of his others, is about the unwitting demands of a gentle, aging father on a now marriageable daughter who lets suitors go by to keep him company. The father is played with the greatest dignity by Ozu's favorite actor, Chishu Ryu, as a stoic and thinning character in suits now too big for him. There is something tonic and beautiful about the calm of Ozu's view of life, which is perfectly expressed in his quiet, observant style. In Japanese. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

The Baby Maker (1970)—Pseudo-seriousness about a life-loving young hippie (Barbara Hershey) who agrees to make a baby for a childless couple. Cellophane-wrapped little insights into everybody's feelings, and total evasion of the moral problems implicit in the gimmicky plot. Written and directed by James Bridges. (Riverside; through May 22.)

Barbarella (1968)—The décor and effects in Roger Vadim's erotic comic strip are disappointing, but Jane Fonda has the skittish naughtiness of a teen-age voluptuary. She's the fresh, bouncy American girl triumphing by her innocence over a lewd, sadistic world of the future. David Hemmings shows unexpected comic talent as an absentminded revolutionary. (St. Marks Cinema; through May 22.)

The Barber of Seville (1947)—Rossini's opera, with Tito Gobbi, Giulio Neri, Giulietta Simionato, and Irene Genna. In Italian. (Thalia; May 18-20.)

The Battle of the Sexes (1960)—The old order, represented by Peter Sellers as the head accountant of a Scottish firm rich in tradition, triumphing over the new, represented by Constance Cummings as an interloping American efficiency expert. This British film was adapted from the James Thurber story "The Catbird Seat," but as directed by Charles Crichton it's not as funny as it's meant to be. With Robert Morley as the laird in charge of the firm. (Thalia; through May 17.)

The Big Store (1941)—The Marx Brothers taking over a department store. But they never quite take over the movie, which is far from inspired, though it does have Margaret Dumont and that great slimy villain Douglass Dumbrille. (Elgin; May 20-22.)

Boccaccio '70 (1962)—The Fellini segment features Anita Ekberg as a big blonde on

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

a gigantic poster, advertising milk; the skit is as padded as Ekberg. The Visconti segment is an elegant though overextended sketch featuring Romy Schneider in an attractive performance as a wife who holds her husband (Tomas Milian) by making him pay for her favors. The De Sica segment—the liveliest, and the only one with a Boccaccio flavor—features Sophia Loren as a girl who works with a travelling carnival; in each town she is the prize of a Saturday-night raffle. The way she looks, the whole world would buy tickets. In Italian. (Thalia; May 21-22.)

Book of Numbers—How a black-operated numbers bank gets started in a small Southern town during the Depression. Directed by, and with, Raymond St. Jacques. (DeMille; through May 24.)

The Boy Friend (1971)—Ken Russell has turned the Sandy Wilson show into an anti-musical and destroyed most of the pleasure the audience might have had. The glittering, joyless numbers keep coming at you; you never get any relief from Russell's supposed virtuosity. Twiggy sings adequately (though not well enough for the load of singing she's asked to carry), and she dances rather better, but Russell doesn't develop her possibilities, and she remains an appealing blank. (Guild.)

Brother Sun, Sister Moon—The story of Francis of Assisi, directed by Franco Zeffirelli, with Graham Faulkner as Francis. (Juliet 2 and Symphony; through May 22.)

Cabaret (1972)—A great movie musical, satirical and diamond-hard. With Joel Grey and Liza Minnelli, and masterly direction by Bob Fosse. (Quad Cinema; through May 22.)

Cinerama (1952)—If you want to feel that you are riding in the lunatic van of a roller coaster, or sitting in La Scala when the Triumphal March from "Aida" is being played, or participating in a Florida water carnival, or . . . (Ziegfeld.)

Class of '44—A sequel to "Summer of '42," with Gary Grimes and Jerry Houser. Directed by Paul Bogart. (Sutton.)

Cool Hand Luke (1967)—Paul Newman as a Southern misfit who refuses to be pushed around. Parts are effective—in a hokey, symbol-ridden way. Stuart Rosenberg directed. (Quad Cinema; through May 22.)

Cries and Whispers—Ingmar Bergman's dream play is set in a manor house at the turn of the century where a spinster in her late thirties (Harriet Andersson) is dying. Her two sisters (Ingrid Thulin and Liv Ullmann) have come to attend her, and they watch and wait, along with a peasant servant (Kari Sylwan). The movie is built out of a series of emotionally charged images that express inner stress, and Bergman handles them with the fluidity of a master. Superbly photographed by Sven Nykvist in a style suggesting Edvard Munch, the film is smooth and hypnotic; it has oracular power and the pull of a dream. Yet there's a nineteenth-century dullness at the heart of it. Each sister represents a different aspect of woman—woman viewed as the Other—and the film mingles didacticism with erotic mystery. In Swedish. (Cinema II. . . . ¶ Art and Embassy 72nd St.; starting May 23.)

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers in a sort of morning-after to "A Night at the Opera." It has something to do with a sanatorium, a group of bankers, a blond siren, and a steeplechase. Groucho is Hugo Z. Hackenbush, a horse doctor posing as a fashionable neurologist. ("Either this man is dead or my watch has stopped.") He shuffles off with the picture. The cast includes Margaret Dumont, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Allan Jones; the teen-age Dorothy Dandridge may be glimpsed among the kids in the "All God's Chillun Got Rhythm" number. Sam Wood directed. (Elgin; May 20-22.)

The Day of the Jackal—Based on Frederick Forsyth's suspense novel about a political assassin hired to kill President de Gaulle. Directed by Fred Zinnemann. (Loews Orpheum and Loews Ciné; starting May 17.)

Deep Thrust—A kung-fu film from Hong Kong. (East 59th Street II; through May 22.)

Deliverance—A man's man of a film—written by James Dickey from his own best-selling novel, and directed by John Boorman—about four early-middle-aged men who go canoeing in Georgia in search of the vanishing countryside and of their own lost athleticism. In a crass way, the film embalms every male myth that ever weighted an analyst's couch. Jon Voight, Burt Reynolds, Ned Beatty, Ronny Cox play in the movie, which is beautifully photographed in almost monochromatic color. (Gramercy and Quad Cinema; through May 22.)

Palace
MATINEE DAILY 1:30 P.M.
SATURDAY & SUNDAY CONTINUOUS
Beauty
Salon
CANDY
SODA

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24		

Dirty Little Billy—With Michael J. Pollard and Lee Purcell, directed by Stan Dragoti. (Cinema Village; through May 22. . . . ¶ Columbia; through May 23.)

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie—Luis Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed with exhilarating ease. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. The discreetly charming amoral beasts gathered here include Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (as the bishop), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, and Jean-Pierre Cassel. In French. (8th St. Playhouse.)

A Doll's House—Based on the Ibsen play, with Claire Bloom. Directed by Patrick Garland. (Fine Arts; starting May 22.)

Emperor of the North Pole—With Lee Marvin and Ernest Borgnine, directed by Robert Aldrich. (Columbia I; starting May 24.)

Extreme Close-up—From a Michael Crichton story, directed by Jeannot Szwarc. (Riverside; through May 22.)

Fist of Fury—A kung-fu picture starring Bruce Lee. (Loews Ciné; May 16. . . . ¶ Playboy; starting May 23.)

42nd Street (1933)—This big, cheerful Warners musical was a remake of the 1929 "On with the Show," but it gave new life to the clichés that have kept parodists happy; what's surprising is how organic the clichés once were. The cast includes Warner Baxter, Bebe Daniels, Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, George Brent, and Ginger Rogers. The songs, by Al Dubin and Harry Warren, include "Shuffle Off to Buffalo" and "You're Getting to Be a Habit with Me." Lloyd Bacon directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 20-22.)

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis (1970)—Vittorio De Sica's finest film in many years—a lyric evocation of a vanished group of people (the cultivated, aristocratic Jewish-Italian landowners) and a vanished mood. Based on Giorgio Bassani's semi-autobiographical novel, the film records how Giorgio, a middle-class outsider (Lino Capolicchio), is drawn into the decaying, enchanted world of the Finzi-Continis by the imperious, contrary Micòl (Dominique Sanda); she and her languid brother (Helmut Berger) are spoiled, beautiful people without the will to save themselves. Perhaps the only film that records the halfhearted anti-Jewish measures of the Mussolini period—which were, however, sufficient to wipe out the Finzi-Continis and all they represented. In Italian. (Quad Cinema; through May 22.)

Get Carter (1971)—There's nobody to root for but the smartly dressed sexual athlete and professional killer (Michael Caine) in this English gangland picture, which is so calculatedly cool and amoral that it seems to belong to a new genre of academic viciousness. After waiting for the story fragments to be assembled, there is some excitation, and then the viewer is offered the satisfaction of violence. What makes the movie unusual is the metallic elegance and single-minded proficiency with which it adheres to its sadism-for-the-connoisseur formula. Mike Hodges directed. (Quad Cinema; through May 22.)

The Godfather (1972)—A wide, startlingly vivid view of a Mafia dynasty, in which organized crime becomes an obscene nightmare image of American ruthlessness. The movie is a popular melodrama, but it expresses a new tragic realism, and it's altogether extraordinary. Francis Ford Coppola directed; Marlon Brando and Al Pacino are the stars. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema.)

Godspell—The Gospels designed to be read as their very own literature by the Woodstock generation. This is mostly St. Matthew, in a very fanatic and peculiarly dated happy-happy mode, with Jesus doing music-hall turns. The whole thing generates a powerfully anti-intellectual fundamentalist mood, photographed with a scrappy technique that sums up the ruling coarseness. Show-biz religiosity; the bloom has gone off these flower children. Directed by David Greene in summery New York City settings, with music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz. (Columbia II.)

The Great White Hope (1970)—How a black prizefighter (James Earl Jones) is brought down because of white men's fear of the strength of blacks. Martin Ritt's big, noisy production defeats Jones here, and along the way it also inadvertently exposes the clobber-them-with-guilt tactics of the dramatist, Howard Sackler. (Olympia; through May 22.)

The Harrad Experiment—With James Whitmore and Tippi Hedren, directed by Ted Post. (Baronet.)

The Heartbreak Kid—One of the rare new comedies with a director's style and personality. Elaine May finds her comic tone (befuddled skepticism) and scores a first besides—no other American woman director has ever directed her daughter in a leading role. Jeannie Berlin plays the voluptuously giddy bride, whose groom (Charles Grodin) falls in love with a cool American dreamgirl (Cybill Shepherd) three days after the wedding. Charming, unforced comedy. From Neil Simon's script, based on a Bruce Jay Friedman story. (Murray Hill. . . . ¶ Paramount. No six o'clock showing on Wednesday, May 23. . . . ¶ Riviera; starting May 23.)

High Plains Drifter—A Western, directed by, and with, Clint Eastwood. (Loews Orpheum; May 16. . . . ¶ Riverside; starting May 23.)

Hitler: The Last Ten Days—With Alec Guinness, directed by Ennio de Concini. (86th St. East; through May 22. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; starting May 23.)

The Horse's Mouth (1958)—Alec Guinness as Joyce Cary's fabulous painter-hero—the lewd, scrounging Gulley Jimson (whose antic self-destructiveness is based on Dylan Thomas). With Kay Walsh as Coker, the barmaid; Renée Houston as Sarah; and Ernest Thesiger as Hickson. Ronald Neame is a literal-minded director, and so this comedy isn't as free as it should be—it turns out to be a conformist movie about nonconformity—but the characters manage to bust through, and it is highly entertaining. (Thalia; through May 17.)

I Love You Rosa—With Michael Bat-Adam, directed by Moshe Mizrahi. In Hebrew. (34th St. East; through May 22.)

The Importance of Being Earnest (1952)—Oscar Wilde's greatest play, and one of the few perfect comedies in world drama. This English screen version by Anthony Asquith is a bit stagy but marvellously acted, especially by Edith Evans, Joan Greenwood, Margaret Rutherford, and Michael Redgrave. (Waverly; starting May 18.)

Jimmy the Gent (1934)—We are watching a Michael Curtiz film of 1934, and Jimmy is James Cagney, so the gentlemanizing of Jimmy is fairly wry. It is done for the sake of Bette Davis, the eternal sadist; Cagney as her matching masochist is a funny idea. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting May 23.)

Lady Sings the Blues—The chemistry of pop vulgarization is all-powerful here; factually, this life of Billie Holiday is a fraud, but emotionally it delivers. That great, dizzy imp Diana Ross gives herself to the role with an all-out physicality that wins the audience over. Regrettably, she sings too much like Billie Holiday, and the songs blur one's memories. Sidney J. Furie directed; Richard Pryor plays "Piano Man." (Olympia; through May 22.)

Last Tango in Paris—A movie that people will be arguing about for as long as there are movies. Bernardo Bertolucci and Marlon Brando have altered the face of an art form. In French and English. (Trans-Lux East. Sundays through Thursdays at 2, 6, and 8:45, and Fridays and Saturdays at 2, 7:30, and 10. Reserved seats only.)

Let Us Be Gay (1930)—One of Norma Shearer's daring-modern early talkies. This one—about divorce among the spoiled, smart set—was taken from a Rachel Crothers comedy of the 1929 Broadway season. Marie Dressler plays a battle-axe of a socialite, and the cast includes a (relatively) young Hedda Hopper, Rod La Rocque, Sally Eilers, Raymond Hackett, and Gilbert Emery. The gowns are by Adrian, the direction by Robert Z. Leonard. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through May 19.)

Lost Horizon—A middle-class geriatric utopia high in the Himalayas. In this new Ross Hunter musical version, directed by Charles Jarrott, Shangri-La is about as alluring as Forest Lawn. The generally embarrassed residents include Peter Finch, Liv Ullmann, Sally Kellerman, John Gielgud, Charles Boyer, and Michael York. (Loews Tower East; through May 24.)

Love—If you suggest going to a Hungarian film to almost anyone but a Hungarian, you are apt to face mutiny, but this film—by Károly Makk—is much recommended. Reviving and vivid about the true nature of aristocraticism. In Hungarian. (Symphony; starting May 23.)

Love Happy (1950)—Which proves that even inspired clowns like the Marx Brothers can be dull and oafish. (Elgin; starting May 23.)

The Lovers of Teruel (1962)—An elaborate ballet-drama of romantic tragedy. Ludmilla Tcherina dances the role of a doomed, demented girl, and then finds that life has cast her in the same role. More than a bit much, with dialogue such as "What good is my body if you cannot have my soul?" (Especially silly, because Miss Tcherina isn't much of a dancer but has a sensational body.) The director, Raymond Rouleau, is in love with colored lights. In French. (Thalia; May 18-20.)

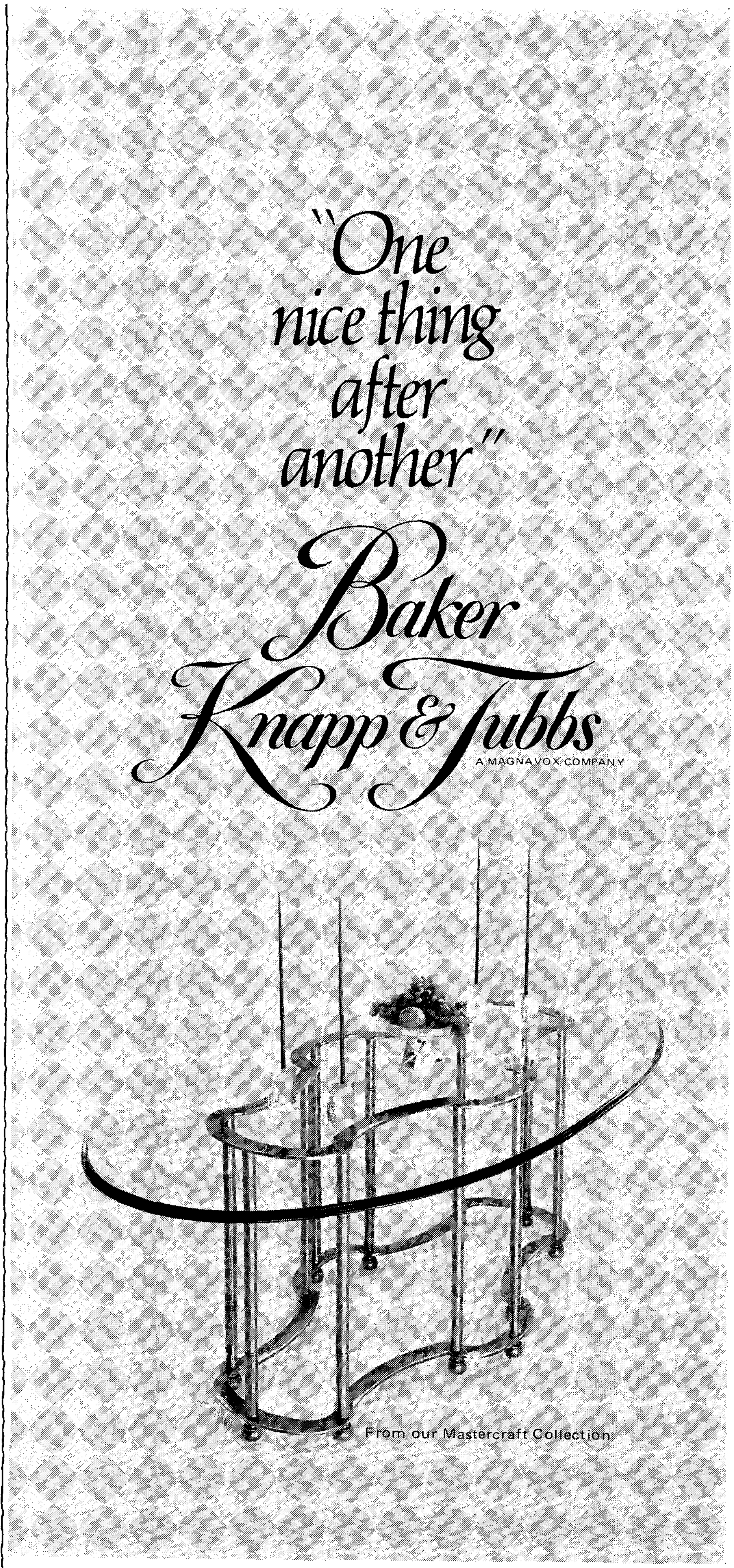
Ludwig—The Visconti film has been trimmed since its opening, but it's still footage in search of a style. The continuity is a splatter of choppy, confused scenes, and the relationships of the characters are never made clear. As Ludwig, Helmut Berger is a tense, prissy-mouthed, gloomy cuckoo, and it isn't until he begins to lose his teeth (from overindulgence in sweets) that the picture becomes fitfully amusing. With Romy Schneider, Trevor Howard, and Silvana Mangano. (Art, Playboy, and Embassy 72nd St.; through May 22.)

The Mack—With Max Julien and Don Gordon, directed by Michael Campus. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

Man of La Mancha—The lyrics still sound as if they had been translated from Esperanto, and it's a slow haul to a sentimental haven, but toward the middle, Peter O'Toole, looking like an elongated Alec Guinness, is so wafer-thin and stylized, and his woefulness is so deeply silly that the contrast between his Don Quixote and the full-bodied, realistic Aldonza of Sophia Loren becomes affecting. Loren, with her great, sorrowing green-brown eyes, is magnificently sensual and spiritual; she brings the soul of Italian opera to this Broadway bastardization, which combines Cervantes' life with his novel. Arthur Hiller directed. (Cinema Studio; starting May 23.)

The Man Who Played God (1932)—George Arliss is the great concert violinist who is deafened by a bomb thrown by anarchists; Bette Davis is the young girl infatuated with his celebrity status. His despair is cured after he begins to use binoculars and read lips and, eavesdropping on the people in the park opposite his house, involves himself in their lives. This maudlin monstrosity about the therapeutic benefits of voyeurism was actually refurbished in 1955 (by Irving Wallace—who else?) for the film début of Liberace, shamelessly titled "Sincerely Yours." The Arliss version (which is bad enough) has in its cast Ray Milland, Hedda Hopper, Violet Heming, Donald Cook, and Louise Closser Hale. John Adolfi directed; it is generally considered the film in which Bette Davis first showed her talent. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting May 23.)

Marie Antoinette (1938)—A resplendent bore. M-G-M built a grand ballroom that was several feet longer than the original at Ver-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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sailles, and Adrian designed twelve hundred and fifty gowns, as well as costumes for two poodles. The efforts to create a sympathetic interpretation of Marie that would be suitable for Norma Shearer—M-G-M's "first lady" and, as Irving Thalberg's widow, a large stockholder—resulted in a lugubriously noble central character. Since King Louis XVI (Robert Morley) wasn't much of a love interest, Shearer was given Tyrone Power (as a Swedish count) for a bit of romance; meant for leavening, this doomed affair only adds to the soggy weight. W. S. Van Dyke directed; with John Barrymore, Gladys George, Anita Louise, and Joseph Schildkraut. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through May 19.)

MARY POPPINS (1964)—Julie Andrews is Miss Poppins; Dick Van Dyke is her singing and dancing co-star. They don't try to out-act the animated talking pigs, laughing horses, and urbane turtles that Walt Disney, in his commercial wisdom, mingled with them. This remorselessly cheery, picture-postcard version of the P. L. Travers stories was a great success with children, and with some parents, too. The cast includes Glynis Johns, David Tomlinson, Reginald Owens, and Arthur Treacher; Robert Stevenson directed. (Music Hall; starting May 17.)

THE MATTEI AFFAIR—With Gian Maria Volonte as Enrico Mattei, directed by Francesco Rosi. In Italian. (Little Carnegie; starting May 20.)

McCABE & MRS. MILLER (1971)—A beautiful pipe dream of a movie—Robert Altman's fleeting vision of what frontier life might have been, with Warren Beatty as a cocky small-time gambler and Julie Christie as an ambitious madam. Delicate, richly textured, and unusually understated. (Gramercy; through May 22.)

MEMORIES OF UNDERDEVELOPMENT—A Cuban film, directed by Tomas Gutierrez Alea. In Spanish. (First Avenue Screening Room; May 17-23.)

MONEY, MONEY, MONEY—Claude Lelouch's knockabout comedy concerning a set of farcical urban pirates whose most rewarding theft lies in kidnapping the Pope. The picture is not funny, funny, funny, but fairly. In French. (Paris.)

THE NELSON AFFAIR—Written by Terence Rattigan, who seems to relish almost exclusively Emma Hamilton's boozing, her swearing, and the loss of her figure. The posthumous gossip column has come to the movies. Nelson is played by Peter Finch, who must get some of the lousiest film parts any great actor ever had. (He was a wonderful Trigorin on stage in London.) Glenda Jackson belts bravely into the foolishly written role of Lady Hamilton. Margaret Leighton, looking beautiful, imbues Lady Nelson with true gallantry. James Cellan Jones, a Welshman trained mostly in TV, directs the vulgar-minded business, which is to be trusted chiefly on details of rigging. (Fine Arts; through May 21.)

THE NEW CENTURIONS—The policeman as Dr. Kildare. Directed by Richard Fleischer and written by Stirling Silliphant, and acted better than it deserves by George C. Scott and Stacy Keach. (Cinema Village; through May 22.)

A NIGHT AT THE OPERA (1935)—The Marx Brothers, doing to "Il Trovatore" what should be done to "Il Trovatore." Wonderful. (Elgin; through May 19.)

A NIGHT IN CASABLANCA (1946)—Standing on the sidewalk, Harpo pushes against a wall. A policeman accosts him: "What do you think you're doing—holding up the building?" Harpo nods, and the angry policeman pushes him away. The building collapses. In this comedy, the Marx Brothers dismantle the international-intrigue thriller; the Warner Brothers, producers of the movie "Casablanca," were indignant and tried to stop the production. Though this comedy is not as famous as their films of the thirties, it's better than all but a handful of their earlier ones. Groucho manages the hotel in Casablanca where all the spies hang out, and Chico runs a fleet of camel taxis. Directed by Archie Mayo. (Elgin; starting May 23.)

THE NIGHT THEY RAIDED MINSKY'S (1968)—A parody tribute to burlesque, with a minimum of plot and a maximum of evocative stage routines. There's a wonderful seedy chorus line—a row of pudgy girls with faces like slipped discs. The actors include Jason Robards, Norman Wisdom, Joseph Wiseman, Elliott Gould, and Britt Ekland, who has a big, warm smile. Directed by William Friedkin, choreographed by Danny Daniels. (Thalia; May 23-24.)

THE OFFENCE—With Sean Connery and Trevor Howard, directed by Sidney Lumet. (Festival.)

PAPER MOON—The tale of an alliance between a small-time con artist (Ryan O'Neal) and a little girl (Tatum O'Neal). Directed by Peter Bogdanovich. (Coronet.)

PAT GARRETT AND BILLY THE KID—With James Coburn and Kris Kristofferson in the title roles. Directed by Sam Peckinpah. (East 59th Street I, East 59th Street II, and Loews 83rd St.; starting May 23.)

THE POSEIDON ADVENTURE—Expensive pop adventure movie, manufactured for the "Airport" market. An ocean liner turns turtle, and the logistics of getting out of an upside-down ship are fairly entertaining; the script is the true cataclysm in this waterlogged Grand Hotel. With Gene Hackman, Ernest Borgnine, Stella Stevens, and Shelley Winters. Ronald Neame directed, with his usual dull efficiency. (Beacon.)

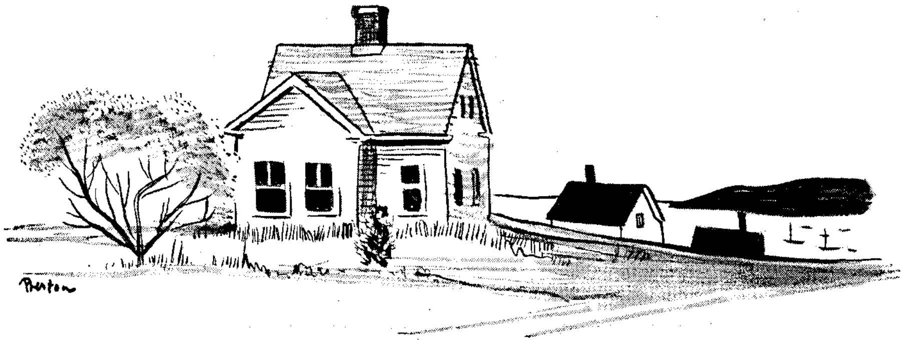
THE P.O.W.—About a returning wounded Vietnam veteran. Written and directed by Philip H. Dossick. (First Avenue Screening Room; May 16.)

PYGMALION (1938)—First-rate romantic comedy, and certainly the best G.B.S. picture ever done. Wendy Hiller made her triumphant film début as Eliza, and Leslie Howard is in great form as that fatuous snob Higgins. With Wilfrid Lawson as Doolittle, and Marie Lohr as Mrs. Higgins. Shaw supervised, Gabriel Pascal produced, Anthony Asquith and Leslie Howard directed, David Lean edited, Arthur Honegger did the score, and Harry Stradling shot it. (Waverly; starting May 18.)

READY, WILLING, AND ABLE (1937)—One of the lesser Warner Brothers' musicals. With Ruby Keeler, Wini Shaw, Jane Wyman, Louise Fazenda, Allen Jenkins, and Teddy Hart. One good song: "Too Marvellous for Words." Ray Enright directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 20-22.)

SAVE THE TIGER—The picture asks us to weep for Harry the garment manufacturer (Jack Lemmon), who pimps for his customers so they'll give him their orders, and who plans to set fire to his warehouse so the insurance money will finance filling these orders. The picture is a moral hustle that says this high-living showoff is a victim of American materialism. Harry suffers and jabbers; the writer, Steve Shagan, appears to think he has created a modern tragic hero, and he's determined to puff the movie up with wit and wisdom. John G. Avildsen directed. (Ciné Malibu. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting May 23.)

SCARECROW—With Gene Hackman and Al Pa-



cino, directed by Jerry Schatzberg. (Cinema I.)

SLEUTH—At first, the elation of seeing Laurence Olivier in a big role is sufficient to give this Joseph L. Mankiewicz transcription of the Anthony Shaffer play (about an eccentric author of detective novels and his prey—Michael Caine) a high spirit, and Olivier seems to be having a ripsnorting old time. But the cleverness of Shaffer's excessive literacy wears down, and the stupid tricks the two characters play on each other keep grinding on. It's Olivier in the kind of material he outgrew more than thirty years ago. (Juliet 1 and Greenwich. . . . ¶ Riviera; through May 22.)

SLITHER—This first feature by the advertising ace Howard Zieff is a suspense comedy with a prickly, fleahopping humor—a sort of fractured hipsterism. As the thick-witted hero looking for the fortune promised him by an embezzler, James Caan demonstrates some of the best double takes in modern movies. The plot is tired, and the picture never delivers on its promise, but the gags are sneaky and offbeat, and the cast is full of crazies. With Peter Boyle, Louise Lasser, Allen Garfield, Richard B. Shull, and Sally Kellerman, as a speed freak. From an original script by W. D. Richter. (U. A. East. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd St.; through May 22.)

SOME LIKE IT HOT (1959)—A fifties comedy set in the Prohibition era, with transvestism, impotence, role confusion, and borderline inversion—and all hilariously innocent. Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon are the female impersonators who join a girls' band, and Marilyn Monroe and Joe E. Brown are their somewhat confused love partners. With George Raft, Pat O'Brien, and Nehemiah Persoff. Billy Wilder directed. (Thalia; May 23-24.)

THE SOUL OF NIGGER CHARLEY—A sequel to "The Legend of Nigger Charley," with Fred Williamson again playing Charley. Directed by Larry G. Spangler. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

SOUNDER—Extraordinarily simple, since it starts from an inspirational story much like "The Corn Is Green," yet deeply, emotionally rich. The first movie about black experiences in America that can stir people of all colors. With Cicely Tyson (playing the first great black heroine on the screen), Paul Winfield, Kevin Hooks, and Janet MacLachlan. Martin Ritt directed, from a script by Lonne Elder III. The score is by Taj Mahal, who also plays the comedy role of Ike. (72nd Street East; starting May 23.)

SOYLENT GREEN—Priggish science fiction, directed by Richard Fleischer. A clodhopping movie nominally about the awfulness of monopolistic capitalism and the lack of birth control in New York City in 2022 A.D. Charlton Heston is a slow-thinking detective with a lot of hair on his chest, and the late, great Edward G. Robinson is exploited with supreme tastelessness. (East 59th Street I; through May 22.)

THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD (1965)—Richard Burton as the grubby and despairing hero of the le Carré novel. Also with Oskar Werner and Claire Bloom. (New Yorker; starting May 23, tentative.)

STATE OF SIEGE—The new Costa-Gavras political drama ("The Sleeping Car Murder," "Z," "The Confession"), written by Franco Solinas, who scripted "The Battle of Algiers." Yves Montand plays a man recognizably based on the assassinated Mitrione, who worked for A.I.D., was trained in the U.S., and worked in close undercover conjunction with the repressive police in Brazil and Uruguay. This is the quietest, and so almost the most alarming, of Costa-Gavras's political "trilogy." It is made with less dizziness than the others, and with a human feeling for ambiguity. In French. (Beekman.)

SUCH A GORGEOUS KID LIKE ME—Truffaut's newest, and not by any means his best. The heroine, played by Bernadette Lafont, capsizes the meagre possibility of the original Henry Farrell book about an amoral nymphomaniac who seizes the love of an innocent sociologist by seeming as hard as nails, whereas the sociologist sees her as a victim of a rotten childhood. The theme of the too easily beguiled intellectual strikes one as rather overworked, though there are five or six wonderful Truffaut scenes. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

SUNSET BOULEVARD (1950)—With Gloria Swanson and William Holden, directed by Billy Wilder. (New Yorker; starting May 23, tentative.)

TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (Gramercy; starting May 23.)

TEN FROM YOUR SHOW OF SHOWS—A sampling of the hundred and sixty ninety-minute weekly shows produced and directed by Max Liebman from 1950 to 1954, starring Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca, with Carl Reiner and Howard Morris. A few of the skits are classic, and if you saw Caesar when you were young enough, maybe he'll always be the greatest clown for you. (72nd Street East and Quad Cinema; through May 22.)

THEATRE OF BLOOD—Vincent Price as a Donald Wolfitish actor taking a comically dastardly revenge on critics. (Trans-Lux 85th St. . . . ¶ Waverly; through May 17. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio; through May 22.)

TOM SAWYER—The great Mark Twain, diminished for teeny tots and weeny minds. Tom might as well be Shirley Temple, and Huck Deanna Durbin. Directed by Don Taylor in Missouri; he looks as if he's never been outside the buildings of *Reader's Digest*, which here is dipping its whopping big toe into family entertainment for the first time. Tom is obviously going to grow up into the most respectable adman, giving all he has to Nixon, and the poetic Huck vanishes into the thin, thin air of big production numbers about picnics. (Music Hall; May 16.)

EL TOPO (1971)—A spaghetti Western in the style of Luis Buñuel, and tinsel all the way. The writer-director-star, Alexandro Jodorowsky, plays with symbols and ideas and enigmas so promiscuously that the confusion may be mistaken for depth. He has some feeling for pace and for sadistic comedy, but the principal appeal of the movie is as a violent fantasy—like head comics. (St. Marks Cinema; starting May 23.)

TRAVELS WITH MY AUNT—Maggie Smith gives a desperate, flustered performance as the disreputable Augusta, a woman in her seventies who induces her stuffy nephew (Alec McCowen) to accompany her on her travels. Whatever private joke Graham Greene was working out in the novel, the message here is "Live, live, live!" But the movie itself has no real zing; it seems to run down before it gets started, and just about everyone in it looks miscast. George Cukor directed. (Guild.)

THE TWELVE CHAIRS (1970)—Mel Brooks shows his affection for the innocent nuttiness of earlier periods of comedy in this story about three men (Frank Langella, Dom DeLuise, Ron Moody) searching for a fortune hidden in a chair, but the whole enterprise is rather forlorn. Not bad, really—just so-so. (Quad Cinema; through May 22.)

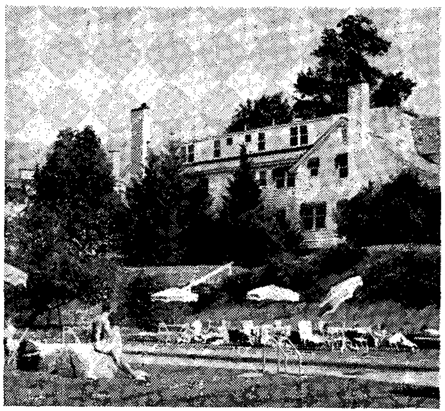
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later. He introduces the idea of an extraterrestrial intelligence that much diminishes mankind's small achievement in stumbling upward from apedom in the direction of computers. "2001" is some sort of great film, and often appallingly funny. (St. Marks Cinema and Quad Cinema; through May 22.)

A WARM DECEMBER—Directed by, and with, Sidney Poitier. (86th St. East; starting May 23.)

WEDDING IN WHITE—A sad Canadian film about prurience, directed by William Fruet, who also wrote the script. With Donald Pleasence, who acts technically but finely, and Carol Kane, who looks like an expressionless, beautiful Pre-Raphaelite. To be gone to in a strong mood; it's truly and interestingly done. The older women in this story of an authoritarian militarist outraged by the rape of his poor Rossetti-looking sixteen-year-old are all oddly proud, embattled, and splendid. (Little Carnegie; through May 19.)

THE WHITE SHEIK (1951)—An affectionate satire on glamour and delusion by Fellini—pleasant but a little flat. Brunella Bova is the star-struck bride who leaves her husband (Leopoldo Trieste) on their honeymoon when she meets a cheap actor—Alberto Sordi, in a marvellous performance. With Giulietta Masina, as a whore—the role that was later expanded and became "Nights of Cabiria." In Italian. (Thalia; May 21-22.)

THE WOMEN (1939)—Clare Boothe Luce's ode to wisecracking cattiness, given the full, expensive M-G-M treatment in its first movie version, with Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, Paulette Goddard, Joan Fontaine, Mary Boland, Marjorie Main, Hedda Hopper, Margaret Dumont, Virginia Grey, and noble Norma Shearer, weeping, weeping. George Cukor directed. (Plaza; starting May 23.)



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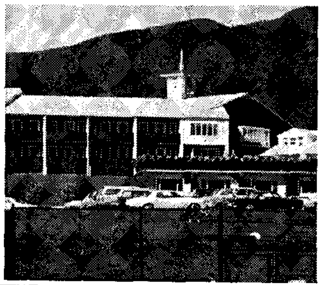

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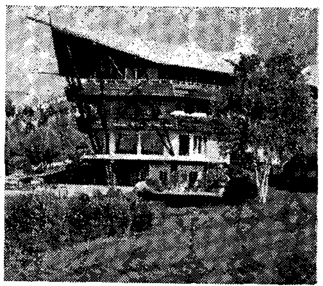

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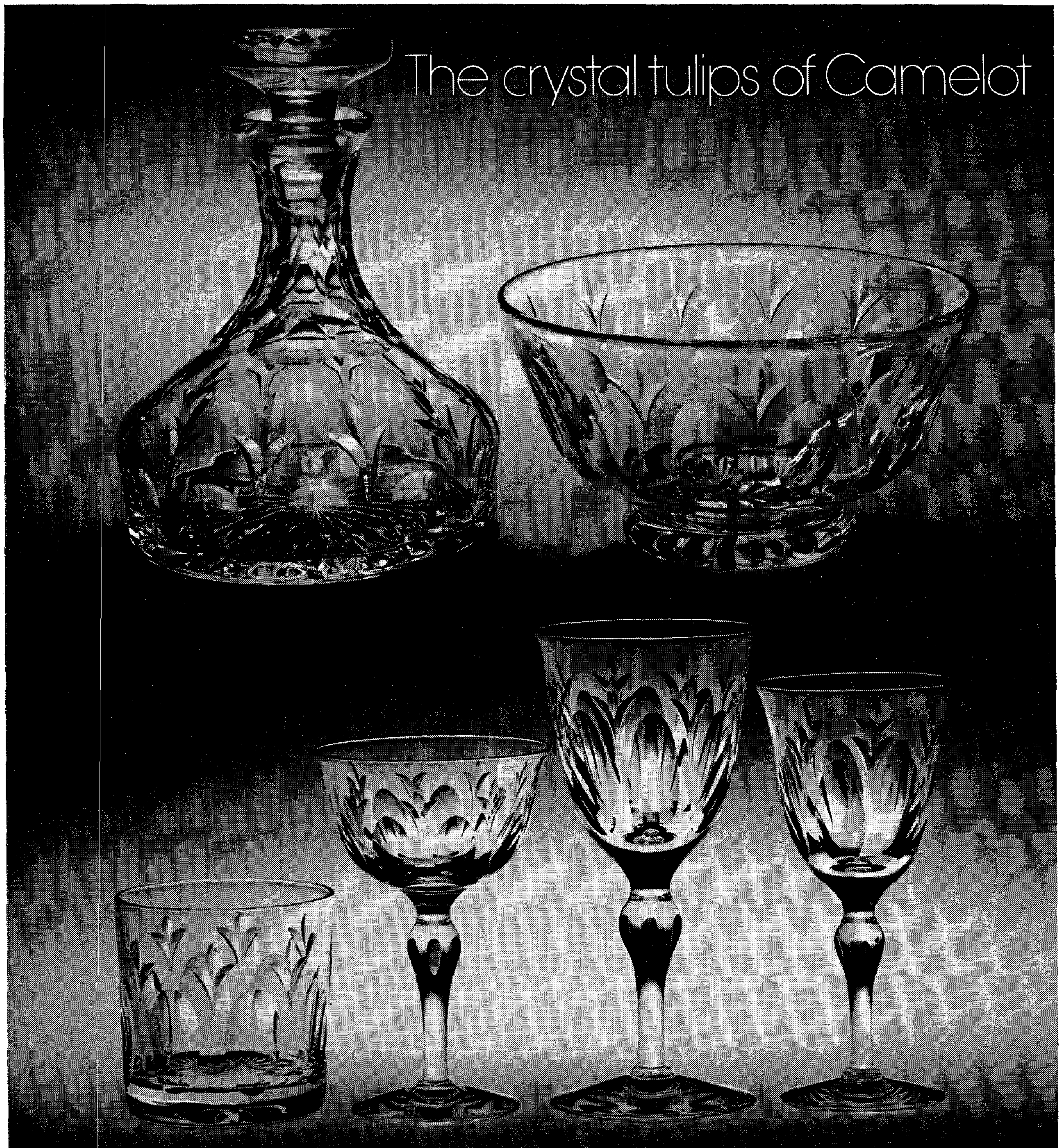

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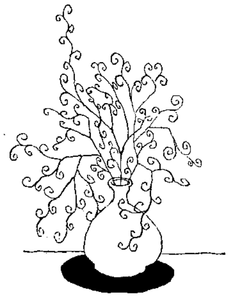
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

AS the days pass, it becomes clear that the Watergate affair is bringing about a sweeping transformation of American politics. Never before has an upheaval of this magnitude come upon us so swiftly. One week, a political commentator was wondering whether Watergate might not turn out to be a "political plus" for the President. Two weeks later, he was wondering whether it might not force the President's resignation or impeachment. Only a month ago, the executive branch of the government seemed poised to take full control of our nation's affairs. The opposition had been surrounded and penned in, and was being disarmed: Congress had been shouldered aside; a few more appointments to the Supreme Court promised to bring the Court into line; the President and his public-relations advisers had preëmpted the major channels of public discourse, so that while other voices were still free to speak they could not make themselves heard. The executive had lowered a curtain of secrecy around itself. And, although the public still did not quite believe it, the men in the White House had deeply compromised the electoral system. Their well-made plans of self-aggrandizement and usurpation were unfolding smoothly in every area. Then, in an instant, the advancing executive machine went entirely to pieces, as though someone had touched a secret spring at its back. There had been no bold campaign by an opposition camp; there had been almost no speeches, and not one demonstration. Rather, a few intrepid investigators had uncovered a few facts, and the incredible collapse began.

Where a moment earlier the men of the executive had been spreading out unchecked across a clear field of action, now a whole jungle of prohibitions and laws had sprung up around them. In a flash, all their strengths had turned to weaknesses; the dynamics of self-aggrandizement had been converted into a dynamics of self-destruction. The telephone calls to powerful friends that had once protected them now increased their jeopardy. The coverups that had kept the investigators at bay now led the investigators in deeper. All the moves designed to strengthen the White House position were now expediting its undoing. Each well-laid plan emerged as a damning conspiracy, and the better coördinated it had been, the easier the investigators now found it to follow the links from one conspirator to another. The group's cohesion had been perhaps its greatest strength, and as soon as one man deserted, suspicion seeped into every relationship and they all began to desert. A frightful metamorphosis had taken place, as though a curse had been laid on the whole group overnight. Where once silence had been so efficiently preserved, there were dozens of voices broadcasting not only the damaging truth but also any rumors or lies that might help each person save his own skin by putting his former colleagues in peril. Where once fanatical loyalty had been the rule, there was betrayal in equal measure. The ruthlessness that these men had directed outward was redirected toward one another. Each man became both the blackmailer of his old friends and the victim of blackmail by them. The same momentum that had carried these men to the pinnacle of their power was now carrying them back down to their ruin. Even the weapons they had used in the open were blowing up in their hands: in a striking parallel to the "black propaganda" they had been so fond of (propaganda with which they attempted to discredit their foes by making them appear to have uttered damaging statements), their own techniques of vituperation against the Congress and the press rebounded to their disadvantage in the changed atmosphere. And even the arguments by which their supporters had attempted to shore up the President's position turned against him: the supporters had hinted broadly that we should not press too hard for the truth, because we could not afford to have a crippled President in the White House, but when a good part of the truth had come out, and the President *had* been crippled, the argument that we could not afford to have a crippled President in the White House weighed in on the side of his stepping down. Once the fact finders had brought out their facts, the opposition had only to stand on the sidelines and watch what the executive branch of the government would do. A few people moved quietly in the direction of the truth, and the great bully overthrew himself.



It could not have happened five years ago. In those days, the fate of an Administration in such a case would certainly have been decided along the old, "polarized" lines. The liberal Democrats would have been in the vanguard of a full-scale assault on the President. At their backs would have been "the kids," in armies of millions in the streets. Republicans and conservative Democrats, fearful of weakening a President in wartime, would have rallied to the Commander-in-Chief, and at their backs would have been the military and the police. The United States would have been lucky to emerge from the ensuing strife as a Constitutional republic. But the kids have stayed out of these recent events altogether. Having checked the progress of an unjust war, they have retired to their campuses and left the new job to elder dragon-slayers—men like Senator Sam Ervin, Senator Barry Goldwater, and Judge John J. Sirica. Their weapon has been an intimate knowledge of our Constitutional system—not a strong point with the kids, and, for that matter, not a strong point with the men of the present Administration. And once the underbrush had been cleared away by the inquiries it was not the liberal Democrats but the conservative Republicans who became the chief advocates of a full showdown. It was good ethics for the Republicans to do this, and also good politics. Republicans have no wish to be married to Watergate in the public mind for the next thirty years.

We were warned when the revelations began that if they were to implicate the President directly and thereby force us to take steps to remove him from office, the country might bog down in "mutual recriminations." A few years ago, such a warning would have made sense. But in recent weeks what has materialized before our eyes, far from being scenes of mutual recrimination, has been a succession of undreamed-of reconciliations. We have seen the President's press secretary, Ronald Ziegler, apologize to the Washington *Post.* We have seen Barry Goldwater join with liberal Democrats to call for an independent prosecutor. We have even seen President Nixon congratulate the men of the press and the judiciary (though not of the Congress) who set the stage for his present troubles. Watergate has brought us together. The deeper truth, though, is that we simply are no longer the divided nation we once were. What is there to divide us? For the public, the war is over. (One solemnly trusts that soon it will also be over in fact.) The rigid mind-sets that embittered ordinary people against each other have dissolved. The discord of the nineteen-sixties ended several years ago, and now the manufactured discord of Administration propaganda and provocation has been ended. To be sure, the scene around us is not one to gladden the heart. The neglected work of a decade that was half turbulence and half torpor has piled up on the doorstep of the public: a public that may lately have been undivided but has also been dead to the world—a public lost, for the moment, to public affairs. Now, though, a prevailing atmosphere of compulsion has been lifted from the country. The Congress is getting up off its hands and knees and onto its feet. (Its first job will be to put an end to the bombing in Cambodia and Laos.) The men on television are blinking awake; their frozen "objective" expressions are giving way to smiles and frowns. According to the latest polls, the public has begun to stir. The rule of fear has been broken. We may be exhausted, but we are free.

Mayor

WE went up to former Mayor Robert F. Wagner's law office, in the Empire State Building, last week to talk with him about the next mayor of New York. Mr. Wagner is one of the few possible candidates not seeking that office. He received us at the end of an afternoon, introduced us to his secretary, Mrs. Mary Gillan, and offered us a vermouth. He had been going through his mail just before we arrived, and he said he thought we'd get a kick out of a letter he'd just been reading—a letter from a publisher, an old friend of his.

" 'Dear Bob,' " he read. " 'I saw Bob, Jr., out canvassing yesterday, Saturday, in his race for Manhattan councilman-at-large, on Central Park West, across from the Dakota. I watched him; you would have been proud. He spoke to each person as an individual, your son did, and he also listened. Incidentally, his mannerisms are yours, with one addition. He sometimes stands with both hands on hips while listening.' "

The former mayor chuckled. "I'll have to watch out for that," he said. "Now, what can I do for you?"

We asked him what qualities would be needed by the next mayor.

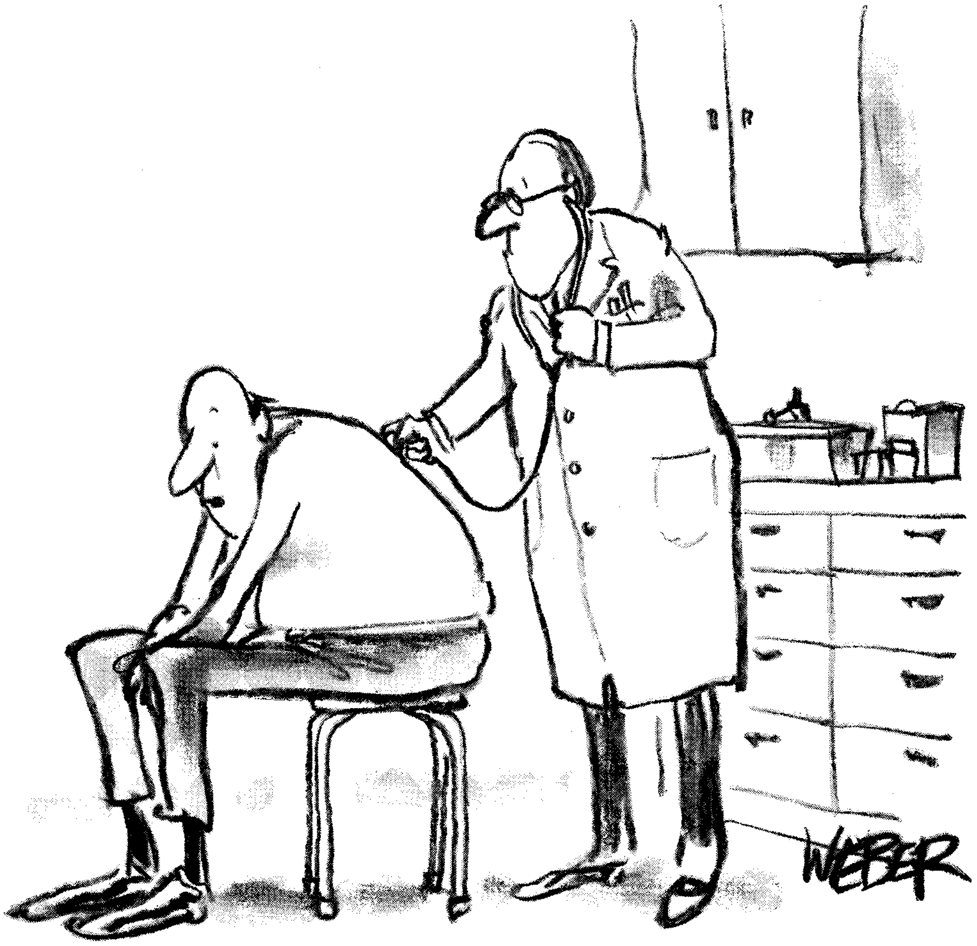
"Well, I've always thought there were three great necessities—three areas the mayor should be able to operate in. The first, of course, is to have a knowledge of the government—of how it operates, how the departments operate. What do they really do? Who among the top civil servants are the good ones? The type of person you need to head up the department—what sort of qualifications should he have? How this all works together—you know, a knowledge in depth of a department. Now, it is rather rare these days to have people who know anything about all that, which is unfortunate. The second area is the ability to have a necessary social vision, so that you don't just know the departments; you have a feel for the hopes and the aspirations of the people. You feel the need for housing, for the social services. You cultivate the ability to bring people together. Polarization in this town is getting worse and worse—it's close to open combat. And the third, speaking very generally, is the ability to attract good people to work for you. The ability to give them confidence that they will have freedom of movement, that you really want them, and want them to do a good job. They have to be able to feel that they will be part of a good team. This is very necessary. These are the three areas that I think are very, very important."

"What shape is the city in?"

"Well, the city's in bad shape. I think anybody can see that—travelling around, or living here. And, of course, we're not the only city in bad shape. I think there's been a loss of confidence in the integrity of government all over. I think that the services aren't being given the way people want them. There is justified criticism of these services, and one thing we have learned: just adding more money and adding more people—those two factors don't automatically give you better services. What contribution the worker is making to the city and to the administration in the course of the day—his productivity—is what is most important. And you see a deterioration in the subways; you see a sort of lack of courtesy on the part of many people to each other here in New York. And you go to some parts of the Bronx or Brooklyn, you'd think a bomb hit those areas. We've got to do so much more in housing and rehabilitation, and that's not easy. The person who has the easy solutions is trying to fool the people or else he's a fool. Because there aren't any easy solutions."

"Would you talk some more about the climate of the city?"

"You see, the climate has changed. It may be psychological, or whatever it is, but I think you find people are ruder than they used to be. Pushing. Shoving. Although we've always been fairly good shovers in the subways. Now, I assume that this alienation exists to some extent in some places other than New York, but we're here, and we feel it. And although it's nice to say that it might be worse, or that the crime statistics in a certain category are worse in some other big city, that's not very satisfying to the person who has to live here and has a crime committed on himself or on his property. I think it's all part and parcel, though, of a much more widespread feeling of alienation. I remember reading a speech that Lou Harris, the pollster, gave at the National Press Club the Friday after Nixon's sweeping victory in the election last fall. He said that that very week a poll had come in showing that over four out of ten—which is almost half—of the people interviewed who were above the age of eighteen were alienated from our institutions. And he had a set of figures that was very interesting and showed a change in the attitude of people, from favorable to unfavorable, toward the United States Supreme Court, toward Congress, toward all government institutions, toward business leaders, toward military leaders, even toward educators. Many people, a majority, seem to be feeling: The rich get richer and the poor get poorer, and my voice doesn't mean anything. All this is rather startling, and I worry about it and about where we're going. Now we're faced with Watergate and these other scandals, and people get very skeptical about politicians and everything else. And that makes it difficult sometimes to get the right people elected. It may even be difficult to get the right people to become interested."



"Well, yes, actually, I have been under considerable strain. Since October 23rd, 1908, if you must know."

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"What are the areas in which a new mayor could have the most positive effect on the climate in which we live?"

"It would be a great attribute if the new mayor could give a sense of pulling everybody together. Then we can get away from this polarization that I've mentioned that you see taking place. I'm not blaming anyone, but it's increasing. And a person coming in who had the respect of all—he doesn't have to be the favorite of everybody, because nobody can be; every group has its own favorite—could communicate with all of them and could pull them together. I think it's very necessary. A very important factor.

"And, you know, there is the problem of safety and police protection, and so on. This isn't a white or a black problem; it's a problem for everybody in this town, probably more of one in the poorer areas. I've had friends of mine in Harlem tell me how concerned they are—more so, perhaps, than some people in other areas, although now there is a fear throughout the city. Because ten, twelve, fifteen years ago, when I talked to people in housing projects or in subways or on buses or in the streets, as I have over the years, they would talk about how they had a friend who might have had a purse snatched or they had a friend who told them about somebody's being mugged. But now you get in so many instances '*I* was mugged; *I* had my purse snatched.' It's a personal thing with them now, and this creates a greater fear. And it's unfortunate, but it's there, and the next mayor has to face up to it.

"And, again, there is not an easy, pat answer to it. Take better police protection, for instance. I, for one, have always felt that we have got to get more men out on the streets, where they can be seen. And people don't believe it, but just hiring more policemen doesn't necessarily mean more men on the streets. The police force has been increased in numbers. I myself increased it, from around nineteen thousand up to over twenty-eight thousand. But the police now have greater benefits, and rightly so. I'm not arguing that they shouldn't; it's just a matter of fact. I remember when we went to the forty-four-hour week, and then to the forty, with the police. And their vacations were increased, and sick leave was increased. So, as these benefits increase, you get fewer men actually out on the streets, because there are fewer men available at any one time. And this fact has to be met. If you want to get more men, you have to get even more policemen, and that costs money. And there's nothing you can do about that in any department, except perhaps make better use of your manpower. But nothing is cheap. We started the City Administrator's office to work on productivity. Unfortunately, that office is practically defunct now, though I think it is useful. But when it started functioning we would constantly go into departments to see how they were running. And oftentimes the experts would come out with a recommendation that wouldn't save any expenditure—once in a while, they felt a certain department needed a little more money—but their recommendations were creating greater efficiency, and the departments were producing more for the tax dollar."

"Do you ever think about what New York would be like if some of these problems were solved?"

"Well, you know, they used to say years ago that New York will be a great city when it's finally built. But, of course, it just *is* a great city, even now, so it could only be better. I don't know if it was Bugs Baer, but one of those wags of the past said, 'In the United States, once you leave New York City everything else is Bridgeport.' "

"Do you ever think of living anyplace else?"

"Well, I think we all think, once in a while, wouldn't it be nice to be able to retire and live in the South or the Caribbean, or some place like that. And when you get tired sometimes you think that would be great. *I* think that would be great—and I think I could take it for about a month or two at a time. I'd always want to come back to New York. My father's home and my home and, I think, now my sons' home in the years ahead, after I'm gone. And I feel a great love for this city, and I'm grateful to this city for the opportunity it gave my father to come up as a little immigrant boy to become the famous United States senator. It gave me a chance to serve it here, and the privilege of being mayor, as well as having some other positions, and my two sons are working here, my older son now running for office. It's very gratifying, and I think the salvation of the city is probably in his generation."

"What did you do today?"

"I'm writing a book this year about city government and about my life, and about various things in between, and I made some notes for that. And, well, I had to do some legal business—that's how we have to make a living. And I had some meetings on that with some other people—some federal matters—and did that till noontime. I had lunch with my friend Al Maniscalco, the former borough president of Staten Island, and with Bob, Jr. Al's on the State Charter Revision Commission for the City of New York, and we were just talking generally on charter revision. And after lunch a man came up to me on the street and said, 'I think your decision not to run for a fourth term was right, but I'm sorry you're not running, just the same'—all very friendly. And I had to work here this afternoon, see some people; they wanted some advice. And here I am with you."

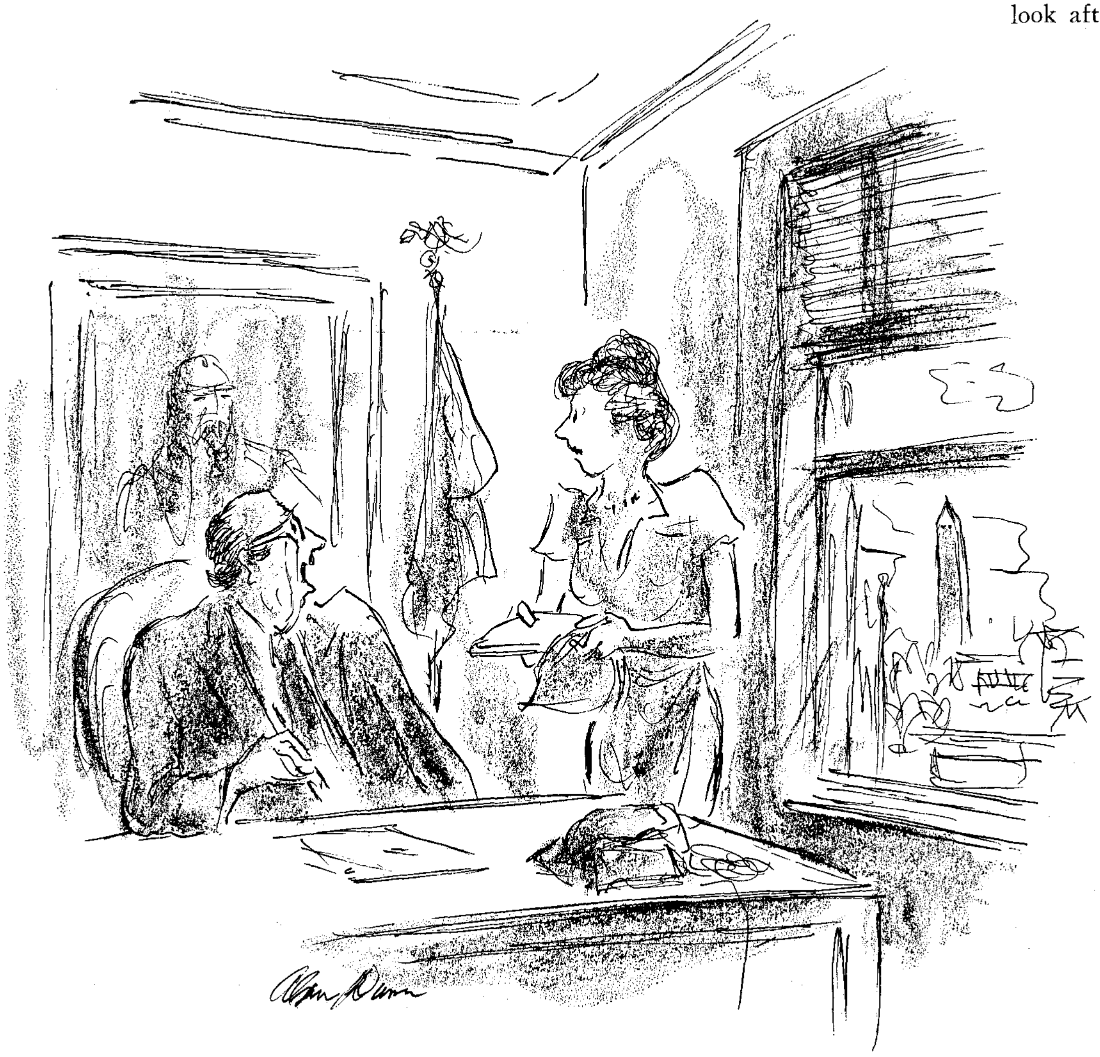
Frimbo on Cats

HERE is a report on Intercat '73, the Second International Cat Film Festival, from Ernest M. Frimbo (world's leading railway buff; our dear friend). It is not generally known that Frimbo is a cat expert, but he is, and he once shared an apartment in the Village with thirteen Persians. His report:

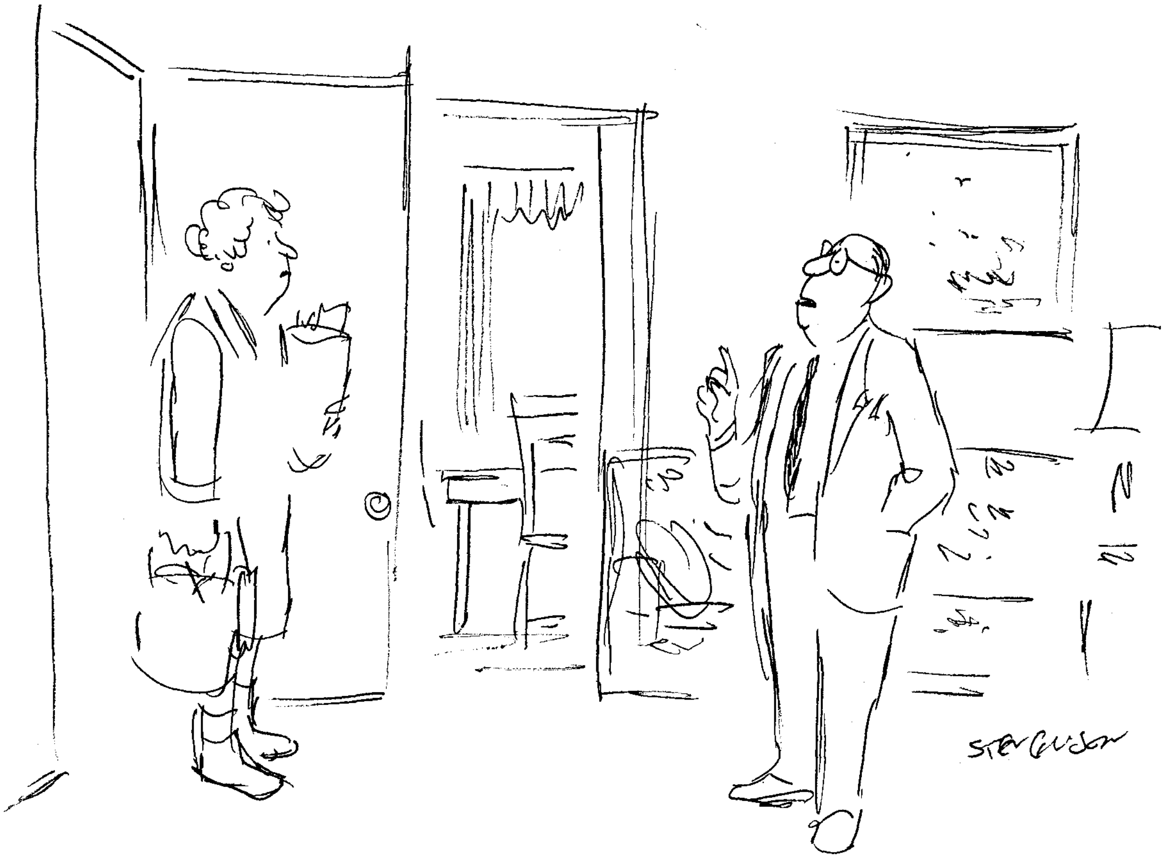
"Intercat '73 was held at the Elgin Theatre. It was organized by Pola Chapelle, a night-club singer. I was quite taken by Pola Chapelle—her attitude, her manner. She knows what cats are about. She knows what people are about. Many movies were shown, including one called 'Jewish Momma Cat,' as well as the best Felix the Cat cartoon I have ever seen. Most Felix the Cat cartoons don't grab me, because Felix the Cat follows the pathetic fallacy.

"I think Intercat '73 was a splendid idea, because it showed the proper attitude of people toward cats; namely, a tremendous admiration for the beasts. But, unfortunately, it also showed what urbanization can do to thinking about animals—the supposition by a number of urban people who are clearly incapable of taking care of themselves that they can take care of cats, who have been taking care of themselves for centuries without any intervention or interference by human beings. That, it seemed to me, was implicit in the whole Festival: the idea that cats are loving creatures—up to a point—that have to be looked after every minute. This was particularly evident in the 'Jewish Momma Cat' picture, in which the filmmaker is obviously under the impression that his cat hasn't the vaguest idea how to give birth to children and look after them. He keeps taking her off to the hospital, when, to judge by the way he coughs on the sound track, *he* is the one who needs hospitalization. Poor man! As a matter of fact, the whole Festival proved that the only advantage man has over the cat is a movie camera. For Intercat '74 I'm going to make a movie with a cat-held camera.

"As for the audience, whenever I go to something like Intercat or to see old movies—at the New School for Social Research, say—I get the impression that it's always the same cast in the seats. You get the feeling that these crowds have been assembled by assistant directors—the same freakouts, the same strange clothes, and the same earnest manner. The only thing that really changes is the placards the picketers wear. At Intercat, they were picketing for cats to become vegetarians, and vegetarian cats die of malnutrition. And one wonders, you know, how big this audience really is. You have the same two hundred and fifty people who love old movies and who love cats, and so forth and so



"My dear woman, there's a lot more to Far East foreign policy than the former Hope Cooke!"



"During this fiscal year, Marjorie, I have made a clear choice in favor of a low-deficit budget and decided to withhold certain funds previously authorized for clothes, vacations, beauty aids, and entertainment."

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on. Very small percentage of an urban population.

"That's all for the Festival. Now to other matters. You know how hard people think it is to teach a cat anything? Well, recent scientific research has shown that if you teach one group of cats to do tricks and then put them in with a second group of cats who don't know how to do tricks, the second group will learn quickly and easily just by watching the first group perform. Science has now confirmed my own investigations. When I was teaching one of my older Persians—Edward W. Riegelman—to do certain things, like jumping through a hoop, the old circus stunt, the others picked it up and learned to jump handily, although I hadn't taught them. This evidence calls into question many cherished theories about education, and shows that the cats should be in charge of the schools. We couldn't do worse than we are doing already, could we?

"And here is some free advice for people keeping cats in the city: keep them only if the cats have access to a piece of greenery, and don't feed the cats what you eat. Cats have their own way of life, and they shouldn't eat scraps from tables. On holidays, of course, they deserve a treat. When I had my thirteen Persians, I used to feed them lobster on the Fourth of July and Decoration Day.

"You look at all these city dwellers who proclaim their admiration for cats, and then you walk around town in the summer and see all the abandoned beasts on the streets. People should know that they can take their cats with them when they go away. Cats travel beautifully—unlike wines of the country. At the time I had my thirteen Persians, my mother was living in suburban Philadelphia, up in Germantown, and I used to travel back and forth weekends with the cats. The Pennsylvania Railroad porters were very snooty about cats in the parlor cars. They wanted them kept in the cages. So I transferred to the Reading Railway, which had a ferry across the Hudson and an hourly service with a parlor car to Philadelphia. I'd get off at Wayne Junction and take the local train up to my mother's house. I'd take maybe two or three or four cats down to Germantown with me in the parlor car, and the porters on the Reading were noble old boys. It wasn't long before the cats were allowed to prowl up and down the parlor car. I had a strict understanding with them that they could not jump in the lap of any customer except me. It was all right if they wanted to prance up and down and jump in an empty chair. This was the strict understanding on which they travelled. Or else they stayed home.

"So one day I had three Persians—big beasts. My three very best. They were like a team of chariot horses, running up and down the carpeted parlor car at full speed. Finally, in their last sprint, they went nose, head, and tail down the aisle and landed on the top of a chair and began hissing and yowling at each other.

"And a woman cried, 'Porter, porter! What is all this?'

"And he looked at her contemptuously and said, 'Why, them's Mr. Frimbo's Persians, of course.'

"Now I've got one more story. You see, I was brought up in the English countryside, where animals, and particularly cats, are considered the equals of people, as they should be. Cats there accept you as their equals, too. It's a very nice relationship. We used to travel up and down constantly between the countryside and London, sometimes with the cats in tow. My father, who had a season ticket, because he was commuting to the City, always travelled grandly in first class, but my mother, who was economical, often travelled third, with me. The English, you know, decided to abolish one of the three classes, so they abolished second class. That gave you the choice of going either first or third, not first or second—the real English attitude.

"One afternoon we were coming back, most unusually, first class with my mother, and the ticket examiner, who knew us because we always took the same afternoon train, looked surprised at my mother's travelling first. He thought she had moved up arbitrarily from third. So he said, 'Travelling first today, Ma'am?' And she said, patting the cage in which Thomas, our big cat, was sitting, 'Yes. Thomas wouldn't hear of going third.' "

WHAT, ANOTHER LEGEND?

Trans-Ethnic Gesellschaft is pleased to announce the release of another album in its Geniture series of recordings devoted to giants in American jazz. These liner notes are by the noted jazz critic and historian Arthur Mice, whose efforts first brought Pootie LeFleur to public attention.

Pootie LeFleur, a legendary figure in the development of American jazz, was discovered—or *re*discovered, rather—last summer placidly raking leaves on the courthouse lawn in Shibboleth, Louisiana. Although one hundred and twelve years old and in semiretirement (two days a week, he drops paper bags of water from his second-story window onto passersby below, for which he receives a small sum), Pootie has astonishing powers of recall, displaying the lucidity of a man easily fifteen years his junior. On a recent visit engendered by the production of this record, we got Pootie talking about the roots of the music he knows so well.

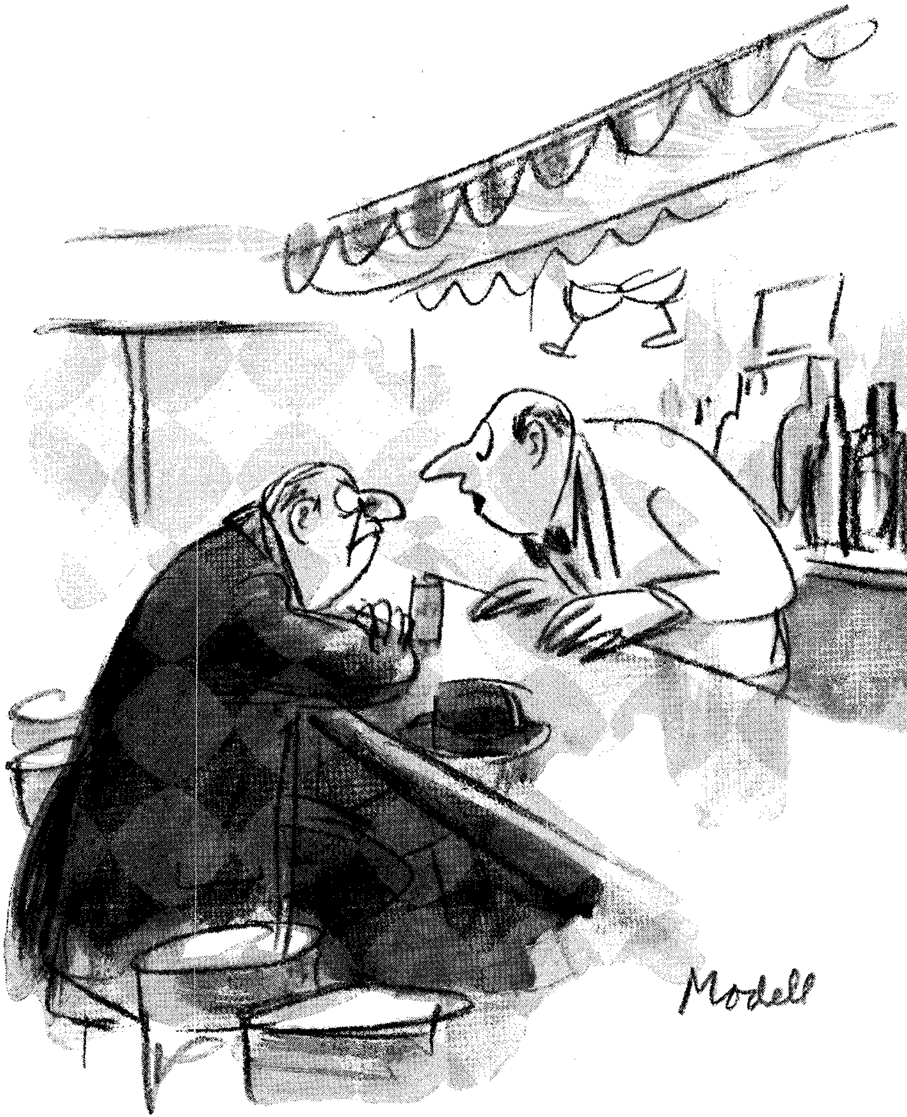
"Was there an ideal period when jazz was pure, untainted by any influence foreign to its African origins?" we asked.

"I spec' . . . um . . . *rebesac*, dey's a *flutterbug*, hee, hee, hee!" Pootie said, squinting very hard and making a popping sound with his teeth.

"And what of the blues? Don't the blues, with their so-called 'blue notes,' represent a significant deviation from standard European tonality?"

"I'se ketch a ravis, y'heah? A ravis, an' de *dawg*, he *all* onto a *runnin'* boa'd," replied the jazz great, leaning back in his chair expansively until his head touched the floor.

This album represents the distillation of over sixty hours of taped conversations with Pootie LeFleur (of which the above is but a fragment), plus all the significant available recorded performances by this authentic primitive genius, whose career spanned the entire jazz era, from Jelly Roll Morton to John Coltrane—including a three-month hiatus in 1903, when nobody in New Orleans could seem to get in tune.



"Will you be wanting your check now? We're running into Happy Hour."

Carlyle Adolph Bouguereau "Pootie" LeFleur was born into the fertile musical atmosphere of postbellum New Orleans. His mother had favorably impressed Scott Joplin by playing ragtime piano with her thighs, and his father was a sometime entrepreneur, who once owned the lucrative ad-lib franchise for all of Storyville and the north delta; for years, no New Orleans musician could shout "Yeh, daddy!" during or after a solo without paying Rebus LeFleur a royalty. The young boy taught himself to play the piano with some help from his uncle, the legendary "Blind" (Deaf) Wilbur MacVout, for two decades a trombonist with Elbert Hubbard, although Hubbard was an author and had no real need for a trombonist. When Pootie was five, he was given his own piano but misplaced it, requiring him to practice thereafter on the dining-room table.[1]

When Pootie was six, the LeFleur home was razed to make way for a bayou, and Pootie's father made the decision to relocate the family in St. Louis. Here Pootie tried his hand at composition. "The Most Exceedin' Interestin' Rag," the first effort which we have in manuscript, is clearly an immature conception; only two measures long, it contains a curious key signature indicated by a very large sharp accidental over the treble clef, and a flat and a half-moon drawn in the bass. The piece is melodically sparse (the entire tune consists of one whole note, with a smiling face drawn in it), but it does anticipate Pootie's characteristic economy by at least a decade. The material from this period (some of which is also available on "Pre-Teen Pootie," 12″ Trans-Ethnic Gesellschaft TD 203) reveals a profusion of styles and influences. "Spinoza's Joy" has a definite Spanish, if not Sephardic, flavor, while "What Vous Say?" shows a hint of the Creole.

According to Dr. Ernst Freitag and Gustav Altschuler's encyclopedic Dictionary of Jazz and Home Wiring Simplified (Miffin Verlag, 1942), the next few years were ones of extreme financial deprivation for the LeFleurs. Pootie's father had squandered the family savings by investing in a feckless enterprise called Fin-Ray Cola, a tuna-flavored soft drink, and in an attempt to bring in some money Pootie invented a new note, located between F and F sharp, which he named "Reep," and tried peddling it door to door. Despite early bad luck, Pootie never lost faith in "my fine new note," as he called it, and some time later he hired a hall in Sedalia to test public reaction and attract financial backing. The playing of the note apparently made no impression on the casual Missourians, most of whom arrived too late to hear it.

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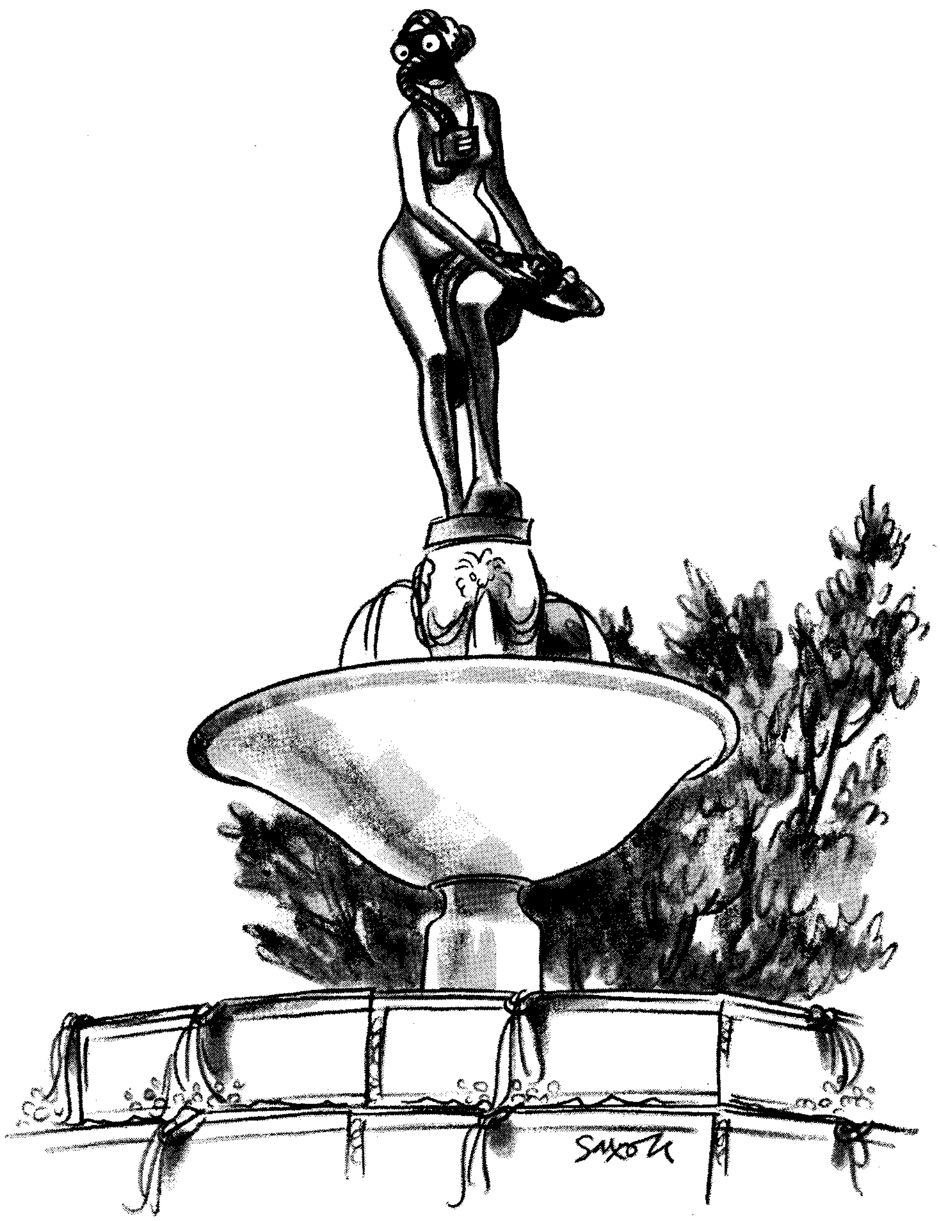
[1] Johnny St. Cyr recalled an anecdote about Pootie's habit of playing out scales and figures on the table. One night in 1938, Pootie, Kid Ory, Baby Dodds, and Tiny Grimes were at Small's Paradise having a late supper of miniature gherkins, and Pootie was occupied as usual tapping out a riff with his right hand. It finally became too much for Ory, and the famous tailgater put down his fork. "Stop that, Pootie," said the Kid. "It's annoying." Although attributed to many others, including Fletcher Henderson and Dorothy Parker, the remark was in fact made by Ory.

IT was about this time that LeFleur played for James P. Johnson, who urged him to go to New York or any other city a thousand miles away. The story of that trip is probably the most fascinating in the entire history of jazz, but unfortunately Pootie claims to have forgotten it. By now a leader and innovator in his own right, Pootie organized himself and three other musicians into what Nat Hentoff has called a "quartet," and secured an engagement at Buxtehude's, a speakeasy in the heart of Manhattan's swinging Flemish district. His first wife, singer Rubella Cloudberry, evokes those exciting years in her autobiography, "A Side of Fries" (Snead House, Boston, 1951):

> Well, don't you know, Pootie come in one night and say, "Pack up, woman, we goin' to the Big Apple!" And I say, "Hunh?" And so he say, "Pack up, woman, we goin' to the Big Apple!" And I say, "The big what?" So we stayed in Chicago.[2]

The stimulating, rough-and-tumble atmosphere of Prohibition sparked LeFleur's group (the Mocha Jokers) and others to marvellous feats of improvisation, typified by the moment during one dinner show at Tony Pastor's when Bix Beiderbecke blew a brilliant version of "Dardanella" on a roast chicken.[3]

LeFleur's classical period begins with the reflective "Boogie for the Third Sunday After Epiphany" and ends with the tender and haunting "Toad" Nocturne. "Toad" opens with a simple piano motif in G, which is reworked into C, F, F minor, and B, finally retiring to E flat to freshen up. At the very end, following a tradition as old as the blues, everybody stops playing.



NEW YORK LANDMARKS UPDATED

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One of the hallmarks of LeFleur's career was his constant effort to adapt his style to contemporary trends—with the result that he was habitually accused of plagiarism. When the New Orleans style (or "Chicago style," as it was then called) waned, Pootie was eclipsed, but he reappears in 1939 as a member of the historic Savoy Sextet sessions, featuring Bird, Diz, Monk, Prez, and Mrs. Hannah Weintraub on vibes.[4] With a penchant for overstatement typical of the period, Pootie tried augmenting the sextet, changing it first into a septet, then an octet, then a nonet, a dectet, an undectet, and so on, ending up with the cumbersome "hundred-tet," which could only be booked into meadows. A major influence on him at this time was his attendance at a tradition-breaking rent-party jam session, during which nineteen consecutive choruses of "How High the Moon" were played in twelve seconds by "Notes" Gonzales—the brilliant and erratic disciple of Charlie Parker—who was later killed when his car crashed into the tower of the Empire State Building.

The next album in this series will cover Pootie's modern period, including the prophetic Stockholm concert, with Ornette Coleman on vinyl sax and Swedish reedman Bo Ek on Dacron flute, plus some very recent sides cut by Pootie at his own expense in the Record-Your-Voice booth at the West Side bus terminal in New York City.

—MARSHALL BRICKMAN

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[2] Of course, when LeFleur did make it to New York it was without his saxophonist, Crazy Earl Bibbler. Two days before the trip, Bibbler, an alcoholic, sold his lips to a pawnshop for twenty dollars.

[3] As retold by Miff Mole.

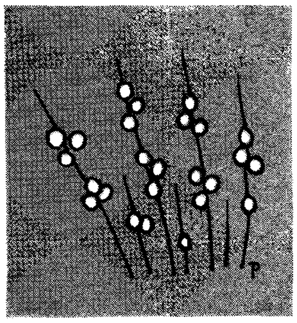
[4] Hear especially the second take of "Schizoroonia on Hannah Banana—The Flip Side of Mrs. Weintraub" (Ulysses 906) for a remarkable polytonal chord cluster achieved when her necklace broke.

PERFECTION

"NOW then, here we have two lines," he would say to David in a cheery, almost rapturous voice, as if to have two lines were a rare fortune, something one could be proud of. David was gentle but dullish. Watching David's ears evolve a red glow, Ivanov foresaw he would often appear in David's dreams, thirty or forty years hence: human dreams do not easily forget old grudges.

Fair-haired and thin, wearing a yellow sleeveless jersey held close by a leather belt, with scarred, naked knees and a wristwatch whose crystal was protected by a prison-window grating, David sat at the table in a most uncomfortable position, and kept tapping his teeth with the blunt end of his fountain pen. He was doing badly at school, and it had become necessary to engage a private tutor.

"Let us now turn to the second line," Ivanov continued with the same studied cheeriness. He had taken his degree in geography, but his special knowledge could not be put to any use: dead riches, a highborn pauper's magnificent manor. How beautiful, for instance, are ancient charts! Viatic maps of the Romans, elongated, ornate, with snakelike marginal stripes representing canal-shaped seas; or those drawn in ancient Alexandria, with England and Ireland looking like two little sausages; or again, maps of medieval Christianity, crimson-and-grass-colored, with the paradisian Orient at the top and Jerusalem—the world's golden navel—in the center. Accounts of marvellous pilgrimages: that travelling monk comparing the Jordan to a little river in his native Chernigov, that envoy of the Tsar reaching a country where people strolled under yellow parasols, that merchant from Tver picking his way through a dense *zhengel*—his Russian for "jungle"—full of monkeys, to a torrid land ruled by a naked prince. The islet of the known universe keeps growing: new hesitant contours emerge from the fabulous mists, slowly the globe disrobes—and lo, out of the remoteness beyond the seas looms South America's shoulder and from their four corners blow fat-cheeked winds, one of them wearing spectacles.



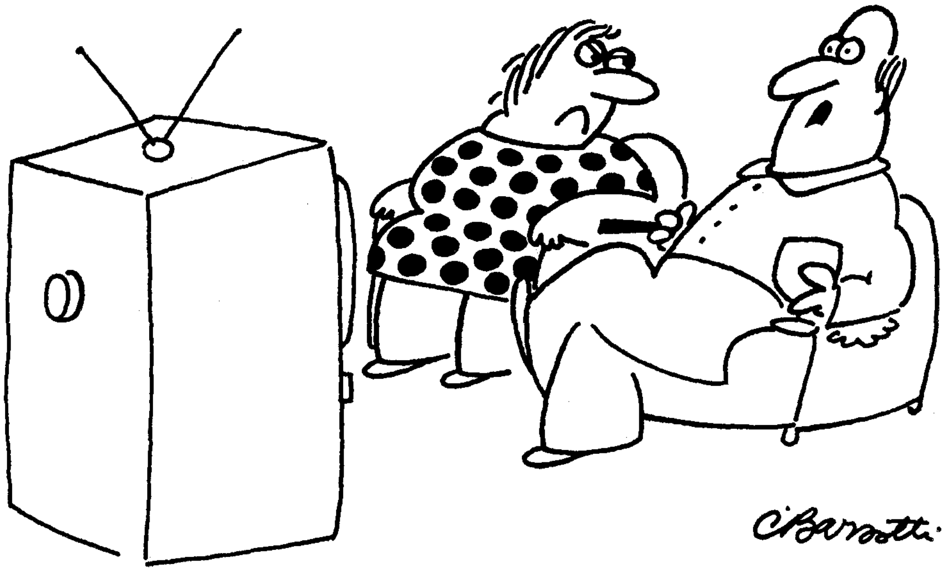
But let us forget the maps. Ivanov had many other joys and eccentricities. He was lanky, swarthy, none too young, with a permanent shadow cast on his face by a black beard that had once been permitted to grow for a long time, and had then been shaven off (at a barbershop in Serbia, his first stage of expatriation): the slightest indulgence made that shadow revive and begin to bristle. Throughout a dozen years of émigré life, mostly in Berlin, he had remained faithful to starched collars and cuffs; his deteriorating shirts had an outdated tongue in front to be buttoned to the top of his long underpants. Of late he had been obliged to wear constantly his old formal black suit with braid piping along the lapels (all his other clothes having rotted away); and occasionally, on an overcast day, in a forbearing light, it seemed to him that he was dressed with sober good taste. Some sort of flannel entrails were trying to escape from his necktie, and he was forced to trim off parts of them, but could not bring himself to excise them altogether.

He would set out for his lesson with David at around three in the afternoon, with a somewhat unhinged, bouncing gait, his head held high. He would inhale avidly the young air of the early summer, rolling his large Adam's apple, which in the course of the morning had already fledged. On one occasion a youth in leather leggings attracted Ivanov's absent gaze from the opposite sidewalk by means of a soft whistle, and, throwing up his own chin, kept it up for a distance of a few steps: Thou shouldst correct thy fellow-man's oddities. Ivanov, however, misinterpreted that didactic mimicry and, assuming that something was being pointed out to him overhead, looked trustingly even higher than was his wont—and, indeed, three lovely cloudlets, holding each other by the hand, were drifting diagonally across the sky; the third one fell slowly behind, and its outline, and the outline of the friendly hand still stretched out to it, slowly lost their graceful significance.

During those first warm days everything seemed beautiful and touching: the leggy little girls playing hopscotch on the sidewalk, the old men on the benches, the green confetti that sumptuous lindens scattered every time the air stretched its invisible limbs. He felt lonesome and stifled in black. He would take off his hat and stand still for a moment looking around. Sometimes, as he looked at a chimney sweep (that indifferent carrier of other people's luck, whom women in passing touched with superstitious fingers), or at an airplane overtaking a cloud, Ivanov daydreamed about the many things that he would never get to know closer, about professions that he would never practice, about a parachute, opening like a colossal corolla, or the fleeting, speckled world of automobile racers, about various images of happiness, about the pleasures of very rich people amidst very picturesque natural surroundings. His thought fluttered and walked up and down the glass pane that for as long as he lived would prevent him from having direct contact with the world. He had a passionate desire to experience everything, to attain and touch everything, to let the dappled voices, the birdcalls filter through his being, and to enter for a moment into a passerby's soul as one enters the cool shade of a tree. His mind would be preoccupied with unsolvable problems: How and where do chimney sweeps wash after work? Has anything changed about that forest road in Russia that a moment ago he had recalled so vividly?

When, at last, late as usual, he went up in the elevator, he would have a sensation of slowly growing, stretching upward, and, after his head had reached the sixth floor, of pulling up his legs like a swimmer. Then, having reverted to normal length, he would enter David's bright room.

During lessons David liked to fiddle with things but otherwise remained fairly attentive. He had been raised abroad and spoke Russian with difficulty and boredom, and when faced with the necessity of expressing something important, or when talking to his mother, the Russian wife of a Berlin businessman, would immediately switch to German. Ivanov, whose knowledge of the local language was poor, expounded mathematics in Russian, while the textbook was, of course, in German, and this produced a certain amount of confusion. As he watched the boy's ears, edged with fair down, he tried to imagine the degree of tedium and detestation he must arouse in David, and this distressed him. He saw himself from the outside—a blotchy complexion, a *feu-du-rasoir* rash, a shiny black jacket with stains on its cuffs—and caught his own falsely animated tone, the throat-clearing noises he made, and even that sound which could not reach David: the blundering but dutiful beat of his long-ailing heart. The lesson came to an end, the boy would hurry to show



"Oh, boy, what a cutie! If I were twenty years younger, wouldn't I hop in the old car and drive out to Minneapolis and meet Mary Tyler Moore! Boy, oh, boy, what a cutie!"

him something, such as an automobile catalogue, or a camera, or a cute little screw found in the street, and then Ivanov did his best to give proof of intelligent participation—but, alas, he never had been on intimate terms with the secret fraternity of man-made things that goes under the name of technology, and this or that inexact observation of his would make David fix him with puzzled pale-gray eyes and quickly take back the object, which seemed to be whimpering in Ivanov's hands.

And yet David was not untender. His indifference to the unusual could be explained—for I, too, reflected Ivanov, must have appeared to be a stolid and dryish lad, I who never shared with anyone my loves, my fancies and fears. All that my childhood expressed was an excited little monologue addressed to itself. One might construct the following syllogism: A child is the only perfect type of humanity; David is a child; David is perfect. With such adorable eyes as he has, a boy cannot possibly keep thinking only about the price of various mechanical gadgets or about how to save enough trading stamps to obtain fifty pfennigs' worth of free merchandise at the store. He must be saving up something else, too: bright childish impressions whose paint remains on the fingertips of the mind. He keeps silent about it just as I kept silent. But if several decades later—say, in 1970 (how they resemble telephone numbers, those distant years!)—he will happen to see again that picture now hanging above his bed, Bonzo devouring a tennis ball, what a jolt he will feel, what light, what amazement at his own existence! Ivanov was not entirely wrong—David's eyes indeed were not devoid of a certain dreaminess; but it was the dreaminess of concealed mischief.

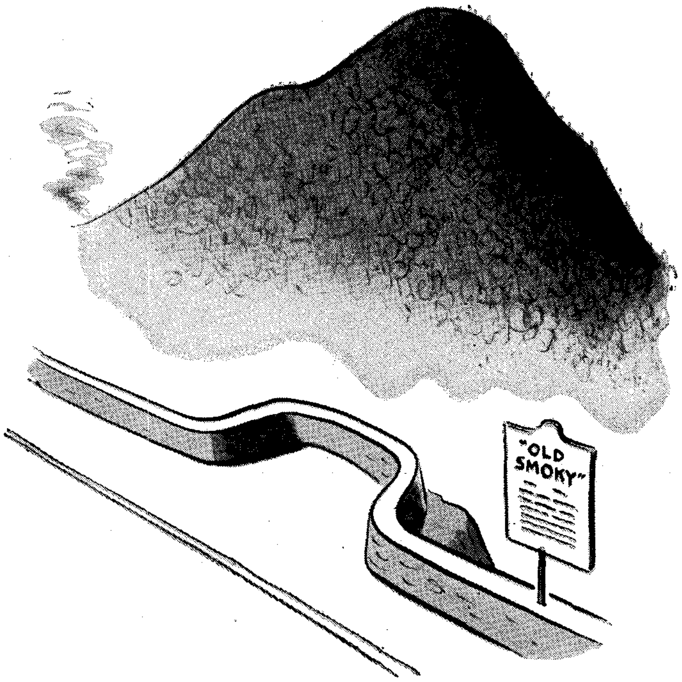
Enters David's mother. She has yellow hair and a high-strung temperament. The day before, she was studying Spanish; today, she subsists on orange juice. "I would like to speak to you. Stay seated, please. Go away, David. The lesson is over? David, go. . . . This is what I want to say. His vacation is coming soon. It would be appropriate to take him to the seaside. Regrettably, I shan't be able to go myself. Would you be willing to take him along? I trust you, and he listens to you. Above all, I want him to speak Russian more often. Actually he's nothing but a little *Sportsmann*, as are all modern kids. Well, how do you look at it?"

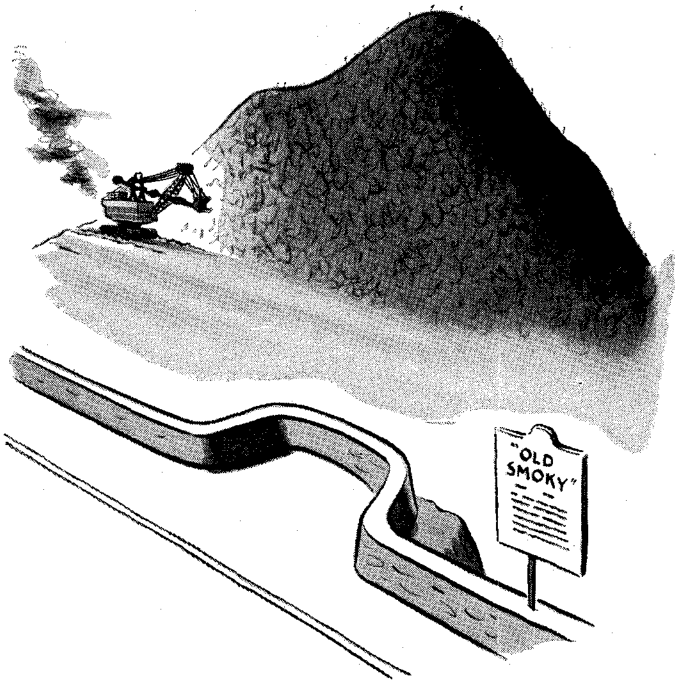
With doubt. But Ivanov did not voice his doubt. He had last seen the sea in 1912, eighteen years before, when he was a university student. The resort was Hungerburg in the Province of Estland. Pines, sand, silvery-pale water far away—oh, how long it took one to reach it, and then how long it took it to reach up to one's knees! It would be the same Baltic Sea, but a different shore. However, the last time I went swimming was not at Hungerburg but in the river Luga. Mushiks came running out of the water, frog-legged, hands crossed over their private parts: *pudor agrestis*. Their teeth chattered as they pulled on their shirts over their wet bodies. Nice to go bathing in the river toward evening, especially under a warm rain that makes silent circles, each spreading and encroaching upon the next, all over the water. But I like to feel underfoot the presence of the bottom. How hard to put one's socks and shoes on again without muddying the soles of one's feet! Water in one's ear: keep skipping on one foot until it spills out like a hot tear.

THE day of departure soon came. "You will be frightfully hot in those clothes," remarked David's mother, by way of farewell, as she glanced at Ivanov's black suit (worn in mourning for his other, defunct things). The train was crowded, and his new, soft collar (a slight compromise, a summer treat) turned gradually into a tight clammy compress. Happy David, his hair neatly trimmed, with one small central tuft playing in the wind, his open-necked shirt aflutter, stood, at the corridor window, peering out, and on curves the semicircle of the front cars would become visible, with the heads of passengers who leaned on the lowered frames. Then the train, its bell ringing, its elbows working ever so rapidly, straightened out again to enter a beech forest.

The house was located at the rear of the little seaside town, a plain two-storied house with red-currant bushes in the yard, which a fence separated from the dusty road. A tawny-bearded fisherman sat on a log, slitting his eyes in the low sun as he tarred his net. His wife led them upstairs. Terra-cotta floors, dwarf furniture. On the wall, a fair-sized fragment of an airplane propeller: "My husband used to work at the airport." Ivanov unpacked his scanty linen, his razor, and a dilapidated volume of Pushkin's works in the Panafidin edition. David freed from its net a varicolored ball that went jumping about, and from sheer exuberance only just missed knocking a horned shell off its shelf. The landlady brought tea and some flounder. David was in a hurry. He could not wait to get a look at the sea. The sun had already begun to set.

When they came down to the beach after a fifteen-minute walk, Ivanov instantly became conscious of an acute discomfort in his chest, a sudden tightness followed by a sudden void, and out on the smooth, smoke-blue sea a small boat looked black and appallingly alone. Its imprint began to appear on whatever he looked at, then dissolved in the air. Because now the dust of twilight dimmed everything around, it seemed to him that his eyesight was dulled, while his legs felt strangely weakened by the squeaky touch of the sand. From somewhere came the playing of an orchestra, and its every sound, muted by distance, seemed to be corked up; breathing was difficult. David chose a





spot on the beach and ordered a wicker cabaña for next day. The way back was uphill; Ivanov's heart now drifted away, then hurried back to perform anyhow what was expected of it, only to escape again; and through all this pain and anxiety the nettles along the fences smelled of Hungerburg.

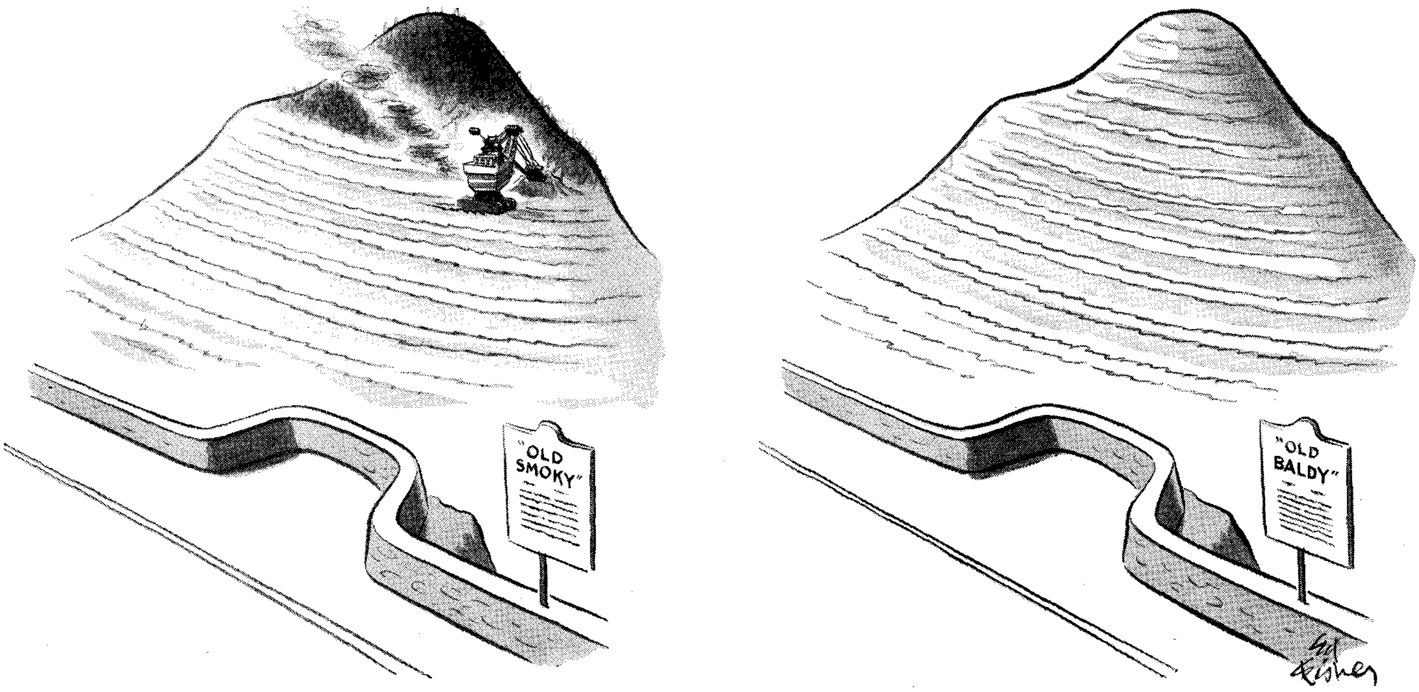
David's white pajama. For reasons of economy Ivanov slept naked. At first the earthen cold of the clean sheets made him feel even worse, but then repose brought relief. The moon groped its way to the washstand, selected there one facet of a tumbler, and started to crawl up the wall. On that and on the following nights, Ivanov thought vaguely of several matters at once, imagining among other things that the boy who slept in the bed next to his was his own son. Ten years before, in Serbia, the only woman he had ever loved—another man's wife—had become pregnant by him. She suffered a miscarriage, and died the next night, deliring and praying. He would have had a son, a little fellow about David's age.

When in the morning David started to pull on his swimming trunks, Ivanov was touched by the way his café-au-lait tan (already acquired on a Berlin lakeside) abruptly gave way to a childish whiteness below the waist. He was about to forbid the boy to go from house to beach with nothing on but those trunks, and was a little taken aback, and did not immediately give in, when David began to argue, with the whining intonations of German astonishment, that he had done so at another resort and that everyone did it. As to Ivanov, he languished on the beach in the sorrowful image of a city dweller. The sun, the sparkling blue made him seasick. A hot tingling ran over the top of his head under his fedora, and he felt as if he were being roasted alive, but he would not even dispense with his jacket—not only because, as is the case with many Russians, it would embarrass him to "appear in his braces in the presence of ladies" but also because his shirt was too badly frayed. On the third day he suddenly gathered up his courage and, glancing furtively around from under his brows, took off his shoes. He settled at the bottom of a crater dug by David, with a newspaper sheet spread under his elbow, and listened to the tight snapping of the gaudy flags, or else peered over the sandy brink, with a kind of tender envy, at a thousand brown corpses felled in various attitudes by the sun; one girl was especially magnificent, as if cast in metal, tanned to the point of blackness, with amazingly light eyes and with fingernails as pale as a monkey's. Looking at her, he tried to imagine what it felt like to be so sunbaked.

On obtaining permission for a dip, David would noisily swim off while Ivanov walked to the edge of the surf to watch his charge and to jump back whenever a wave spreading farther than its predecessors threatened to douse his trousers. He recalled a fellow-student in Russia, a close friend of his, who had the knack of pitching pebbles so as to have them glance off the water's surface two, three, four times, but when he tried to demonstrate it to David the projectile pierced the surface with a loud plop, and David laughed and make a nice flat stone perform not four but at least six skips.

A few days later, during a spell of absentmindedness (his eyes had strayed, and it was too late when he caught up with them), Ivanov read a postcard that David had begun writing to his mother and had left lying on the window ledge. David wrote that his tutor was probably ill for he never went swimming. That very day, Ivanov took extraordinary measures: He acquired a black bathing suit, and on reaching the beach hid in the cabaña, undressed gingerly, and pulled on the cheap shop-smelling stockinet garment. He had a moment of melancholy embarrassment when, pale-skinned and hairy-legged, he emerged into the sunlight. David, however, looked at him with approval. "Well!" exclaimed Ivanov with devil-may-care jauntiness. "Here we go!" He went in up to his knees, splashed some water on his head, then walked on with outspread arms, and the higher the water rose the deadlier became the spasm that contracted his heart. At last, closing his ears with his thumbs, and covering his eyes with the rest of his fingers, he immersed himself in a crouching position. The stabbing chill compelled him to get promptly out of the water. He lay down on the sand, shivering and filled to the brim of his being with ghastly, unresolvable anguish. After a while the sun warmed him, and he revived, but from then on he forswore sea bathing. He felt too lazy to dress; when he closed his eyes tightly, optical spots glided against a red background, Martian canals kept intersecting, and, the moment he parted his lids, the wet silver of the sun started to palpitate between his lashes.

The inevitable took place. By evening, all those parts of his body that had been exposed turned into a sym-



metrical archipelago of fiery pain. "Today, instead of going to the beach, we shall take a walk in the woods," he said to the boy on the morrow. "*Ach, nein*," wailed David. "Too much sun is bad for the health," said Ivanov. "Oh, please!" insisted David in great dismay. But Ivanov stood his ground.

The forest was dense. Geometrid moths, matching the bark in coloration, flew off the tree trunks. Silent David walked reluctantly. "We should cherish the woods," Ivanov said in an attempt to divert his pupil. "It was the first habitat of man. One fine day, man left the jungle of primitive intimations for the sunlit glade of reason. Those bilberries appear to be ripe; you have my permission to taste them. Why do you sulk? Try to understand: One should vary one's pleasures. And one should not overindulge in sea bathing. How often it happens that a careless bather dies of sunstroke or heart failure!"

Ivanov rubbed his unbearably burning and itching back against a tree trunk and continued pensively, "While admiring nature at a given locality, I cannot help thinking of countries that I shall never see. Try to imagine, David, that this is not Pomerania but a Malayan forest. Look about you; you'll presently see the rarest of birds fly past, Prince Albert's paradise bird, whose head is adorned with a pair of long plumes consisting of blue oriflambs." "*Ach, quatsch*," responded David dejectedly.

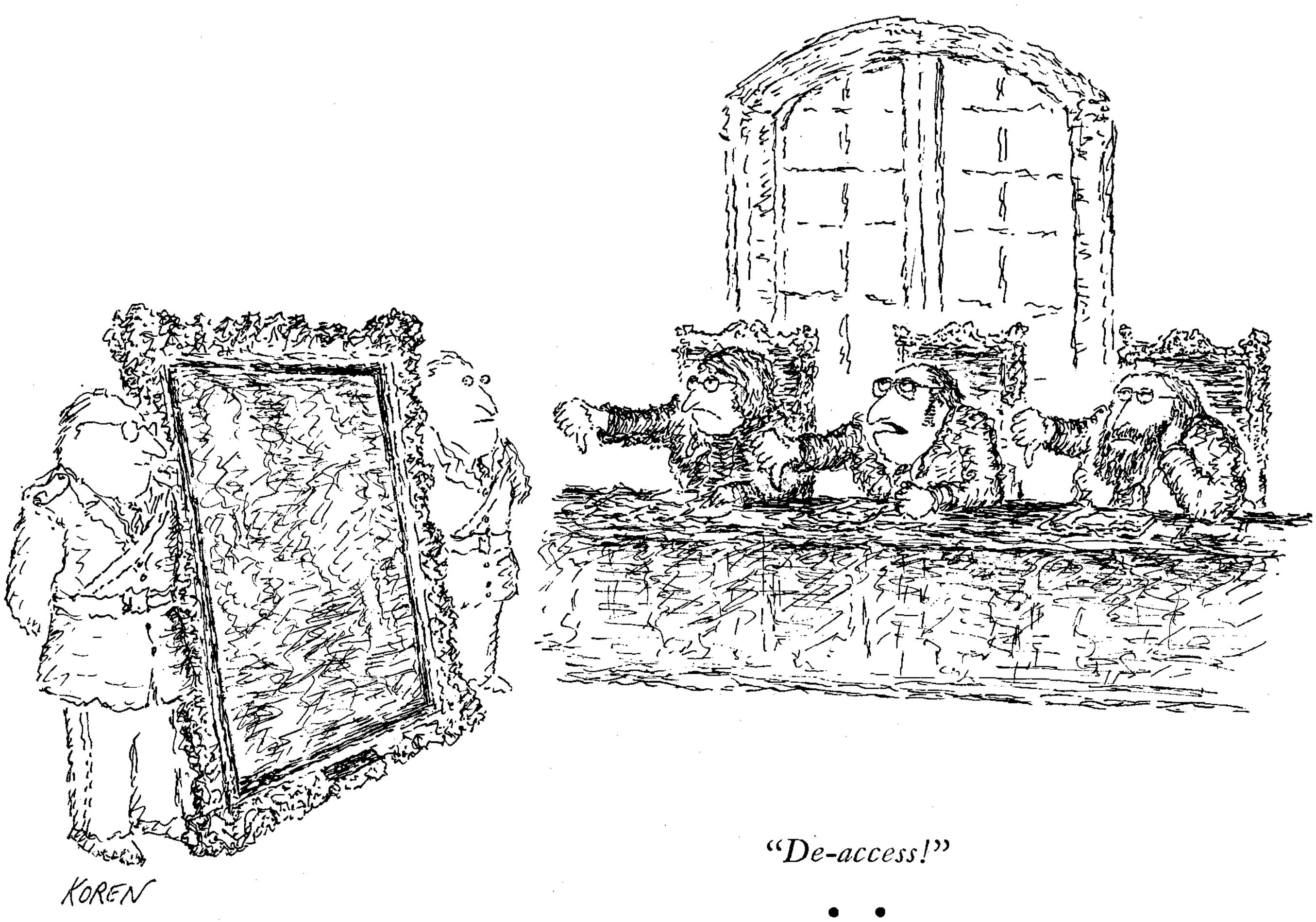
"In Russian you ought to say '*erundá*.' Of course, it's nonsense; we are not in the mountains of New Guinea. But the point is that with a bit of imagination— If, God forbid, you were someday to go blind or be imprisoned, or were merely forced to perform, in appalling poverty, some hopeless, distasteful task, you might remember this walk we are taking today in an ordinary forest as if it had been—how shall I say?—fairy-tale ecstasy."

AT sundown dark-pink clouds fluffed out above the sea. With the dulling of the sky they seemed to rust, and a fisherman said it would rain tomorrow. The morning turned out to be marvellous, and David kept urging his tutor to hurry, but Ivanov was not feeling well; he longed to stay in bed and think of remote and vague semi-events illumined by memory on only one side, of some pleasant smoke-gray things that might have happened once upon a time, or drifted past quite close to him in life's field of vision, or else had appeared to him in a recent dream. But it was impossible to concentrate on them; they all somehow slipped away to one side, half turning to him with a kind of friendly and mysterious slyness but gliding away relentlessly, as do those transparent little knots that swim diagonally in the vitreous humor of the eye. Alas, he had to get up, to pull on his socks, so full of holes that they resembled lace mittens. Before leaving the house, he put on David's dark-yellow sunglasses—and the sun swooned amidst a sky dying a turquoise death, and the morning light upon the porch steps acquired a sunset tinge. David, his naked back amber-colored, ran ahead, and when Ivanov called to him, he shrugged his shoulders in irritation. "Do not run away," Ivanov said wearily. His horizon was narrowed by the glasses; he was afraid of a sudden automobile.

The street sloped sleepily toward the sea. Little by little his eyes became used to the glasses, and he ceased to wonder at the sunny day's khaki uniform. At the turn of the street he suddenly half remembered something—something extraordinarily comforting and strange—but it immediately dissolved, and the turbulent sea air constricted his chest. The dusky flags flapped excitedly, pointing all in the same direction, though nothing was happening there yet. Here is the sand, here is the dull plash of the sea. His ears felt plugged up, and when he inhaled through the nose a rumble started in his head, and something bumped into a membranous dead end. I've lived neither very long nor very well, reflected Ivanov. "Still, it would be a shame to complain; this alien world is beautiful, and I would feel happy right now if only I could recall that wonderful, wonderful—What? What was it?"

He lowered himself onto the sand. David began busily repairing with a spade the sand wall where it had crumbled slightly. "Is it hot or cool today?" asked Ivanov. "Somehow I cannot decide." Presently David threw down the spade and said, "I'll go for a swim." "Sit still for a moment," said Ivanov. "I must gather my thoughts. The sea will not run away." "*Please* let me go!" pleaded David.

Ivanov raised himself on one elbow and surveyed the waves. They were large and humpbacked; nobody was bathing at that spot; only much farther to the left a dozen orange-capped heads bobbed and were carried off to one side in unison. "Those waves," said Ivanov with a sigh, and then added, "You may paddle a little, but don't go be-



“De-access!”

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yond a *sazhen.* A *sazhen* equals about two metres.”

He sank his head, propping one cheek, grieving, computing indefinite measures of life, of pity, of happiness. His shoes were already full of sand; he took them off with slow hands, then was again lost in thought, and again those evasive transparent little knots began to swim across his field of vision, and how he longed, how he longed to recall— A sudden scream. Ivanov stood up.

Amidst yellow-blue waves, far from the shore, flitted David’s face, and his open mouth was like a dark hole. He emitted a spluttering yell, and vanished. A hand appeared for a moment and vanished too. Ivanov threw off his jacket. “I’m coming,” he shouted. “I’m coming. Hold *on!*” He splashed through the water, lost his footing; his ice-cold trousers stuck to his shins. It seemed to him that David’s head came up again for an instant. Then a wave surged, knocking off Ivanov’s hat, blinding him; he wanted to take off his glasses, but his agitation, the cold, the numbing weakness prevented him from doing so. He realized that in its retreat the wave had dragged him a long way from the shore. He started to swim, trying to catch sight of David. He felt enclosed in a tight, painfully cold sack; his heart was straining unbearably. All at once a rapid something passed through him, a flash of fingers rippling over piano keys—and *this* was the very thing he had been trying to recall throughout the morning. He came out on a stretch of sand. Sand, sea, and air were of an odd, faded, opaque tint, and everything was perfectly still. Vaguely he reflected that twilight must have come, and that David had perished a long time ago, and he felt what he knew from earthly life—the poignant heat of tears. Trembling and bending toward the ashen sand, he wrapped himself tighter in the black cloak with the snake-shaped brass fastening that he had seen on a student friend—a long, long time ago, on an autumn day—and he felt so sorry for David’s mother, and wondered what would he tell her? It is not my fault, I did all I could to save him, but I am a poor swimmer, and I have a bad heart, and he drowned. But there was something amiss about these thoughts, and when he looked around once more and saw himself in the desolate mist all alone with no David beside him, he understood that if David was not with him David was not dead.

Only then were the clouded glasses removed. The dull mist immediately broke, blossomed with marvellous colors, all kinds of sounds burst forth—the rote of the sea, the clapping of the wind, human cries—and there was David standing, up to his ankles in bright water, not knowing what to do, shaking with fear, not daring to explain that he had not been drowning, that he had struggled in jest—and farther out people were diving, groping through the water, then looking at each other with bulging eyes, and diving anew, and returning empty-handed, while others shouted to them from the shore, advising them to search a little to the left; and a fellow with a Red Cross armband was running along the beach, and three men in sweaters were pushing into the water a boat grinding against the shingle; and a bewildered David was being led away by a fat woman in a pince-nez, the wife of a veterinary, who had been expected to arrive on Friday but had had to postpone his vacation; and the Baltic Sea sparkled from end to end, and, in the thinned-out forest, across a green country road there lay, still breathing, freshly cut aspens; and a youth, smeared with soot, gradually turned white as he washed under the kitchen tap; and black parakeets flew above the eternal snows of the New Zealand mountains; and a fisherman, squinting in the sun, was solemnly predicting that not until the ninth day would the waves surrender the corpse.

—VLADIMIR NABOKOV

(*Translated, from the Russian text of 1932, by Dmitri Nabokov, in collaboration with the author.*)

REFLECTIONS

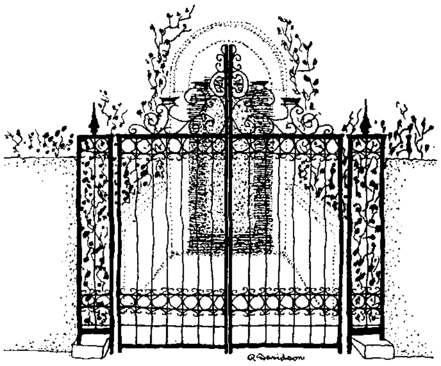
APPROACHING ARTAUD

THE movement to disestablish the "author" has been at work for over a hundred years. From the start, the impetus was—as it still is—apocalyptic: vivid with complaint and jubilation at the convulsive decay of old social orders; borne up by that worldwide sense of living through a revolutionary moment which continues to animate most moral and intellectual excellence. The attack on the "author" persists in full vigor, though the revolution either has not taken place or, wherever it did, has quickly stifled literary modernism. Modernism, gradually becoming, in those countries not recast by a revolution, the dominant tradition of high literary culture instead of an instrument of its subversion, continues to evolve codes for preserving the new moral energies while temporizing with them. That the historical imperative which appears to discredit the very practice of literature has lasted so long—a span covering numerous literary generations—does not mean that it has been incorrectly understood. Nor does it mean that the malaise of the "author" has now become outmoded or inappropriate, as is sometimes suggested. (People tend to become cynical about even the most appalling crisis if it seems to be dragging on, failing to come to term.) But the longevity of modernism does show what may happen when the prophesied resolution of drastic social and psychological anxiety is postponed—what unsuspected capacities for ingenuity and agony, and the domestication of agony, may flourish in the interim.

In the established conception under chronic challenge, literature is fashioned out of a rational—that is, socially accepted—language into a variety of internally consistent types of discourse (e.g., poem, play, epic, treatise, essay, novel) in the form of individual "works" that are judged by such norms as veracity, emotional power, subtlety, and relevance. But more than a century of literary modernism has made clear the contingency of once stable genres and undermined the very notion of an autonomous work. The standards used to appraise literary works now seem by no means self-evident, and a good deal less than universal. They are a particular culture's confirmations of its notions of rationality: that is, of mind and of community.

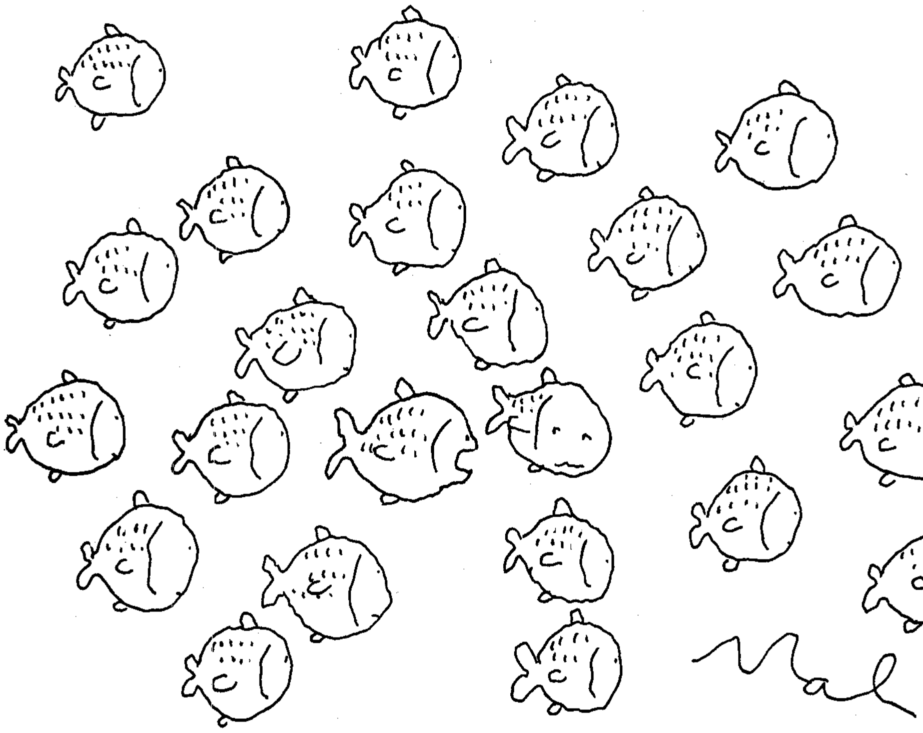
Being an "author" has been unmasked as a role that, whether it is conformist or not, remains inescapably responsible to a given social order. Certainly not all premodern authors flattered the societies in which they lived. One of the author's most ancient roles is to call the community to account for its hypocrisies and bad faith, as Juvenal in the "Satires" scored the follies of the Roman aristocracy, and Richardson in "Clarissa" denounced the bourgeois institution of property-marriage. But the range of alienation available to the premodern authors was still limited—whether they knew it or not—to castigating the values of one class or milieu on behalf of the values of another class or milieu. The modern authors are those who, seeking to escape this limitation, have joined in the grandiose task set forth by Nietzsche a century ago as the transvaluation of all values, and redefined by Antonin Artaud in the twentieth century as the "general devaluation of values." Quixotic as this task may be, it outlines the powerful strategy by which the modern authors declare themselves to be no longer responsible—responsible in the sense that authors who celebrate their age and authors who criticize it are equally citizens in good standing of the society in which they function. The modern authors can be recognized by their effort to disestablish themselves, by their will not to be morally useful to the community, by their inclination to present themselves not as social critics but as seers, spiritual adventurers, and social pariahs.

Inevitably, disestablishing the "author" brings about a redefinition of "writing." Once writing, whatever it is in fact, no longer *defines* itself as responsible, the seemingly common-sense distinction between the work and the person who produced it, between public and private utterance, becomes void. All premodern literature works from the classical conception of writing as an impersonal, self-sufficient, freestanding achievement. Modern literature projects a quite different idea: the romantic conception of writing as a medium in which a singular personality heroically exposes itself. This ultimately private reference of public, literary discourse does not require that the reader actually know a great deal about the author. Although ample biographical information is available about Baudelaire and next to nothing is known about the life of Lautréamont, "The Flowers of Evil" and "Maldoror" are equally dependent as literary works upon the idea of the author as a tormented self raping its unique subjectivity.



In the view initiated by the romantic sensibility, what is produced by the artist (or the philosopher) contains as a regulating internal structure the reference to the labors of subjectivity. Work derives its credentials from its place in a singular lived experience; it assumes an inexhaustible personal totality of which "the work" is a by-product, and inadequately expressive of that totality. Art becomes a statement of self-awareness—an awareness that presupposes a disharmony between the self of the artist and the community. Indeed, the artist's effort is measured by the size of its rupture with the collective voice (of "reason"). The artist is a consciousness trying to be. "I am he who, in order to be, must whip his innateness," writes Artaud, modern literature's most didactic and most uncompromising hero of self-exacerbation.

In principle, the project cannot succeed. Consciousness as given can never wholly constitute itself in art but must strain to transform its own boundaries and to alter the boundaries of art. Thus, any single "work" has a dual status. It is both itself, a unique and specific and already enacted literary gesture, and a meta-literary declaration (often strident, sometimes ironic) about the insufficiency of literature with respect to an ideal condition of consciousness and art. Consciousness conceived of as a project creates a standard that inevitably condemns the "work" to be, objectively, incomplete. On the model of the heroic consciousness that aims at nothing less than its total self-appropriation, literature will aim at the "total book." Measured against the idea of the total book, all writing, in practice, consists of fragments. The standard of beginnings, middles, and ends no longer applies. Incompleteness becomes the reigning modality of art and thought, giving rise to anti-genres—work that is deliberately fragmentary or self-cancelling, thought that undoes



"By the way, whose territorial waters are we in now?"

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itself. But the successful overthrow of old standards does not require denying the failure of such art. As Cocteau says, "the only work which succeeds is that which fails."

THE career of Antonin Artaud, one of the last great exemplars of the heroic period of literary modernism, starkly sums up these revaluations. Both in his work and in his life, Artaud failed. His work includes verse; prose poems; film scripts; writings on cinema, painting, and literature; essays, diatribes, and polemics on the theatre; several plays, and notes for many unrealized theatre projects, among them an opera; a historical novel; a four-part dramatic monologue written for radio; essays on the peyote cult of the Tarahumara Indians; radiant appearances in two great films (Gance's "Napoleon" and Dreyer's "The Passion of Joan of Arc") and many minor ones; and hundreds of letters, his most accomplished "dramatic" form—all of which amount to a broken, self-mutilated corpus, a vast collection of fragments. What he bequeathed was not achieved works of art but a singular presence, a poetics, an aesthetics of thought, a theology of culture, and a phenomenology of suffering.

In Artaud, the artist as seer crystallizes, for the first time, into the figure of the artist as pure victim of his consciousness. What is prefigured in Baudelaire's prose poetry of spleen and Rimbaud's record of a season in hell becomes Artaud's statement of his unremitting, agonizing awareness of the inadequacy of his own consciousness to itself—the torments of a sensibility that judges itself to be irreparably estranged from thought. Thinking and using language become a perpetual calvary.

The metaphors that Artaud uses to describe his intellectual distress treat the mind either as a property to which one never holds clear title (or whose title one has lost) or as a physical substance that is intransigent, fugitive, unstable, obscenely mutable. As early as 1921, at the age of twenty-five, he states his problem as that of never managing to possess his mind "in its *entirety*." Throughout the nineteen-twenties, he laments that his ideas "abandon" him, that he is unable to "discover" his ideas, that he cannot "attain" his mind, that he has "lost" his understanding of words and "forgotten" the forms of thought. In more direct metaphors, he rages against the chronic erosion of his ideas, the way his thought crumbles beneath him or leaks away; he describes his mind as fissured, deteriorating, petrifying, liquefying, coagulating, empty, impenetrably dense: words rot. Artaud suffers not from doubt as to whether his "I" thinks but from a conviction that he does not possess his own thought. He does not say that he is unable to think; he says that he does not "have" thought—which he takes to be much more than having correct ideas or judgments. "Having thought" means that process by which thought sustains itself, manifests itself to itself, and is answerable "to all the circumstances of feeling and of life." It is in this sense of thought, which treats thought as both subject and object of itself, that Artaud claims not to "have" it. Artaud shows how the Hegelian, dramatistic, self-regarding consciousness can reach the state of total alienation (instead of detached, comprehensive wisdom)—because the mind remains an object.

The language that Artaud uses is profoundly contradictory. His imagery is materialistic (making the mind into a thing or object), but his demand on the mind amounts to the purest philosophical idealism. He refuses to consider consciousness except as a process. Yet it is the process character of consciousness—its unseizability and flux—that he experiences as hell. "The real pain," says Artaud, "is to feel one's thought shift within oneself." The *cogito*, whose all too evident existence seems hardly in need of proof, goes in desperate, inconsolable search of an *ars cogitandi*. Intelligence, Artaud observes with horror, is the purest contingency. At the antipodes of what Descartes and Valéry relate in their great optimistic epics about the quest for clear and distinct ideas, a Divine Comedy of thought, Artaud reports the unending misery and bafflement of consciousness seeking itself: "this intellectual tragedy in which I am always vanquished," the Divine Tragedy of thought. He describes himself as "in constant pursuit of my intellectual being."

The consequence of Artaud's verdict upon himself—of his conviction of his chronic alienation from his own consciousness—is that his mental deficit becomes, directly or indirectly, the dominant, inexhaustible subject of his writings. Some of Artaud's accounts of his Passion of thought are almost too painful to read. He elaborates little on his emotions—panic, confusion, rage, dread. His gift was not for psychological understanding (which, not being good at it, he dismissed as trivial) but for a more original mode of description, a kind of physiological phenomenology of his unending desolation. Artaud's claim in "The Nerve Meter" that no one has ever so accurately charted his "intimate" self is not an exaggeration. Nowhere in the entire history of writing in the first person is there as tireless and detailed a record of the microstructure of mental pain.

Artaud does not simply record his psychic anguish, however. It constitutes his work, for while the act of writing—to give form to intelligence—is an agony, that agony also supplies the energy for the act of writing. Although Artaud was fiercely disappointed when the relatively shapely poems he submitted to the *Nouvelle Revue Française* in 1923 were rejected by its editor, Jacques Rivière, as lacking in coherence and harmony, Rivière's strictures proved to be liberating. From then on, Artaud denied that he was simply creating more art, adding to the storehouse of "literature." The contempt for literature—a theme of modernist literature first loudly sounded by Rimbaud—has a different inflection as Artaud expresses it in the era when the Futurists, the Dadaists, and the Surrealists had made it a commonplace. Artaud's contempt for literature refers less to a diffuse nihilism toward culture than to a specific experience of suffering. For Artaud, the extreme mental—and also physical—pain that feeds (and authenticates) the act of writing is necessarily falsified when the energy is transformed into artistry: when it attains the benign status of a finished, literary product. The verbal humiliation of literature ("All writing is garbage," Artaud declares in "The Nerve Meter") safeguards the dangerous, quasi-magical status of writing as a vessel worthy of bearing the author's pain. Insulting art (like insulting the audience) is an attempt to head off the corruption of art, the banalization of suffering.

The link between suffering and writing is one of Artaud's leading themes: one earns the right to speak through having suffered, but the necessity of using language is itself a central occasion for suffering. He describes himself as ravaged by a "stupefying confusion" of his "language in its relations with thought." Artaud's alienation from language presents the dark side of modern poetry's successful verbal alienations—of its creative use of language's formalism and of the ambiguity of words and the artificiality of fixed meanings. Artaud's problem is not what language is in itself but the relation language has to what he calls "the intellectual apprehensions of the flesh." He can barely afford the traditional complaint of all the great mystics that words tend to petrify living thought and to turn the immediate, organic, sensory stuff of experience into something inert, merely verbal. Artaud's fight is only secondarily with the deadness of language; it is mainly with the refractoriness of his own inner life. Employed by a consciousness that defines itself as paroxysmic, words become knives. Artaud appears to have been afflicted with an extraordinary inner life, in which the intricacy and clamorous pitch of his physical sensations and the convulsive intuitions of his nervous system felt permanently at odds with his ability to give them verbal form. This clash between facility and impotence, between extravagant verbal gifts and a sense of intellectual paralysis, is the psychodramatic plot of everything Artaud wrote; and to keep that contest dramatically valid calls for the repeated ritual exorcising of the respectability attached to writing.

Thus, Artaud does not so much free writing as place it under permanent suspicion by treating it as the mirror of consciousness—so that the range of what can be written is made coextensive with consciousness itself, and the truth of any statement is made to depend on the vitality and wholeness of the consciousness in which it originates. Against all hierarchical, or Platonizing, theories of mind, which make one part of consciousness superior to another part, Artaud upholds the democracy of mental claims, the right of every level, tendency, and quality of the mind to be heard: "We can do anything in the mind, we can speak in any tone of voice, *even one that is unsuitable.*" Artaud refuses to exclude any perception as too trivial or crude. Art should be able to report from anywhere, he thinks—although not for the reasons that justify Whitmanesque openness or Joycean license. For Artaud, to bar any of the transactions between, on the one hand, different levels of the mind and, on the other, the flesh amounts to a dispossession of thought, a loss of vitality in the purest sense. That narrow tonal range which makes up "the so-called literary tone"—literature in its traditionally acceptable forms—becomes worse than a fraud and an instrument of intellectual repression. It is a sentence of mental death. Artaud's notion of truth stipulates an exact and delicate concordance between the mind's "animal" impulses and the highest operations of the intellect. It is this swift, wholly unified consciousness that Artaud invokes in the obsessive accounts of his own mental insufficiency and in his dismissal of "literature."

Ross Bateman

The quality of one's consciousness is Artaud's final standard. He unfailingly attaches his utopianism of consciousness to a psychological materialism: the absolute mind is also absolutely carnal. Thus, his intellectual distress is at the same time the most acute physical distress, and each statement he makes about his consciousness is also a statement about his body. Indeed, what causes Artaud's incurable pain of consciousness is precisely his refusal to consider the mind apart from the situation of the flesh. Far from being disembodied, his consciousness is one whose martyrdom results from its seamless relation to the body. In his struggle against all hierarchical or merely dualistic notions of consciousness, Artaud constantly treats his mind as if it *were* a kind of body—a body that he could not "possess," because it was either too virginal or too defiled, and also a mystical body by whose disorder he was "possessed."

It would be a mistake, of course, to take Artaud's statement of mental impotence at face value. The intellectual incapacity he describes hardly indicates the limits of his work (Artaud displays no inferiority in his power of reasoning) but does explain his project: minutely to retrace the heavy, tangled fibres of his body-mind. The premise of Artaud's writing is his profound difficulty in matching "being" with hyperlucidity, flesh with words. Struggling to embody live thought, Artaud composed in feverish, irregular blocks; writing abruptly breaks off and then starts again. Any single "work" has a mixed form; for instance, between an expository text and an oneiric description he frequently inserts a letter—a letter to an imaginary correspondent, a real letter that omits the name of the addressee. Changing forms, he changes breath. Writing is conceived of as unleashing an unpredictable flow of searing energy; knowledge must explode in the reader's nerves. The details of Artaud's stylistics follow directly from his notion of consciousness as a morass of difficulty and suffering. His determination to crack the carapace of "literature"—at least, to violate the self-protective distance between reader and text—is scarcely a new ambition in the history of literary modernism. But Artaud may have come closer than any other author to actually doing it—by the violent discontinuity of his discourse, by the extremity of his emotion, by the purity of his moral purpose, by the excruciating carnality of the account he gives of his mental life, by the genuineness and grandeur of the ordeal he endured in order to use language at all.

THE WHIRLPOOL

Yellow or blue
cataract/waterfall
appleandrose
turn slowly in this windless high
as the smoke rises
and the day hangs fire in green leaves

I unlock a drawer
in the musty bedroom
of an abandoned summer place
Books records a silver flask
and the scattered photographs of six couples
disintegrate
in a burst of light

The grain of the woodwork flows out into the room
which darkens like an old movie
and drifts off into a shy corner of the forest

Sand gleams on the vacant beaches
A rainbow of lakewater in dark eyelashes
echoes and echoes over the small stones

—GEORGE AMABILE

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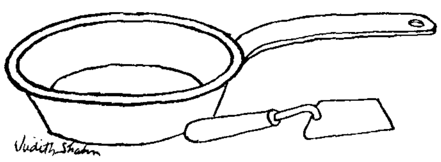
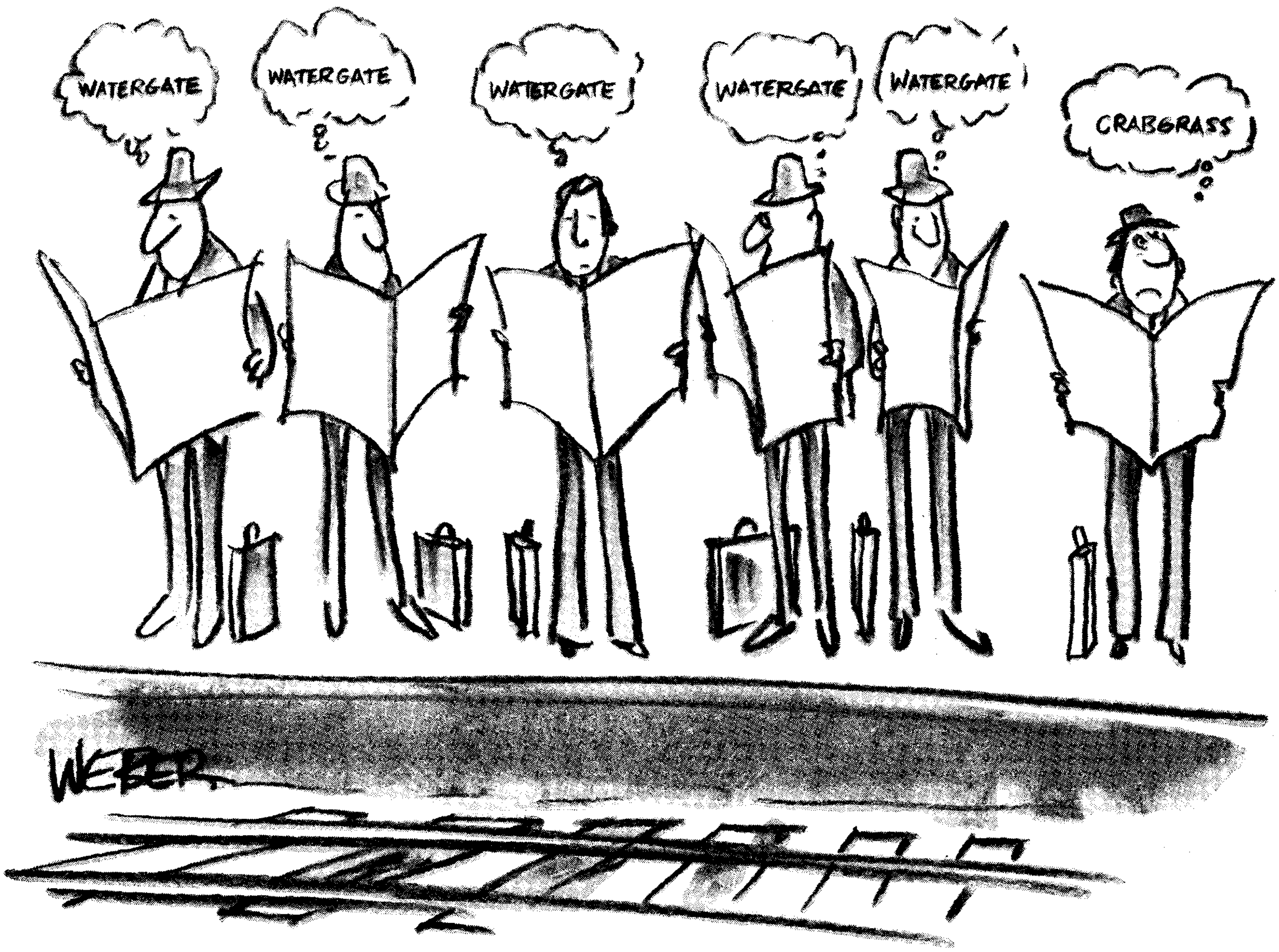
THE difficulties that Artaud laments get locked into place because he persists in thinking about the unthinkable—about how body is mind and how mind is also a body. This inexhaustible paradox is mirrored in Artaud's wish to produce art that is at the same time anti-art. The latter paradox, however, is more hypothetical than real. Ignoring Artaud's disclaimers, readers will inevitably assimilate his strategies of discourse into art whenever those strategies reach (as they often do) a certain triumphant pitch of incandescence. And three small books published between 1925 and 1929—"The Umbilicus of Limbo," "The Nerve Meter," and "Art and Death"—which may be read as prose poems, more splendid than anything that Artaud did formally as a poet, show him to be the greatest prose poet in the French language since the Rimbaud of "Illuminations" and "A Season in Hell." Yet it would be incorrect to separate what is most accomplished as literature from his other writings.

Artaud's work denies that there is any difference between art and thought, between poetry and truth. Despite the breaks in exposition and the varying of "forms" within each work, everything he wrote advances a line of argument. Artaud is always didactic. He never ceased insulting, complaining, exhorting, denouncing—even in the poetry written after he emerged from the insane asylum in Rodez, in 1946, in which language becomes partly unintelligible; that is, an unmediated physical presence. All his writing is in the first person, and is a mode of address in the mixed voices of incantation and discursive explanation. His activities are simultaneously art and reflections on art. In an early essay on painting, Artaud declares that works of art "are worth only as much as the conceptions on which they are founded, whose value is exactly what we are calling into question anew." Just as Artaud's work amounts to an *ars poetica* (of which his work is no more than a fragmentary expression), he takes art-making to be a trope for the functioning of all consciousness—of life itself.



This trope was the basis of Artaud's affiliation with the Surrealist movement, between 1924 and 1926. As Artaud understood Surrealism, it was a "revolution" applicable to "all states of mind, to all types of human activity," its status as a tendency within the arts being secondary and merely strategic. He welcomed Surrealism—"above all, a state of mind"—as both a critique of mind and a technique for improving the range and quality of the mind. Sensitive as he was in his own life to the repressive workings of the bourgeois idea of day-to-day reality ("We are born, we live and die in an environment of lies," he wrote in 1923), he was naturally drawn to Surrealism by its advocacy of a more subtle, imaginative, and rebellious consciousness. But he soon found the Surrealist formulas to be another kind of confinement. He got himself expelled when the majority of the Surrealist brotherhood were about to join the French Communist Party—a step that Artaud denounced as a sellout. An actual social revolution changes nothing, he insists scornfully in the polemic he wrote against "the Surrealist bluff" in 1927. The Surrealist adherence to the Third International, though it was to be only of short duration, was a plausible provocation for his quitting the movement, but his dissatisfaction went deeper



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than a disagreement about what kind of revolution is desirable and relevant. (The Surrealists were hardly more Communist than Artaud was. André Breton had not so much a politics as a set of extremely attractive moral sympathies, which in another period would have brought him to anarchism, and which, quite logically for his own period, led him in the nineteen-thirties to become a partisan and friend of Trotsky.) What really antagonized Artaud was a fundamental difference of temperament.

It was on the basis of a misunderstanding that Artaud had fervently subscribed to the Surrealist challenge to the limits that "reason" sets upon consciousness, and to the Surrealists' faith in the access to a wider consciousness afforded by dreams, drugs, insolent art, and asocial behavior. The Surrealist, he thought, was someone who "despairs of attaining his own mind." He meant himself, of course. Despair is entirely absent from the mainstream of Surrealist attitudes. The Surrealists heralded the benefits that would accrue from unlocking the gates of reason, and ignored the abominations. Artaud, as extravagantly heavyhearted as the Surrealists were optimistic, could, at most, apprehensively concede legitimacy to the irrational. While the Surrealists proposed exquisite games with consciousness which no one could lose, Artaud was engaged in a mortal struggle to "restore" himself. Breton sanctioned the irrational as a useful route toward a new mental continent. For Artaud, bereft of hope that he was travelling anywhere, it was the terrain of his martyrdom.

By extending the imperial frontiers of consciousness, the Surrealists expected not only to refine the rule of reason but to enlarge the yield of physical pleasure. Artaud was incapable of expecting any pleasure from the colonization of new realms of consciousness. In contrast to the Surrealists' euphoric affirmation of both physical passion and romantic love, Artaud regarded eroticism as something threatening, demonic. In "Art and Death" he describes "this preoccupation with sex which petrifies me and rips out my blood." Sexual organs multiply on a monstrous, Brobdingnagian scale and in menacingly hermaphrodite shapes in many of his writings; virginity is treated as a state of grace, and impotence or castration is presented—for example, in the imagery generated by the figure of Abélard in "Art and Death"—as more of a deliverance than a punishment. The Surrealists appeared to love life, Artaud notes haughtily. He felt "contempt" for it. Explaining the program of the Surrealist Research Bureau in 1925, he had favorably described Surrealism as "a certain order of repulsions," only to conclude the following year that these repulsions were quite shallow. As Marcel Duchamp said in a moving eulogy of his friend Breton in 1966, when Breton died, "the great source of Surrealist inspiration is love: the exaltation of elective love." Surrealism is a spiritual politics of joy.

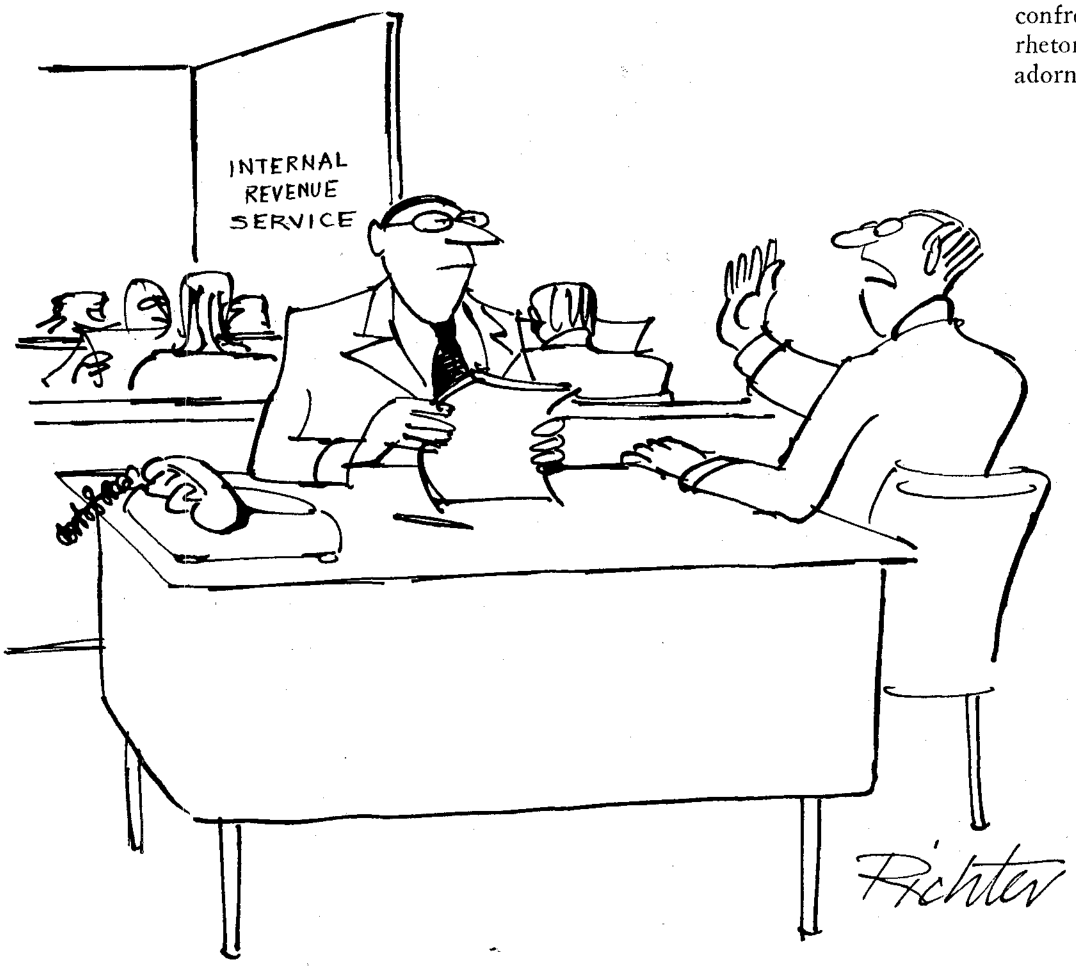
Despite Artaud's passionate rejection of Surrealism, his taste was Surrealist—and remained so. His disdain for "realism" as a collection of bourgeois banalities is Surrealist, and so are his enthusiasms for the art of the mad and the non-professional, for that which comes from the Orient, for whatever is extreme, fantastic, gothic. Artaud's contempt for the dramatic repertory of his time, for the play devoted to exploring the psychology of individual characters—a contempt basic to the argument of the manifestos in "The Theatre and Its Double," written between 1931 and 1935—starts from a position identical with the one from which Breton dismisses the novel in the first "Manifesto of Surrealism" (1924). But Artaud makes a wholly different use of the enthusiasms and the aesthetic prejudices he shares with Breton. The Surrealists are connoisseurs of joy, freedom, pleasure. Artaud is a connoisseur of despair and moral struggle. While the Surrealists explicitly refuse to accord art an autonomous value, they perceive no conflict between moral longings and aesthetic ones, and in that sense Artaud is quite right in saying that their program is "aesthetic"—merely aesthetic, he means. Artaud does perceive such a conflict, and demands that art justify itself by the standards of moral seriousness.

From Surrealism, Artaud derives the perspective that links his own perennial psychological crisis with what Breton calls (in the "Second Manifesto of Surrealism," of 1930) "the general crisis of consciousness"—a perspective that Artaud kept throughout his writings. But no sense of crisis in the Surrealist canon is as bleak as Artaud's. Set alongside Artaud's lacerated perceptions, both cosmic and intimately physiological, the Surrealist jeremiads seem tonic rather than alarming. (They are not in fact addressing the same crises. Artaud undoubtedly knew more than Breton about suffering, as Breton knew more than Artaud about freedom.) A related legacy from Surrealism gave Artaud the possibility of continuing throughout his work to take it for granted that art has a "revolutionary" mission. But, vague as everyone concerned is in deploying that idea, it is clear that Artaud's idea of revolution diverges as far from that of the Surrealists as his devastated sensibility does from Breton's essentially wholesome one.

Artaud also retained from the Surrealists the romantic imperative to close the gap between art (and thought) and life. He begins "The Umbilicus of Limbo," written in 1925, by declaring himself unable to conceive of a "work that is detached from life," of "detached creation." But Artaud insists, more aggressively than the Surrealists ever did, on the devaluing of the separate work of art which results from attaching art to life. Like the Surrealists, Artaud regards art as a function of consciousness, each work representing only a fraction of the whole of the artist's consciousness. But by identifying consciousness chiefly with its obscure, hidden, excruciating aspects he makes the dismembering of the totality of consciousness into separate "works" not merely an arbitrary procedure (which is what fascinated the Surrealists) but one that is self-defeating. Artaud's narrowing of the Surrealist view makes a work of art literally useless in itself; insofar as it is considered as a thing, it is dead. In "The Nerve Meter," also from 1925, Artaud likens his works to lifeless "waste products," mere "scrapings of the soul." These dismembered bits of consciousness acquire value and vitality only as metaphors for works of art; that is, metaphors for consciousness.

Disdaining any detached view of art, any version of that view which regards works of art as objects (to be contemplated, to enchant the senses, to edify, to distract, or whatever), Artaud assimilates all art to dramatic performance. In Artaud's poetics, art (and thought) is an action—and one that, to be authentic, must be brutal—and also an experience suffered, and charged with extreme emotions. Being both action and passion of this sort, iconoclastic as well as evangelical in its fervor, art seems to require a more daring scene, outside the museums and legitimate showplaces, and a new, ruder form of confrontation with its audience. The rhetoric of inner movement which adorns Artaud's notion of art is impressive, but it does not change the way he actually manages to reject the traditional identity of the work of art as an object—by an analysis and an experience of the work of art which are an immense tautology. He sees art as an action, and therefore a passion, of the mind. The mind produces art. And the space in which art is consumed is also the mind—viewed as the organic totality of feeling, physical sensation, and the ability to attribute meaning. Artaud's poetics is a kind of ultimate, manic Hegelianism in which art is the compendium of consciousness, the reflection by consciousness on itself, and the empty space in which consciousness takes its perilous leap of self-transcendence.

CLOSING the gap between art and life destroys art and, at the same time, universalizes it. In the manifesto that Artaud wrote for the Alfred Jarry Theatre, which he founded in 1926, he welcomes "the



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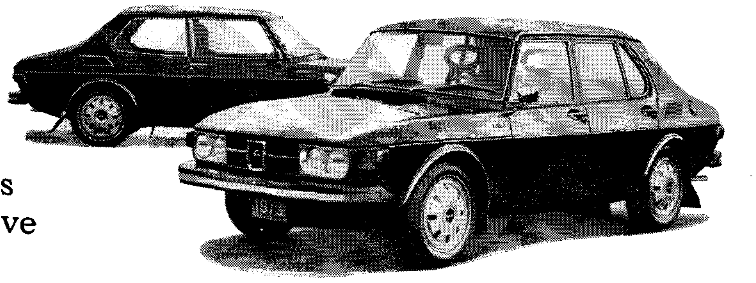

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disrepute into which all forms of art are successively falling." His delight may be a posture, but it would be inconsistent for him to regret that state of affairs. Once the leading criterion for an art becomes the merger of itself with life (that is, everything, including other arts), the existence of separate art forms ceases to be defensible. By this logic, one of the existing arts must soon recover from its failure of nerve and be promoted to become the total art form, which will absorb all the others. Artaud's lifetime of work may be described as the sequence of his efforts to formulate and inhabit this master art, heroically following out his conviction that the art he sought could hardly be the one—involving language alone—in which his genius was principally confined.

The parameters of Artaud's work in all the arts are identical with the different critical distances he maintains from the idea of an art that is language only—with the diverse forms of his lifelong "revolt against poetry" (the title of a prose text he wrote in Rodez in 1944). Poetry was, chronologically, the first of the many arts he practiced. There are poems extant from as early as 1913, when he was seventeen and was still a student in his native Marseille; his first book, published in 1923, three years after he moved to Paris, was a collection of poems; and it was the unsuccessful submission of some new poems to the *Nouvelle Revue Française* that same year which gave rise to his celebrated correspondence with Rivière. But Artaud soon began slighting poetry in favor of other arts. The dimensions of the poetry he was capable of writing in the twenties were too small for what Artaud intuited to be the scale of a master art. In the early poems, his breath is short; the compact lyric form he employs provides no outlet for his discursive and narrative imagination. Not until the great outburst of writing in the period between 1945 and 1948, in the last three years of his life, did Artaud, by then indifferent to the idea of poetry as a closed lyric statement, find a long-breathed voice that was adequate to the range of his imaginative needs and that was free of established forms and open-ended, like the poetry of Pound. Poetry as Artaud conceived it in the twenties had none of these possibilities or adequacies. It was small, and a total art had to be, to feel, large; it had to be a multi-voiced performance, not a singular lyrical object.

All ventures inspired by the ideal of a total art form—including those in music, painting, sculpture, architecture, and literature—manage in one way or another to theatricalize. Though Artaud need not have been so literal, it makes sense that at an early age he moved into the explicitly dramatic arts. Between 1921 and 1924, he acted in plays directed by Charles Dullin and the Pitoëffs, and in 1921 he also began a career as a film actor. That is to say, by the mid-nineteen-twenties Artaud had two plausible candidates for the role of total art: cinema and theatre. However, because it was not as an actor but as a director that he hoped to advance the candidacy of these arts, he soon had to renounce one of them—cinema. Artaud was never given the means to direct a film of his own, and he saw his intentions betrayed in a film of 1928 that was made by another director from one of his screenplays. His sense of defeat was reinforced in 1929 by the arrival of sound, a turning point in the history of film aesthetics which Artaud wrongly prophesied—as did most of the small number of moviegoers who had taken films seriously throughout the nineteen-twenties—would terminate cinema's greatness as an art form. He continued acting in films until 1935, but with little hope of getting a chance to direct his own films and without any further reflection upon the possibilities of cinema (which, regardless of Artaud's discouragement, remains the century's likeliest candidate for the title of master art).

From late 1926 on, Artaud's search for a total art form centered upon the theatre. Unlike poetry, an art made out of one material (words), theatre uses a plurality of materials: words, light, music, bodies, furniture, clothes. Unlike cinema, an art using only a plurality of languages (images, words, music), theatre is carnal, corporeal. Even at its most debased, theatre has always brought together the most diverse means—gesture and verbal language, static objects and movement in three-dimensional space. Theatre does not become a master art merely by the abundance of its means, however. The prevailing tyranny of some means over others has to be creatively subverted. As Wagner challenged the convention of alternating aria and recitative, which implies a hierarchical relation of speech, song, and orchestral music, Artaud denounced the practice of making every element of the staging serve in some way the words that the actors speak to each other. Assailing as false the priorities of dialogue theatre which have subordinated theatre to "literature," Artaud implicitly upgrades the means that characterize such other forms of dramatic performance as dance, oratorio, circus, cabaret, church, gymnasium, hospital, operating theatre, courtroom. But annexing these resources from other arts and from quasi-theatrical forms will not make theatre a total art form. A master art cannot be constructed by a series of additions; Artaud is not urging mainly that the theatre add to its means. Instead, he seeks to purge the theatre of what is extraneous or easy. In calling for a theatre in which the verbally oriented actor of Europe would be retrained as an "athlete" of the heart, Artaud shows his inveterate taste for spiritual and physical effort—for art as an ordeal.

Artaud's theatre is a strenuous machine for transforming the mind's conceptions into entirely "material" events, among which are the passions themselves. Against the centuries-old priority that the European theatre has given to words for conveying emotions and ideas, Artaud wants to show the organic basis of emotions and the physicality of ideas—in the bodies of the actors. Artaud's theatre is a reaction against the state of underdevelopment in which the bodies (and the voices, apart from talking) of Western actors have remained for generations, as have the arts of spectacle. To redress the imbalance that so favors verbal language, Artaud proposes to bring the training of actors close to the training of dancers, athletes, mimes, and singers, and "to base the theatre on spectacle before everything else," as he says in his "Second Manifesto of the Theatre of Cruelty," issued in 1933. He is not offering to replace the charms of language with spectacular sets, costumes, music, lighting, and stage effects. Artaud's criterion of spectacle is sensory violence, not sensory enchantment; beauty is a notion he never entertains. Far from considering the spectacular to be in itself desirable, Artaud would commit the stage to an extreme austerity—to the point of excluding anything that stands for something else. "Objects, accessories, sets on the stage must be apprehended directly . . . not for what they represent but for what they are," he writes in a manifesto of 1926. Later, in "The Theatre and Its Double," he suggests eliminating sets altogether. He calls for a "pure" theatre, dominated by the "physics of absolute gesture, which is the idea itself."

If Artaud's language sounds vaguely

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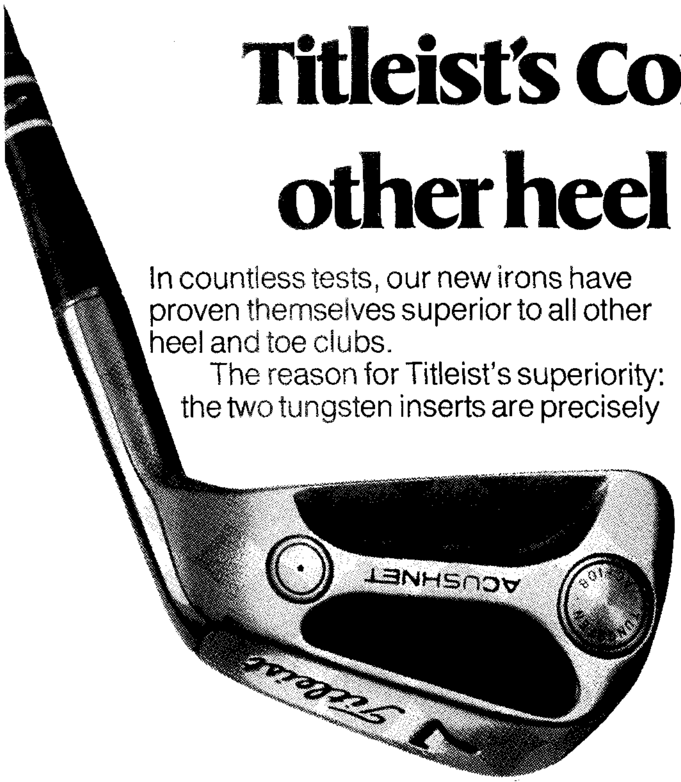

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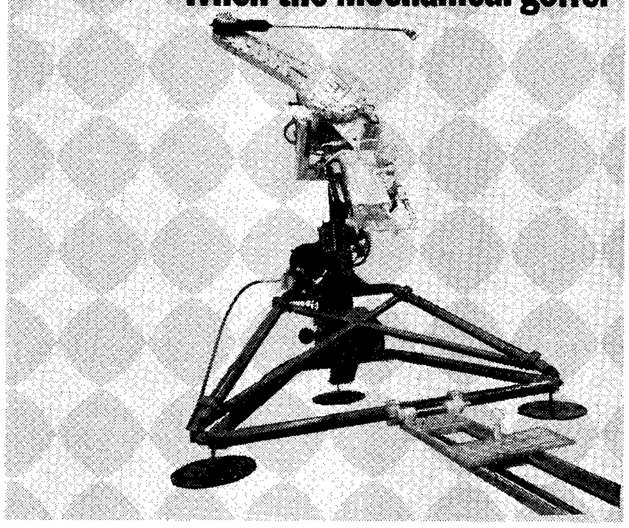

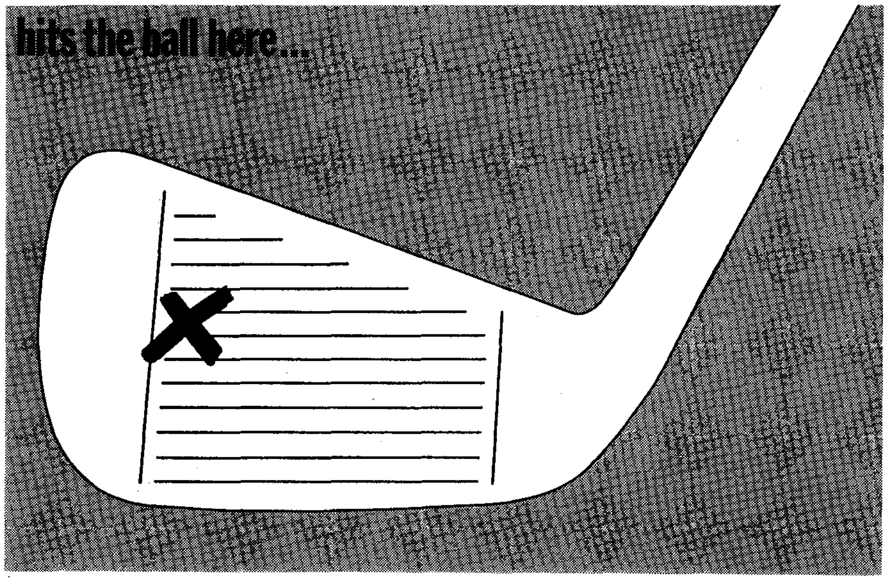

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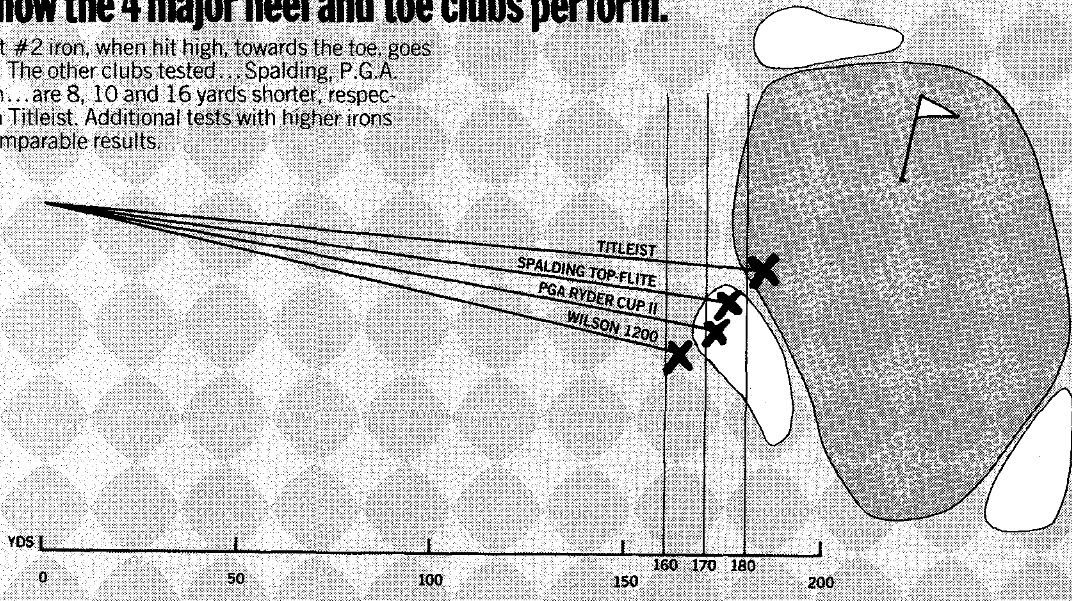
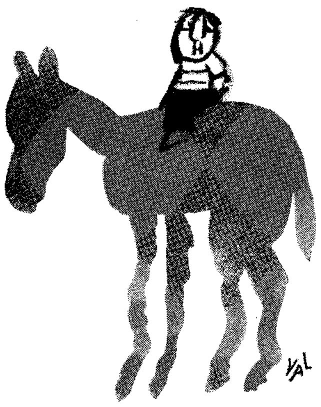


Platonic, it is with good reason. Like Plato, Artaud approaches art from the moralist's point of view. He does not really like the theatre—at least, the theatre as it is conceived throughout the West, which he accuses of being insufficiently serious. His theatre would have nothing to do with the aim of providing "useless, artificial amusement," mere entertainment. The contrast at the heart of Artaud's polemics is not between a merely literary theatre and a theatre of strong sensations but between a hedonistic theatre and a theatre that is morally rigorous. What Artaud proposes is a theatre that Savonarola or Cromwell might well have approved of. Indeed, "The Theatre and Its Double" may be read as an indignant attack on the theatre, with an animus reminiscent of the "Letter to d'Alembert" in which Rousseau, enraged by the character of Alceste in "The Misanthrope"—by what he took to be Molière's sophisticated ridiculing of sincerity and moral purity as clumsy fanaticism—ended by arguing that it was the nature of theatre to be morally superficial. Like Rousseau, Artaud revolted against the moral cheapness of most art. Like Plato, Artaud felt that art generally lies. Artaud will not banish artists from his Republic, but he will countenance art only insofar as it is a "true action." Art must be cognitive. "No imagery satisfies me unless it is also knowledge," he writes. Art must have a beneficial spiritual effect on its audience—an effect whose power depends, in Artaud's view, on a disavowal of all forms of mediation.



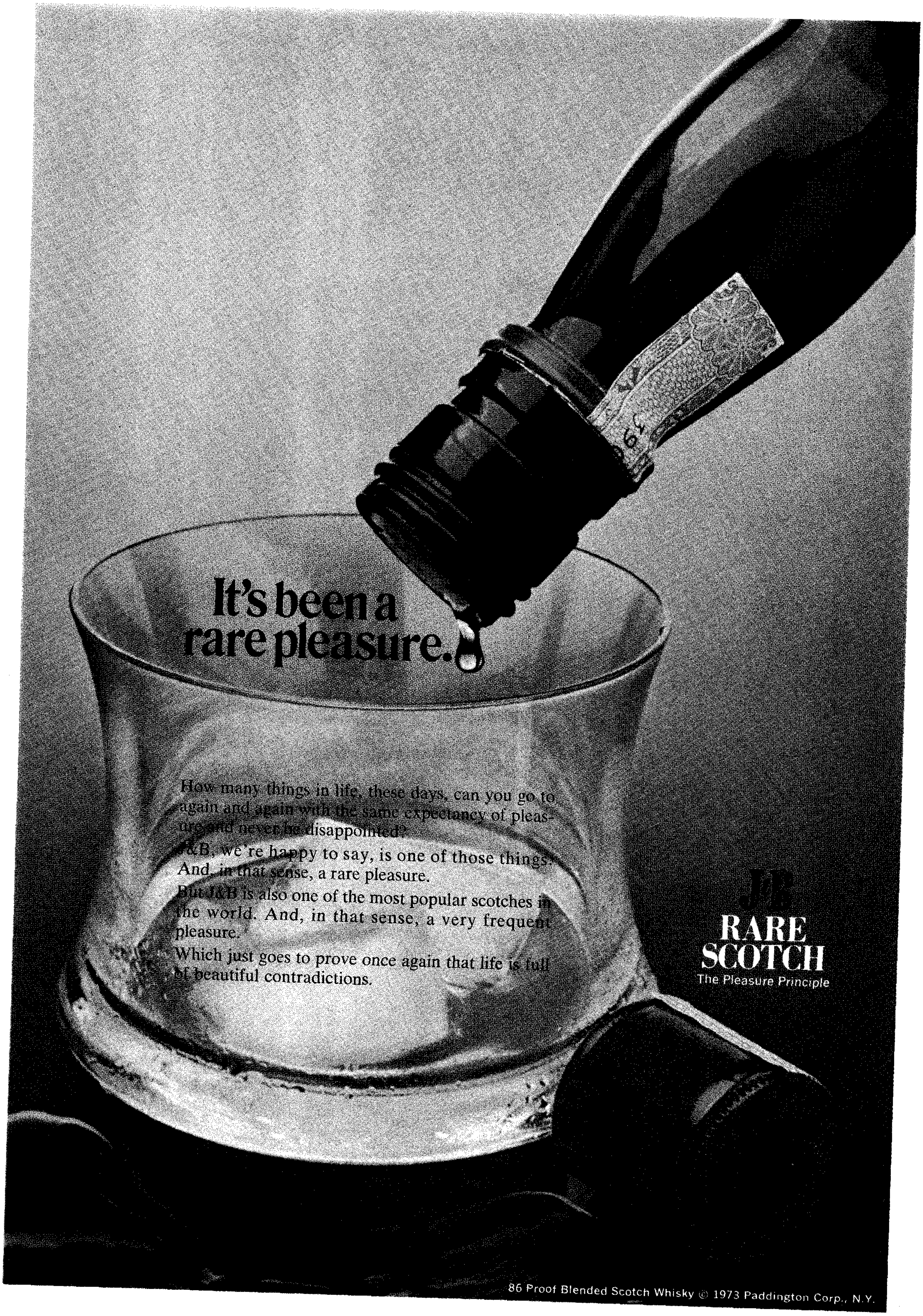
It is the moralist in Artaud that makes him urge that the theatre be pared down, be kept as free from mediating elements as possible—including the mediation of the written text. Plays tell lies. Even if a play doesn't tell a lie, by achieving the status of a "masterpiece" it *becomes* a lie. Artaud announces in 1926 that he does not want to create a theatre to present plays and so perpetuate or add to culture's list of consecrated masterpieces. He judges the heritage of written plays to be a useless obstacle and the playwright an unnecessary intermediary between the audience and the truth that can be presented, naked, on a stage. Here, though, Artaud's moralism takes a distinctly anti-Platonic turn: the naked truth is a truth that is wholly material. Artaud defines the theatre as a place where the obscure facets of "the spirit" are revealed in "a real, material projection."

To incarnate thought, a strictly conceived theatre must dispense with the mediation of an already written script, thereby ending the separation of author from actor. (This removes the most ancient objection to the actor's profession—that it is a form of psychological debauchery, in which people say words that are not their own and pretend to feel emotions that are functionally insincere.) The separation between actor and audience must be reduced (but not ended), by violating the boundary between the stage area and the auditorium's fixed rows of seats. Artaud, with his hieratic sensibility, never envisages a form of theatre in which the audience actively participates in the performance, but he wants to do away with the rules of theatrical decorum which permit the audience to dissociate itself from its own experience. Implicitly answering the moralist's charge that the theatre distracts people from their authentic selfhood by leading them to concern themselves with imaginary problems, Artaud wants the theatre to address itself neither to the spectators' minds nor to their senses but to their "total existence." Only the most passionate of moralists would have wanted people to attend the theatre as they visit the surgeon or the dentist. Though guaranteed not to be fatal (unlike the visit to the surgeon), the operation upon the audience is "serious," and the audience should not leave the theatre "intact" morally or emotionally. In another medical image, Artaud compares the theatre to the plague. To show the truth means to show archetypes rather than individual psychology; this makes the theatre a place of risk, for the "archetypal reality" is "dangerous." Members of the audience are not supposed to identify themselves with what happens on the stage. For Artaud, the "true" theatre is a dangerous, intimidating experience—one that excludes placid emotions, playfulness, reassuring intimacy.

The value of emotional violence in art has long been a main tenet of the modernist sensibility. Before Artaud, however, cruelty was exercised mainly in a disinterested spirit, for its aesthetic efficacy. When Baudelaire placed "the shock experience" (to borrow Walter Benjamin's phrase) at the center of his verse and his prose poems, it was hardly to improve or edify his readers. But exactly this was the point of Artaud's devotion to the aesthetics of shock. Through the exclusiveness of his commitment to paroxysmic art, Artaud shows himself to be as much of a moralist about art as Plato—but a moralist whose hopes for art deny just those distinctions in which Plato's view is grounded. As Artaud opposes the separation between art and life, he opposes all theatrical forms that imply a difference between reality and representation. He does not deny the existence of such a difference. But this difference can be vaulted, Artaud implies, if the spectacle is sufficiently—that is, excessively—violent. The "cruelty" of the work of art has not only a directly moral function but a cognitive one. In Artaud's moralistic idea of knowledge, an image is true insofar as it is violent.

Plato's view depends on assuming the unbridgeable difference between life and art, reality and representation. In the famous imagery in Book VII of the "Republic," Plato likens ignorance to living in an ingeniously lit cave, for whose inhabitants life is a spectacle—a spectacle that consists of only the shadows of real events. The cave is a theatre. And truth (reality) lies outside it, in the sun. In the Platonic imagery of "The Theatre and Its Double," Artaud takes a more lenient view of shadows and spectacles. He assumes that there are true as well as false shadows (and spectacles), and that one can learn to distinguish between them. Far from identifying wisdom with an emergence from the cave to gaze at a high noon of reality, Artaud thinks that modern consciousness suffers from a lack of shadows. The remedy is to remain in the cave but devise better spectacles. The theatre that Artaud proposes will serve consciousness by "naming and directing shadows" and destroying "false shadows" to "prepare the way for a new generation of shadows," around which will assemble "the true spectacle of life."

Not holding a hierarchical view of the mind, Artaud overrides the superficial distinction, cherished by the Surrealists, between the rational and the irrational. Artaud does not speak for the familiar view that praises passion at the expense of reason, the flesh over the mind, the mind exalted by drugs over the prosaic mind, the life of the instincts over deadly cerebration. What he advocates is an alternative relation to the mind. This was the well-advertised attraction that non-Occidental cultures held for Artaud, but it was not what brought him to drugs. (It



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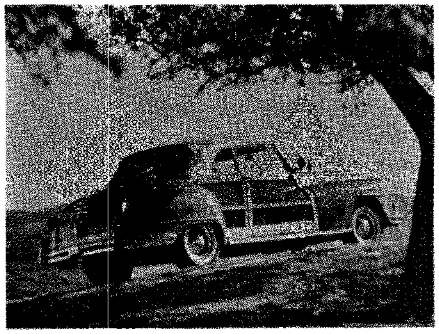

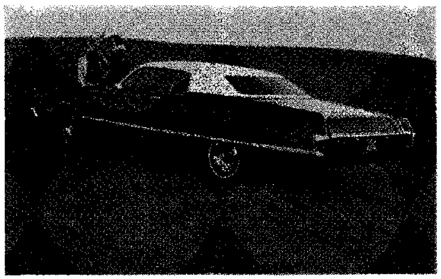

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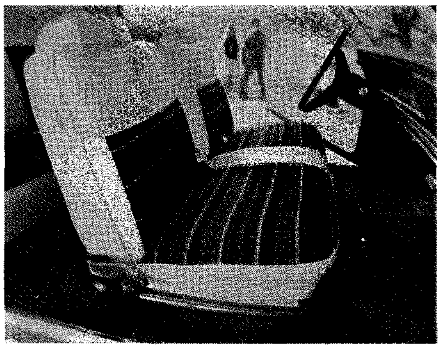

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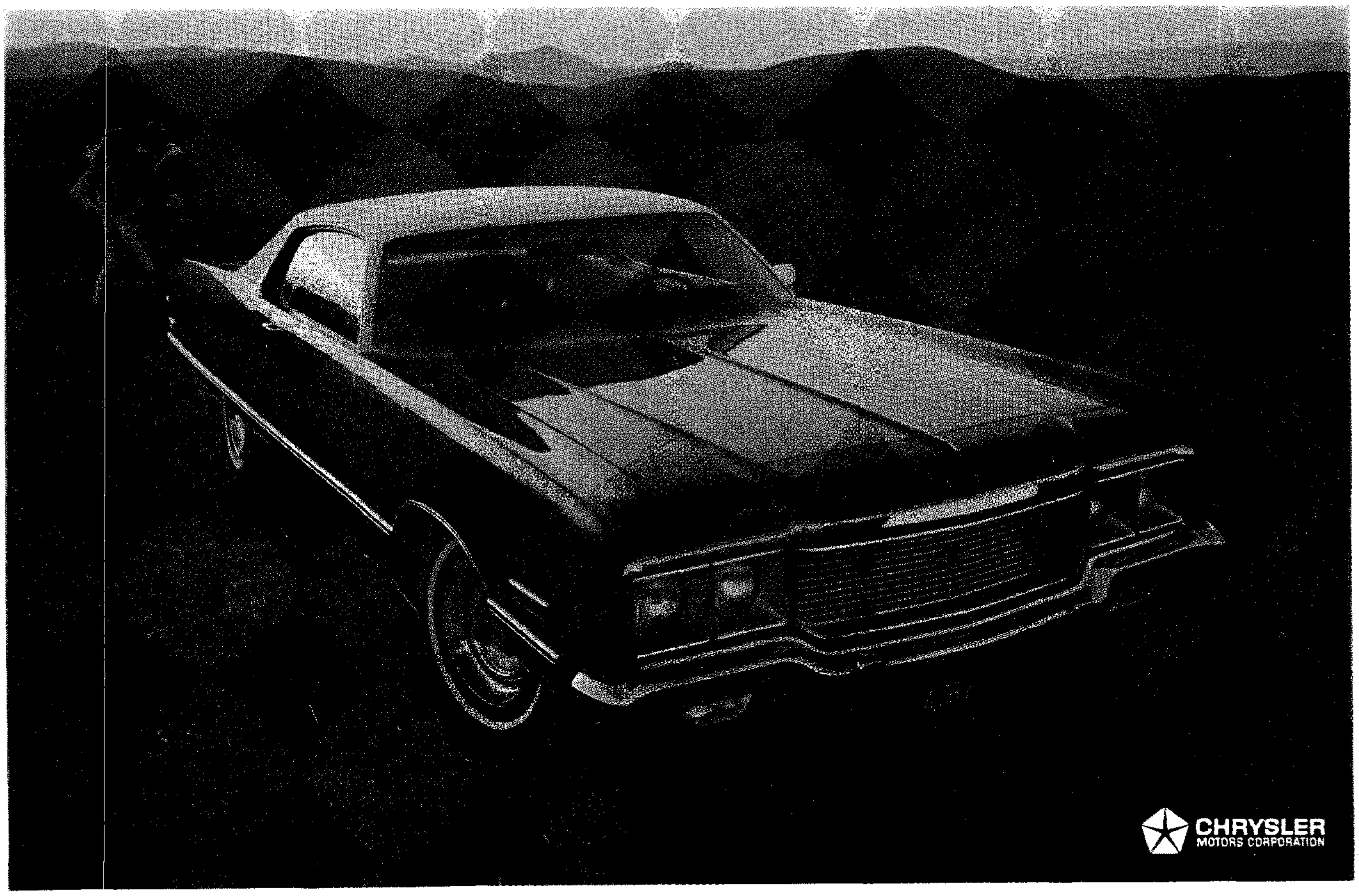
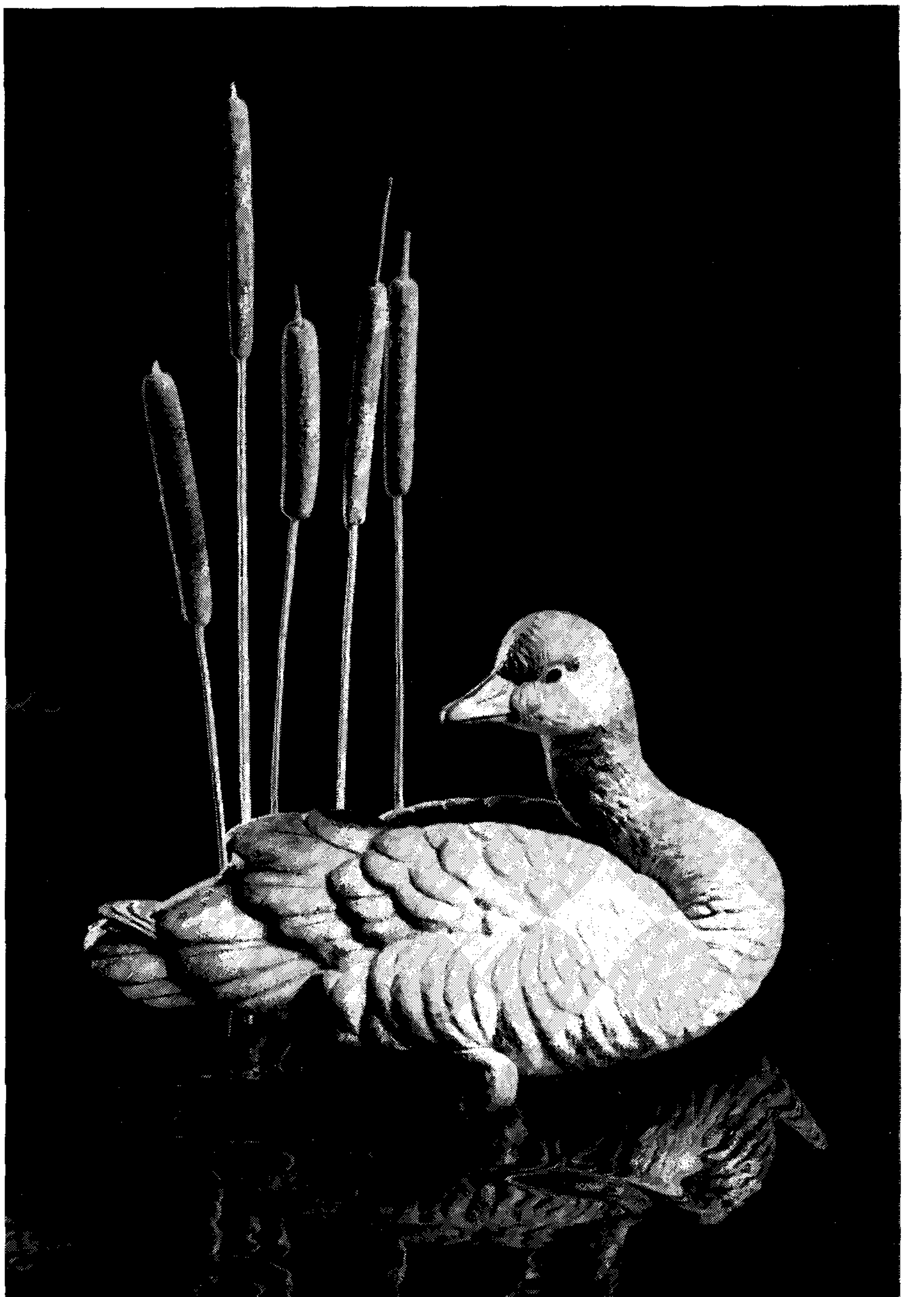


was to calm the migraines and other neurological pain he suffered from all his life, not to expand his consciousness, that Artaud used opiates, and got addicted.)

For a brief time, Artaud took the Surrealist state of mind as a model for the unified, non-dualistic consciousness he sought. After rejecting Surrealism in 1926, he reproposed art—specifically, theatre—as a more rigorous model. The function that Artaud gives the theatre is to heal the split between language and flesh. It is the theme of his ideas for training actors: a training antithetical to the familiar one that teaches actors neither how to move nor what to do with their voices apart from talk—scream, growl, sing, chant. It is also the subject of his ideal dramaturgy. Far from espousing a facile irrationalism that polarizes reason and feeling, Artaud imagines the theatre as the place where the body would be reborn in thought and thought would be reborn in the body. He diagnoses his own disease as a split *within* his mind ("My conscious aggregate is broken," he writes) that internalizes the split between mind and body. Artaud's writings on the theatre may be read as a psychological manual on the reunification of mind and body. Theatre became his supreme metaphor for the self-correcting, spontaneous, carnal, intelligent life of the mind.

Indeed, Artaud's imagery for the theatre in "The Theatre and Its Double," written in the nineteen-thirties, echoes images he uses in writings of the early and mid-nineteen-twenties—such as "The Nerve Meter," letters to René and Yvonne Allendy, and "Fragments of a Diary in Hell"—to describe his own mental pain. Artaud complains that his consciousness is without boundaries and fixed position; bereft of or in a continual struggle with language; fractured—indeed, plagued—by discontinuities; either without physical location or constantly shifting in location (and extension in time and space); sexually obsessed; in a state of violent infestation. Artaud's theatre is characterized by an absence of any fixed spatial positioning of the actors vis-à-vis each other and of the actors in relation to the audience; by a fluidity of motion and soul; by the mutilation of language and the transcendence of language in the actor's scream; by the carnality of the spectacle; by its obsessively violent tone. Artaud was, of course, not simply reproducing his inner agony. Rather, he was giving a systematized, positive version of it. Theatre is a projected image (necessarily an *ideal* dramatization) of the



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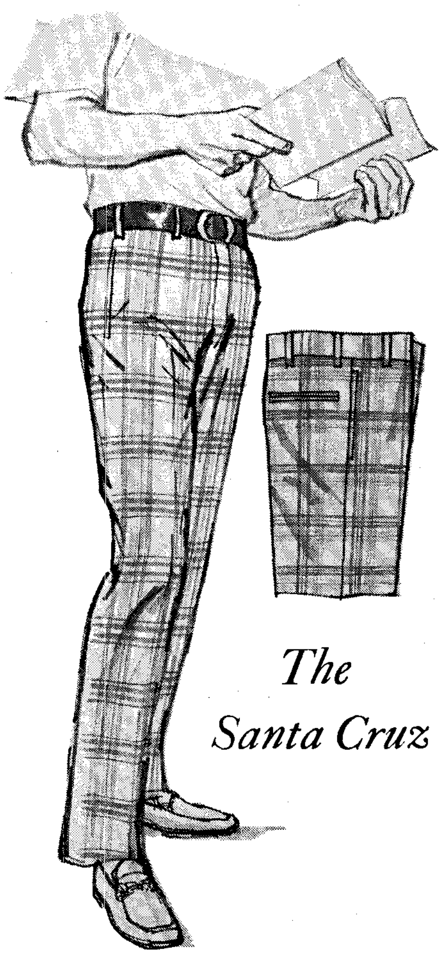

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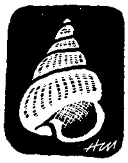
dangerous, "inhuman" inner life that possessed him, that he struggled so heroically to transcend and to affirm. It is also a homeopathic technique for treating that mangled, passionate inner life. Being a kind of emotional and moral surgery upon consciousness, it must of necessity, according to Artaud, be "cruel."

When Hume expressly likens consciousness to a theatre, the image is morally neutral and entirely ahistorical; he is not thinking of any particular kind of theatre, Western or other, and would have considered irrelevant any reminder that theatre evolves. For Artaud, the decisive part of the analogy is that theatre—and consciousness—can change. For not only does consciousness resemble a theatre but, as Artaud constructs it, theatre resembles consciousness, and therefore lends itself to being turned into a theatre-laboratory in which to conduct research in changing consciousness.

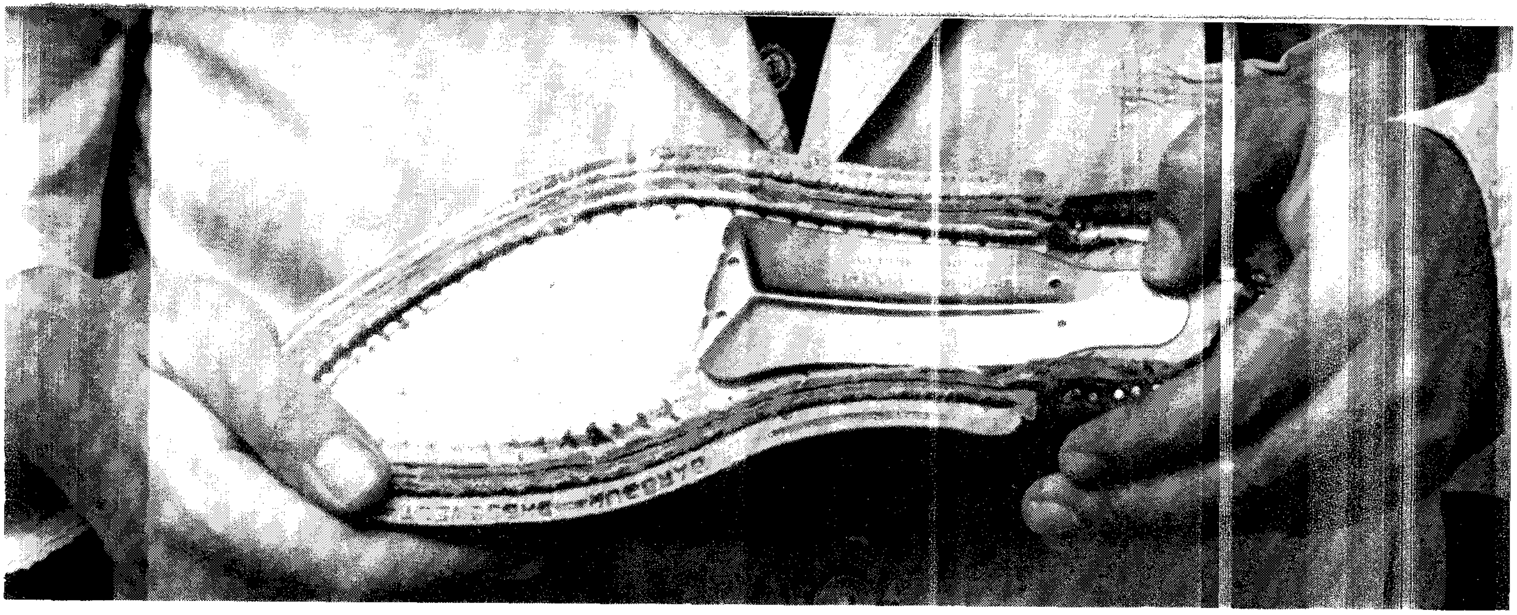
Artaud's writings on the theatre are transformations of his aspirations for his own mind. He wants theatre (like the mind) to be released from confinement in "a fixed language and form." A liberated theatre liberates, he assumes. By giving vent to extreme passions and cultural nightmares, theatre exorcises them. But Artaud's theatre is by no means simply cathartic. At least in its intention (Artaud's practice in the nineteen-twenties and thirties is another matter), his theatre has little in common with the antitheatre of playful, sadistic assault on the audience which was conceived by Marinetti and the Dada artists just before and after the First World War. The aggressiveness that Artaud proposes is controlled and intricately orchestrated, for he assumes that sensory violence can be a form of embodied intelligence. By insisting on theatre's cognitive function (drama, he writes in 1923, in an essay on Maeterlinck, is "the highest form of mental activity"), he rules out randomness. (Even in his Surrealist days, he did not join in the practice of automatic writing.) Theatre, he remarks occasionally, must be "scientific," by which he means that it must not be random, not be merely expressive or spontaneous or personal or entertaining, but must embrace a wholly serious, ultimately religious purpose.

Artaud's insistence on the seriousness of the theatrical situation also marks his difference from the Surrealists, who thought of art and its therapeutic and "revolutionary" mission with a good deal less than precision. The Surrealists, whose moralizing impulses were considerably less intransigent than Artaud's, and who brought no sense of moral urgency at all to bear on art-making, were not inclined to concentrate deeply on the explosive potential of any single art form. They tended to be tourists, often of genius, in as many of the arts as possible, believing that the art impulse remains the same wherever it turns up. (Thus, Cocteau, who had the ideal Surrealist career, called everything he did "poetry.") Artaud's greater daring and authority as an aesthetician result partly from the fact that although he, too, practiced several arts, refusing, like the Surrealists, to be inhibited by the distribution of art into different media, he did not regard the various arts as equivalent forms of the same protean impulse. His own activities, however dispersed they may have been, always reflect Artaud's quest for a total art form, into which the others would merge—as art itself would merge into life.



Paradoxically, it was this very denial of independence to the different territories of art which brought Artaud to do what none of the Surrealists had even attempted: completely rethink one art form. Upon that art, theatre, he has had an impact so profound that the course of all recent serious theatre in Western Europe and the Americas can be said to divide into two periods—before Artaud and after Artaud. No one who works in the theatre now is untouched by the impact of Artaud's specific ideas about the actor's body and voice, the use of music, the role of the written text, the interplay between the space occupied by the spectacle and the audience's space. Artaud changed the understanding of what was serious, what was worth doing. Brecht is the century's only other writer on the theatre whose importance and profundity conceivably rival Artaud's. But Artaud did not succeed in affecting the conscience of the modern theatre by himself being, as Brecht was, a great director. His influence derives no support from the evidence of his own productions. His practical work in the theatre between 1926 and 1935 was apparently so unseductive that it has left virtually no trace, whereas the idea of theatre on behalf of which he urged his productions upon an unreceptive public has become ever more potent.

FROM the mid-nineteen-twenties on, Artaud's work is animated by the idea of a radical change in culture. His imagery implies a medical rather than a historical view of culture: so-



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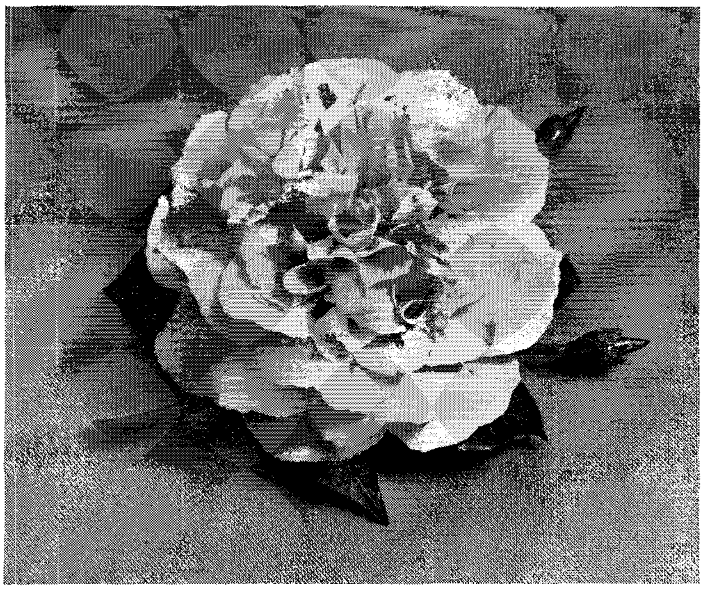

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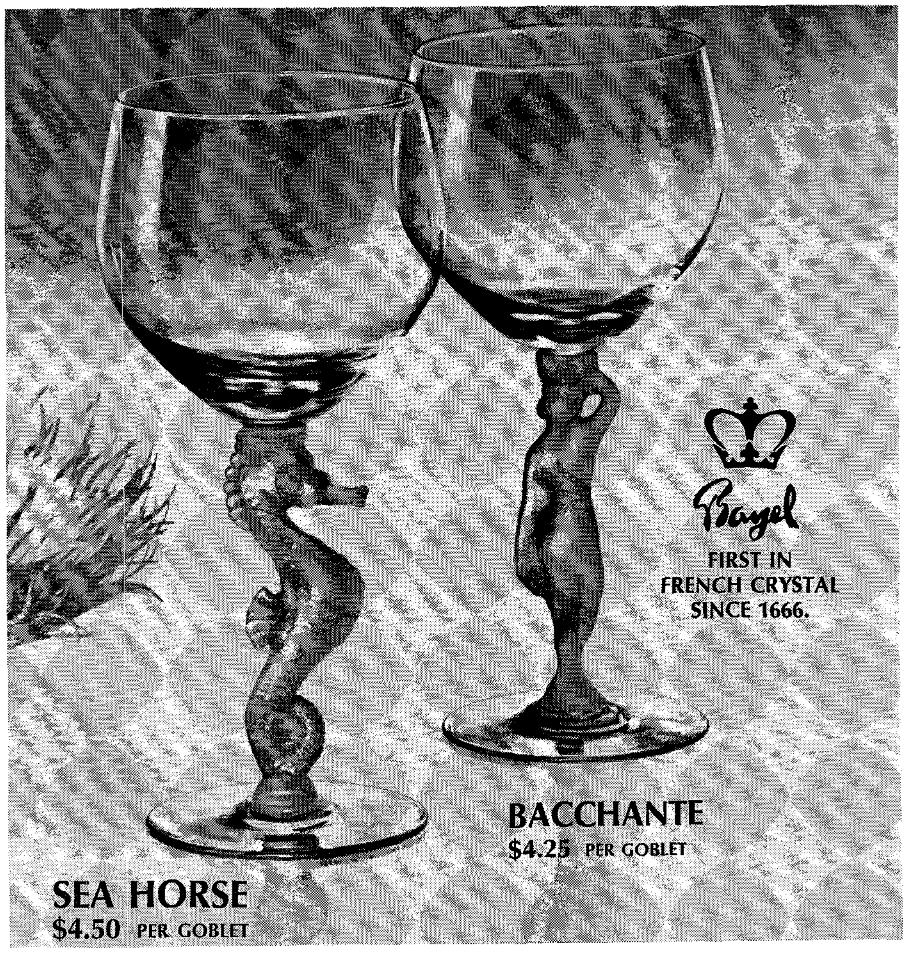

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ciety is ailing. Like Nietzsche, Artaud conceived of himself as a physician to culture—as well as its most painfully ill patient. The theatre he planned is a commando action against the established culture, an assault on the bourgeois public; it would both show people that they are dead and wake them up from their stupor. The man who was to be devastated by repeated electric-shock treatments during the last three of nine consecutive years in mental hospitals proposed that theatre administer to culture a kind of shock therapy. Artaud, who often complained of feeling paralyzed, wanted theatre to renew "the sense of life."

Up to a point, Artaud's prescriptions resemble many programs of cultural renovation that have appeared periodically during the last two centuries of Western culture in the name of simplicity, *élan vital*, naturalness, freedom from artifice. His diagnosis that we live in an inorganic, "petrified culture"—whose lifelessness he associates with the dominance of the written word—was hardly a fresh idea when he stated it, yet, many decades later, it has not exhausted its authority. Artaud's argument in "The Theatre and Its Double" is closely related to that of the Nietzsche who in "The Birth of Tragedy" lamented the shrivelling of the full-blooded archaic theatre of Athens by Socratic philosophy—by the introduction of a dialogue that reasons. (Another parallel with Artaud: What made the young Nietzsche an ardent Wagnerian was Wagner's conception of opera as the *Gesamtkunstwerk*—the fullest statement, before Artaud, of the idea of total theatre.)

Just as Nietzsche harked back to the Dionysiac ceremonies that preceded the secularized, rationalized, verbal-dialogue theatre of Athens, Artaud found his models in non-Western religious or magical theatre. Artaud does not propose the Theatre of Cruelty as a new idea within Western theatre. It "assumed . . . another form of civilization." He is referring not to any specific civilization, however, but to an idea of civilization that has numerous bases in history—a synthesis of elements from past societies and from non-Western and primitive societies of the present. The preference for "another form of civilization" is essentially eclectic. (That is to say, it is a myth generated by certain moral needs.) The inspiration for Artaud's ideas about theatre came from Southeast Asia: from seeing the Cambodian theatre in Marseille in 1922 and the Balinese theatre in Paris in 1931. But the stimulus could just as well have come from observing the the-

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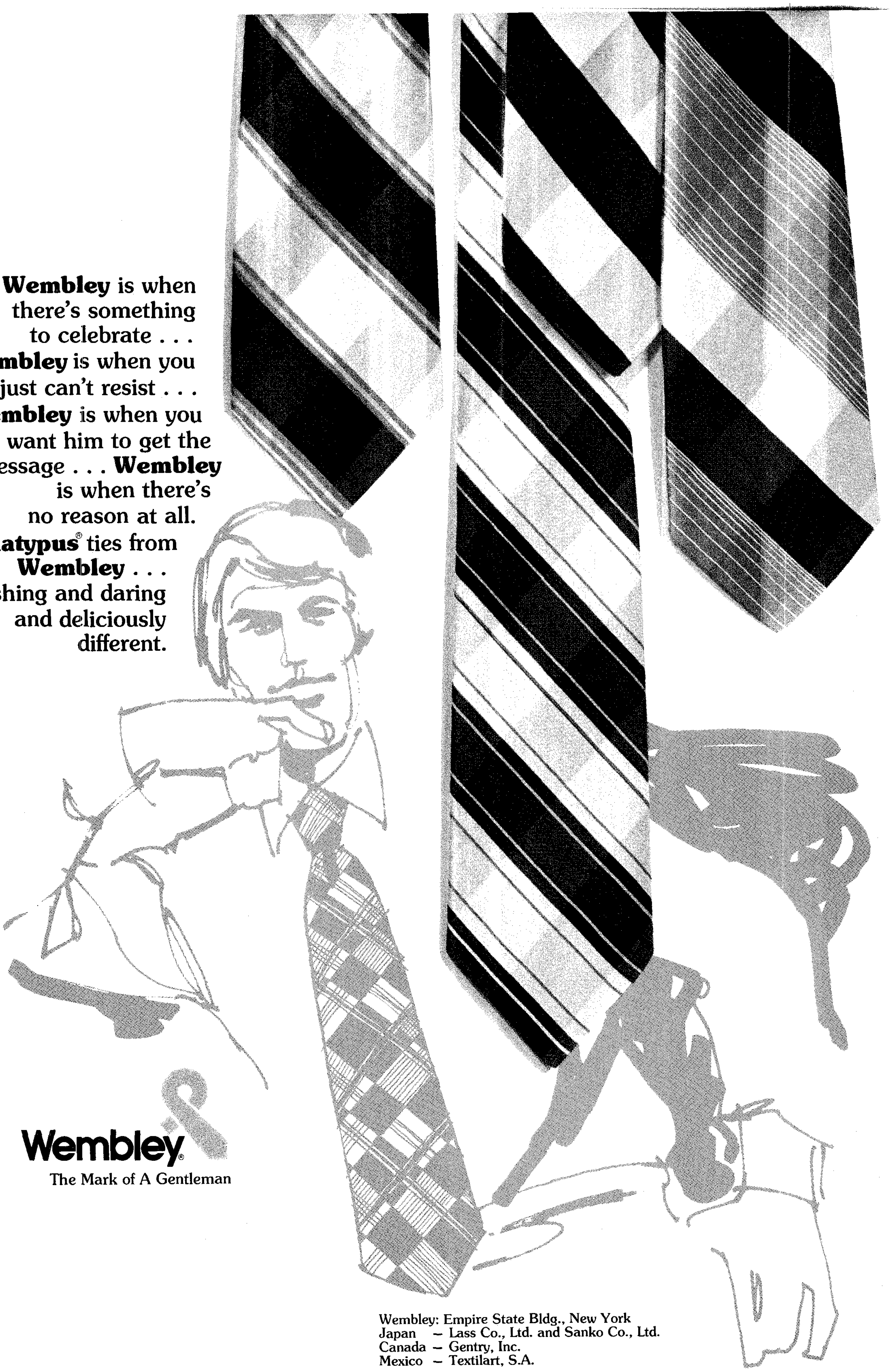

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atre of a Dahomey tribe or the shamanistic ceremonies of the Patagonian Indians. What counts is that the other culture be genuinely other; that is, non-Western and non-contemporary.

At different times, Artaud followed all three of the most frequently travelled imaginative routes from Western high culture to "another form of civilization." First came what was known just after World War I, in the writings of Hesse, René Daumal, and the Surrealists, as the Turn to the East. Second came the interest in a suppressed part of the Western past—heterodox spiritual or outright magical traditions. Third came the discovery of the life of so-called primitive peoples. What unites the East, the ancient antinomian and occult traditions in the West, and the exotic communitarianism of preliterate tribes is that they are elsewhere, not only in space but in time. All three embody the values of the past. Though the Tarahumara Indians in Mexico still exist, their survival in 1936, when Artaud visited them, was already anachronistic; the values that the Tarahumaras represent belong as much to the past as do those of the ancient Near Eastern mystery religions that Artaud studied while writing his historical novel "Heliogabalus," in 1933. The three versions of "another form of civilization" bear witness to the same search for a society integrated around overtly religious themes, and flight from the secular. What interests Artaud is the Orient of Buddhism (see his "Letter to the Buddhist Schools," written in 1925) and of Yoga; it would never be the Orient of Mao Tse-tung, however much Artaud talked up revolution. (The Long March was taking place at the very time that Artaud was struggling to mount his productions of the Theatre of Cruelty in Paris.)

This nostalgia for a past often so eclectic as to be quite unlocatable historically is a facet of the modernist sensibility which has seemed increasingly suspect in recent decades. It is an ultimate refinement of the colonialist outlook: an imaginative exploitation of non-white cultures, whose moral life it drastically oversimplifies, whose wisdom it plunders and parodies. To that criticism there is no convincing reply. But it is not really damaging to the quest for "another form of civilization" to point out that it refuses to submit to the disillusionment of accurate historical knowledge. It never sought such knowledge. The other civilizations are being used as models and are available as stimulants to the imagination precisely because they are *not* accessible. They are both models and mysteries. Nor can

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"You're under a lot of pressure down there."
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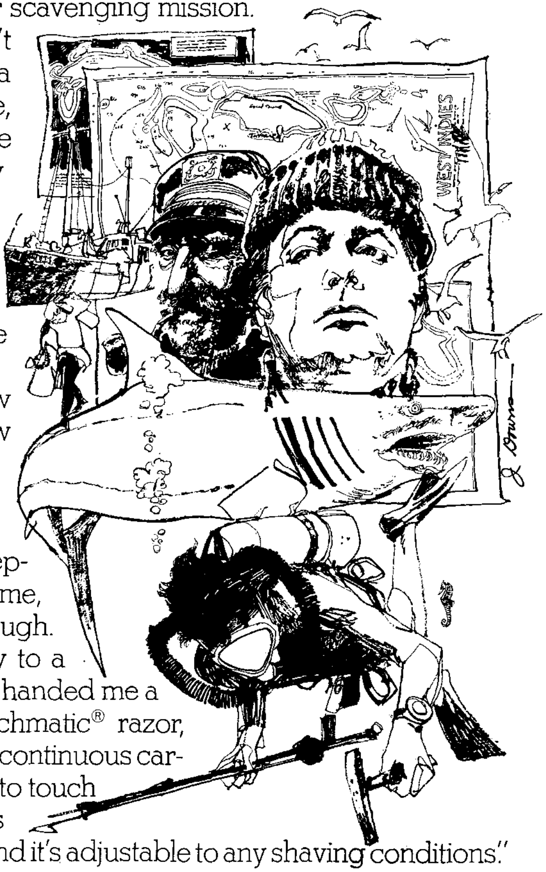

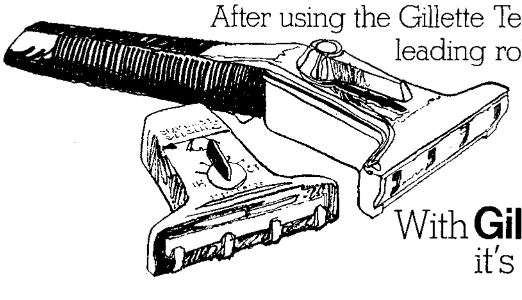

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this quest be dismissed as fraudulent on the ground that it is insensitive to the political forces that cause human suffering. It consciously opposes such sensitivity. This nostalgia forms part of a view that is deliberately *not* political—however frequently it employs the word "revolution."

One result of the aspiration to a total art which follows from denying the gap between art and life has been to encourage the notion of art as an instrument of revolution. The other result has been the identification of both art and life with disinterested, pure playfulness. For every Vertov or Breton, there is a Cage or a Duchamp or a Rauschenberg. Although Artaud is close to Vertov and Breton in that he considers his activities to be part of a larger revolution, as a self-proclaimed revolutionary in the arts he actually stands between the two camps—not interested in satisfying either the political or the ludic impulse. Dismayed when Breton attempted to link the Surrealist programs with Marxism, Artaud broke with the Surrealists for what he considered to be their betrayal, into the hands of politics, of an essentially "spiritual" revolution. He was anti-bourgeois almost by reflex (like nearly all artists in the modernist tradition), but the prospect of transferring power from the bourgeoisie to the proletariat never tempted him. From his avowedly "absolute" viewpoint, a change in social structure would not change anything. The revolution to which Artaud subscribes has nothing to do with politics but is conceived explicitly as an effort to redirect culture. Not only does Artaud share the widespread (and mistaken) belief in the possibility of a cultural revolution unconnected with political change but he implies that the *only* genuine cultural revolution is one that has nothing to do with politics.

Artaud's call to cultural revolution suggests a program of heroic regression similar to that formulated by every great *anti*-political moralist of our time. The banner of cultural revolution is hardly a monopoly of the Marxist or Maoist left. On the contrary, it appeals particularly to apolitical thinkers and artists (like Nietzsche, Spengler, Pirandello, Marinetti, D. H. Lawrence, Pound) who are more commonly drawn to right-wing enthusiasms. Advocates of cultural revolution on the political left are rare. (Vladimir Tatlin, Antonio Gramsci, and Godard are among the few who come to mind.) A radicalism that is purely "cultural" is either illusory or, finally, conservative in its implications. Artaud's plans for subverting and revitalizing culture, his longing for a new type of human personality illustrate the limits of all thinking about revolution which is anti-political.

Cultural revolution that refuses to be political has nowhere to go but toward a theology of culture—and a soteriology. "I aspire to another life," Artaud declares in 1927. All Artaud's work is about salvation, theatre being the means of saving souls which he meditated upon most deeply. Spiritual transformation is a goal on whose behalf theatre has often been enlisted in this century, at least since Isadora Duncan. In the most recent and solemn example, the Laboratory Theatre of Jerzy Grotowski, the whole activity of building a company and rehearsing and putting on plays serves the spiritual reëducation of the actors; the presence of an audience is required only to witness the feats of self-transcendence that the actors perform. In Artaud's Theatre of Cruelty, it is the audience that will be twice-born—an untested claim, since Artaud never made his theatre work (as Grotowski did throughout the nineteen-sixties in Poland), but a goal that seems a good deal less feasible than the discipline for which Grotowski aims. Sensitive as Artaud is to the emotional and physical armoring of the conventionally trained actor, he never examines closely how the radical retraining he proposes will affect the actor as a human being. His thought is all for the audience.

As might have been expected, the audience proved to be a disappointment. Artaud's productions in the two theatres he founded, the Alfred Jarry Theatre (1926-29) and the Theatre of Cruelty (1933-35), created little involvement. Yet although entirely dissatisfied with the quality of his public, Artaud complained much more about the token support he got from the serious Paris theatre establishment (he had a long, desperate correspondence with Louis Jouvet); about the difficulty of getting his projects produced at all; about the paltriness of their success when they were put on. Artaud was understandably embittered because, despite numerous titled patrons, and friends who were eminent writers, painters, editors, directors—all of whom he constantly badgered for moral support and money—his work, when it was actually produced, enjoyed only a small portion of the acclaim conventionally reserved for properly sponsored, difficult events attended by the regulars of high-culture consumption. Artaud's

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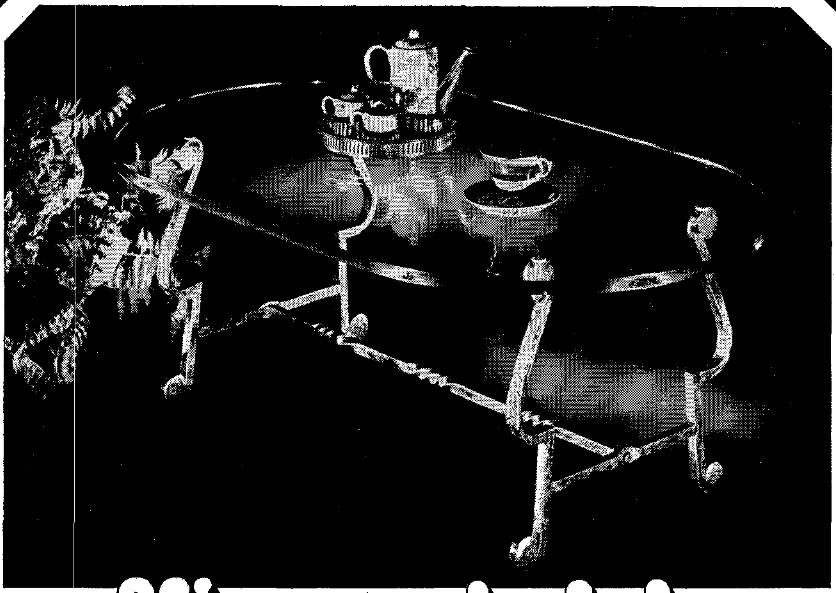

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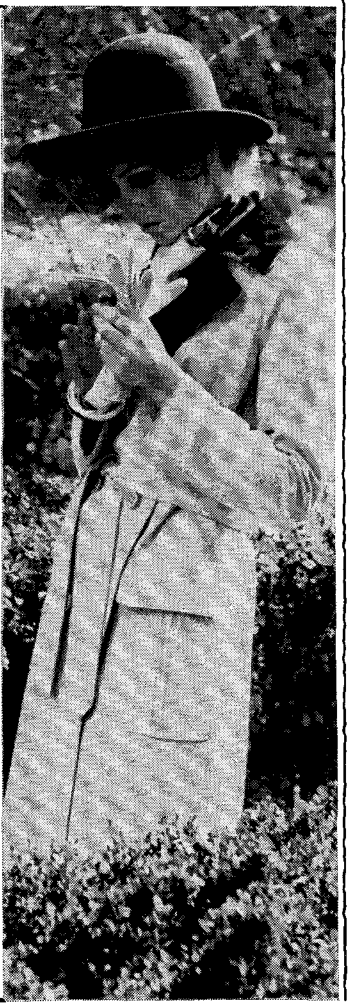

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most ambitious, fully articulated production of the Theatre of Cruelty, his own "The Cenci," ran for only seventeen performances in the spring of 1935. But had it run for three hundred performances he would probably have been equally convinced that he had failed.

In modern culture, powerful machinery has been set up whereby dissident work, after gaining an initial semi-official status as "avant-garde," is gradually absorbed and rendered acceptable. But Artaud's practical activities in the theatre barely qualified for this kind of coöptation. "The Cenci" is not a very good play, even by the standards of convulsive dramaturgy which Artaud sponsored, and the interest of his production of "The Cenci," by all accounts, lay in ideas it suggested but did not actually embody. What Artaud did on the stage as a director and as a leading actor in his productions was too idiosyncratic, narrow, and hysterical to persuade. He has exerted influence through his ideas about the theatre, a constituent part of the authority of these ideas being precisely his inability to put them into practice.

Fortified by its insatiable appetite for novel commodities, the educated public of great cities has become habituated to the modernist agony and well skilled in outwitting it: any negative can eventually be turned into a positive. Thus, Artaud, who urged that the repertory of masterpieces be thrown on the junk pile, has been extremely influential as the creator of an alternative repertory, an adversary tradition of plays. Artaud's stern cry "No more masterpieces!" has been heard as the more conciliatory "No more of *those* masterpieces!" But this positive recasting of his attack on the traditional repertory has not taken place without help from Artaud's practice (as distinct from his rhetoric). Despite his repeated insistence that the theatre should dispense with plays, his own work in the theatre was far from playless. He named his first company after the author of the play "King Ubu." Apart from his own projects—"The Conquest of Mexico" and "The Capture of Jerusalem" (unproduced) and "The Cenci"—there were a number of then unfashionable or obscure masterpieces that Artaud wanted to revive. He did get to stage the two great "dream plays" by Calderón and Strindberg ("Life Is a Dream" and "A Dream Play"), and over the years he hoped also to direct productions of Euripides ("The Bacchae"), Seneca ("Thyestes"), "Arden of Feversham," Shake-

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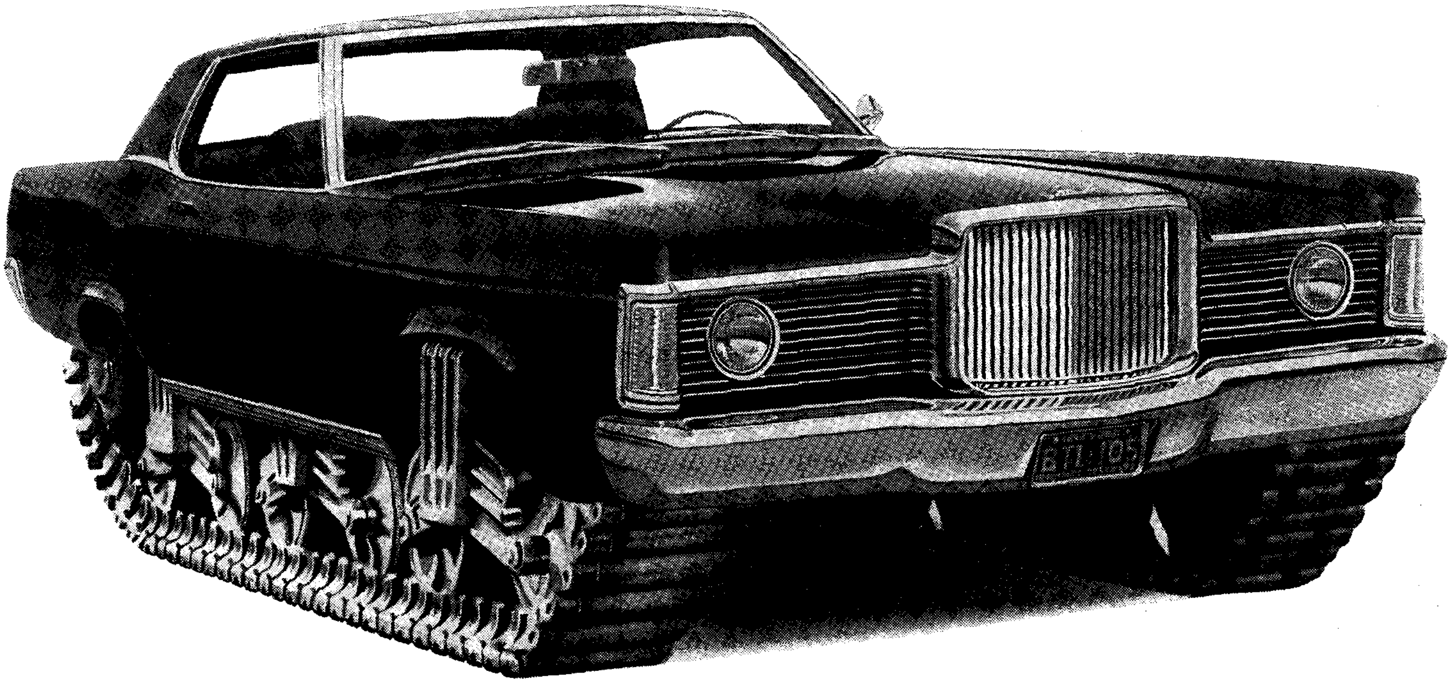

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FOR THE PIRELLI DEALER NEAREST YOU, IN THE U.S. AND CANADA, SEE THE YELLOW PAGES. PIRELLI TIRE CORPORATION, 600 THIRD AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016 speare ("Macbeth," "Richard II," "Titus Andronicus"), Tourneur ("The Revenger's Tragedy"), Webster ("The White Devil," "The Duchess of Malfi"), Sade ("Le Château de Valmore"), Büchner ("Woyzeck"), and Hölderlin ("The Death of Empedocles"). The selection of these plays delineates a now familiar sensibility. Along with the Dadaists, Artaud formulated the taste that was eventually to become standard serious taste—Off Broadway, Off Off Broadway, in university theatres. In terms of the past, it meant dethroning Sophocles and Corneille and Racine in favor of Euripides and the dark Elizabethans; the only dead French writer on Artaud's list is Sade. In the last fifteen years, that taste has been represented in the Happenings and the Theatre of the Ridiculous; the plays of Genet, Jean Vauthier, Arrabal, Carmelo Bene, and Sam Shepard; and such celebrated productions as the Living Theatre's "Frankenstein," Eduardo Manet's "The Nuns" (directed by Roger Blin), Michael McClure's "The Beard," Robert M. Wilson's "Deafman Glance," and Heathcote Williams' "ac/dc." Whatever Artaud did to subvert the theatre, and to isolate his own work from other, merely aesthetic currents in the interests of establishing its spiritual hegemony, could still be assimilated as a new theatrical tradition, and mostly has been.

If Artaud's project does not actually transcend art, it presupposes a goal that art can sustain only temporarily. Each use of art in a secular society for the purposes of spiritual transformation, insofar as it is made *public*, is inevitably robbed of its true adversary power. Stated in directly, or even indirectly, religious language, the project is notably vulnerable. But atheist projects for spiritual transformation, such as the political art of Brecht, have proved to be equally coöptable. Only a few situations in modern secular society seem sufficiently extreme and uncommunicative to have a chance of evading co-optation. Madness is one. What surpasses the limit of suffering (like the Holocaust) is another. A third is, of course, silence. One way to stop this inexorable process of ingestion is to break off communication (even anti-communication). An exhaustion of the impulse to use art as a medium of spiritual transformation is almost inevitable; every modern author when confronted with the indifference or mediocrity of the public, on the one hand, or the ease of success, on the other, is tempted to stop writing altogether. Thus, it was not just for lack of money

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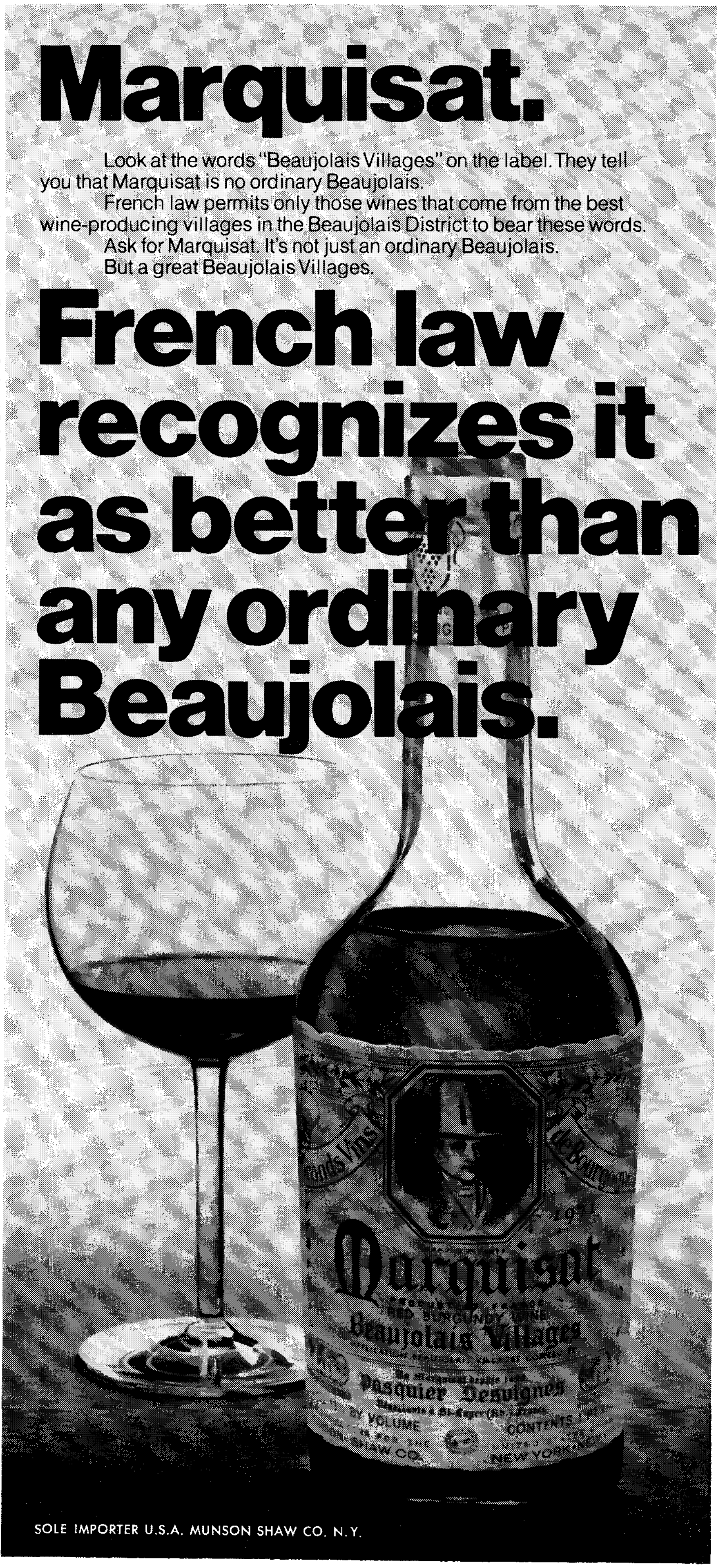
or support within the profession that, after putting on "The Cenci," in 1935, Artaud abandoned the theatre. The project of creating in a secular culture an institution that can manifest a dark, hidden reality is a contradiction in terms. Artaud was never able to found his Bayreuth, though he would have liked to. His ideas are the kind that cannot be institutionalized.

The year after the failure of "The Cenci," Artaud embarked on a trip to Mexico to witness that demonic reality in a still existing "primitive" culture. Unsuccessful at embodying this reality in a spectacle to impose on others, he became a spectator of it himself. From 1935 onward, Artaud lost touch with the promise of an ideal art form. His writings, always didactic, now took on a prophetic tone and referred frequently to esoteric magical systems, like the cabala and tarot. Apparently, Artaud came to believe that he could exercise directly, in his own person, the emotional power (and achieve the spiritual efficacy) he had wanted for the theatre. In the middle of 1937, he travelled to the Aran Islands, with an obscure plan for exploring or confirming his magic powers. The wall between art and life was still down. But instead of everything's being assimilated into art the movement swung the other way, and Artaud moved without mediation into his life, a dangerous, careering object—the vessel of a raging hunger for total transformation which could never find its appropriate nourishment.

WHILE Nietzsche coolly assumed an atheist theology of the spirit, a negative theology, a mysticism without God, Artaud wandered in the labyrinth of a specific type of religious sensibility, the Gnostic one. (Central to Mithraism, Manichaeism, Zoroastrianism, and Tantric Buddhism, though pushed to the heretical margins of Judaism, Christianity, and Islam, the perennial Gnostic thematics appear in the different religions in different terminologies but with certain common lines.) The leading energies of Gnosticism come from metaphysical anxiety and acute psychological distress—the sense of being abandoned, of being an alien, of being possessed by demonic powers, which prey on the human spirit in a cosmos vacated by the divine. The cosmos is itself a battlefield, and each human life exhibits the conflict between the repressive, persecuting forces from without and the feverish, afflicted individual spirit seeking redemption. The demonic forces of the cosmos exist as physical matter. They also exist as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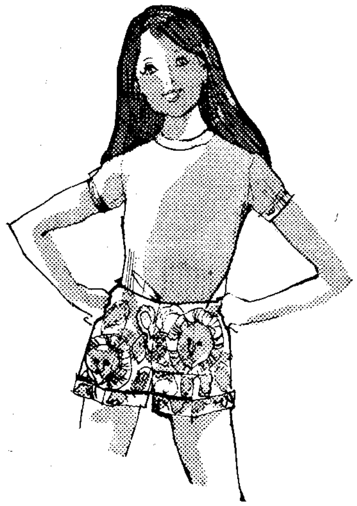

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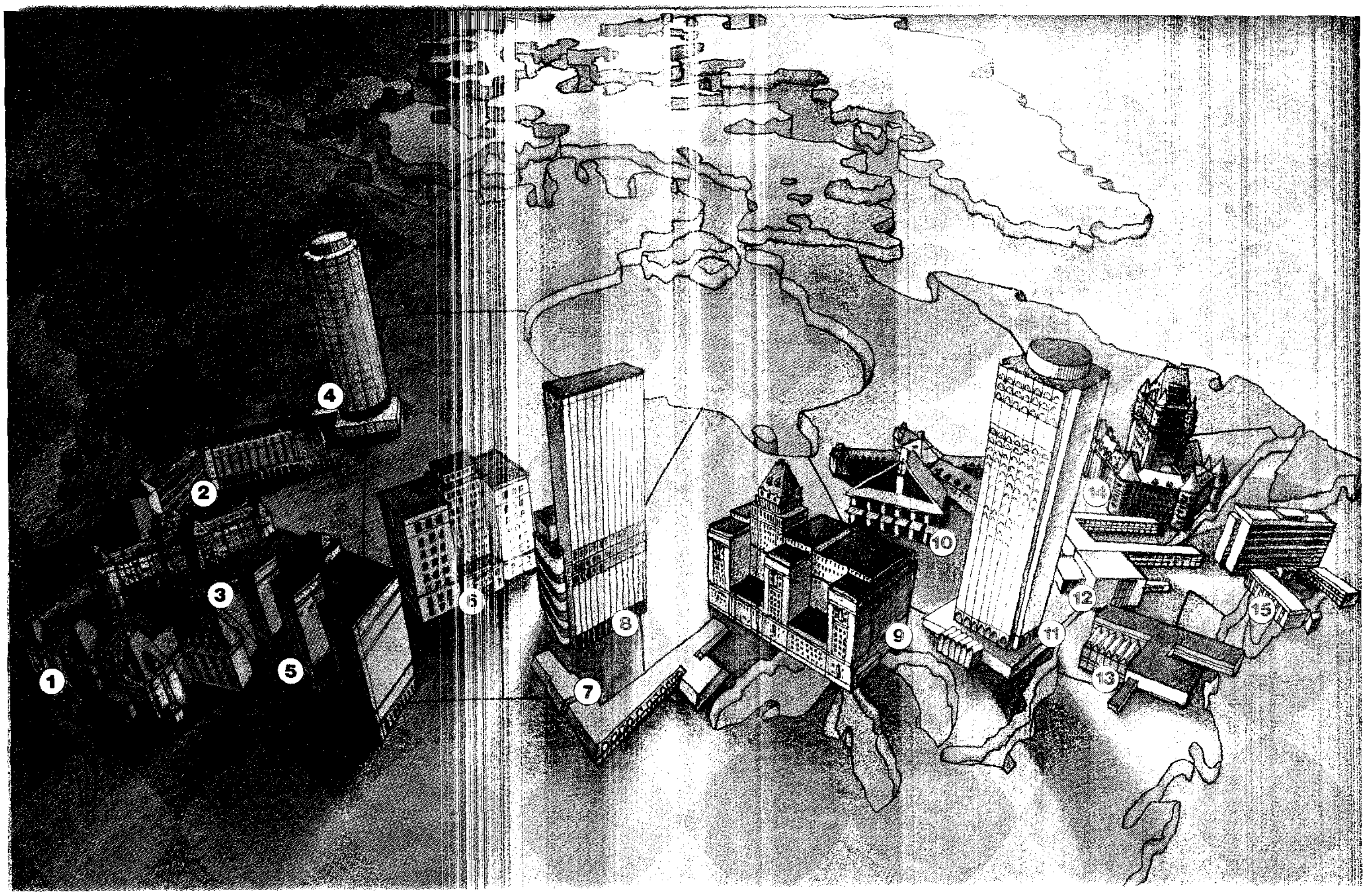
"law," taboos, prohibitions. Thus, in the Gnostic metaphors the spirit is abandoned, fallen, trapped in a body, and the individual is repressed, trapped by being in "the world"—what we would call "society." (It is a mark of all Gnostic thinking to polarize inner space, the psyche, and a vague outer space, "the world" or "society," which is identified with repression—making little or no acknowledgment of the importance of the mediating levels of the various social spheres and institutions.) The self, or spirit, discovers itself in the break with "the world." The only freedom possible is an inhuman, desperate freedom. To be saved, the spirit must be taken out of its body, out of its personality, out of "the world." And freedom requires an arduous preparation. Whoever seeks it must both accept extreme humiliation and exhibit the greatest spiritual pride. In one version, freedom entails total asceticism. In another version, it entails libertinism—practicing the art of transgression. To be free of "the world," one must break the moral (or social) law. To transcend the body, one must pass through a period of physical debauchery and verbal blasphemy, on the view that only when morality has been deliberately flouted is the individual capable of a radical transformation, entering into a state of grace that leaves all moral categories behind. In both versions of the exemplary Gnostic drama, someone who is saved is beyond good and evil. Founded on an exacerbation of dualisms (body-mind, matter-spirit, evil-good, dark-light), Gnosticism promises the abolition of all dualisms.

Artaud's thought reproduces most of the Gnostic themes. For example, his attack on Surrealism in the polemic written in 1927 is couched in a language of cosmic drama, in which he refers to the necessity of a "displacement of the spiritual center of the world" and to the origin of all matter in "a spiritual deviation." Throughout his writings, Artaud speaks of being persecuted, invaded, and defiled by alien powers; his work focusses on the vicissitudes of the spirit, the inner self, as it constantly discovers its lack of liberty in its very condition of being "matter." Artaud is obsessed with physical matter. From "The Nerve Meter" and "Art and Death," written in the nineteen-twenties, to "Here Lies" and the radio play "An End to God's Judgment," written in 1947-48, Artaud's prose and poetry depict a world clogged with matter (excrement, blood, sperm), a defiled world. The demonic powers that rule the world are incarnated in matter, and matter is "dark." Essential to the theatre that Artaud conceives—a theatre devoted to myth and magic—is his belief that all the great myths are "dark" and that all magic is black magic. Even when life is encrusted by petrified, degenerate, merely verbal language, Artaud insists, the reality lies just underneath—or somewhere else. Art can tap these powers, for they seethe in every psyche. It was in search of these dark powers that Artaud went to Mexico in 1936 to witness the Tarahumara peyote rites. The individual's salvation requires making contact with the malevolent powers, submitting to them, and suffering at their hands in order to triumph over them.

What Artaud admires in the Balinese theatre, he writes in 1931, is that it has nothing to do with "entertainment" but, rather, has "something of the ceremonial quality of a religious rite." Artaud is one of many directors in this century who have sought to recreate theatre as ritual, to give theatrical performances the solemnity of religious transactions, but usually there is only the vaguest, most promiscuous idea of religion and rite, in which a Catholic Mass and a Hopi rain dance have the same artistic value. Artaud's vision, while perhaps not any more feasible in modern secular society than the others, is at least more specific as to the kind of rite involved. The theatre that Artaud wants to create enacts a secularized Gnostic rite. It is not an expiation. It is not a sacrifice, or, if it is, the sacrifice is a metaphor. It is a rite of transformation—the communal performance of a violent act of spiritual alchemy. Artaud summons the theatre to renounce "psychological man, with his well-dissected character and feelings, and social man, submissive to laws and misshapen by religious precepts," and to address itself "only to total man"—a thoroughly Gnostic notion. Whatever Artaud's wishes for "culture," his thinking ultimately shuts out all but the private self. Like the Gnostics, he is a radical individualist. From his earliest writings, his concern is with a metamorphosis of the "inner" state of the soul. (The self is, by definition, an "inner self.") Mundane relations, he assumes, do not touch the kernel of the individual; the search for redemption undercuts all social solutions.

The one instrument of redemption of a possibly social character which Artaud considers is art. The reason he is not interested in a humanistic theatre, a theatre about individuals, is that he believes that such a theatre can never effect any radical transformation. To



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be spiritually liberating, Artaud thinks, theatre has to express impulses that are larger than life. But this is to show that Artaud's idea of freedom is itself a Gnostic one. Theatre serves an "inhuman" individuality: an "inhuman" freedom, Artaud calls it in "The Theatre and Its Double"—the very opposite of the liberal, sociable idea of freedom. (That Artaud found Breton's thinking shallow—that is, optimistic, aesthetic—follows from the fact that Breton did not have a Gnostic style or sensibility. Breton was attracted by the hope of reconciling the demands of individual freedom with the need to expand and balance the personality through generous corporate emotions; the anarchist view, formulated in this century with the greatest subtlety and authority by Breton and the late Paul Goodman, is a form of conservative, humanistic thinking—doggedly sensitive to everything repressive and mean while remaining loyal to the limits that protect human growth and pleasure. The mark of Gnostic thinking is that it is enraged by *all* limits, even those that save.) "All true freedom is dark," Artaud says in "The Theatre and Its Double," "and is infallibly identified with sexual freedom, which is also dark, although we do not know precisely why."

Both the obstacle to and the locus of freedom, for Artaud, lie in the body. His attitude covers the familiar Gnostic thematic range: the affirmation of the body, the revulsion from the body, the wish to transcend the body, the quest for the redeemed body. "Nothing concerns or interests me," he writes, "save what is addressed directly to my body." But the body is always a problem. Artaud defines the body never in terms of its capacity for sensuous pleasure but always in terms of its electric capacity for intelligence and for pain. As Artaud laments in "Art and Death" that his mind is ignorant of his body, that he lacks ideas that conform to his "condition as a physical animal," so he complains that his body is ignorant of his mind. In Artaud's imagery of distress, body and spirit prevent each other from being intelligent. He speaks of the "intellectual cries" that come from his flesh, from which the only knowledge he trusts must come. Body has a mind. "There is a mind in the flesh," he writes, "a mind quick as lightning."

It is what Artaud expects intellectually from the body that leads to his recoil from the body—the ignorant body. Indeed, each attitude implies the other. Many of the poems express a profound revulsion from the body and

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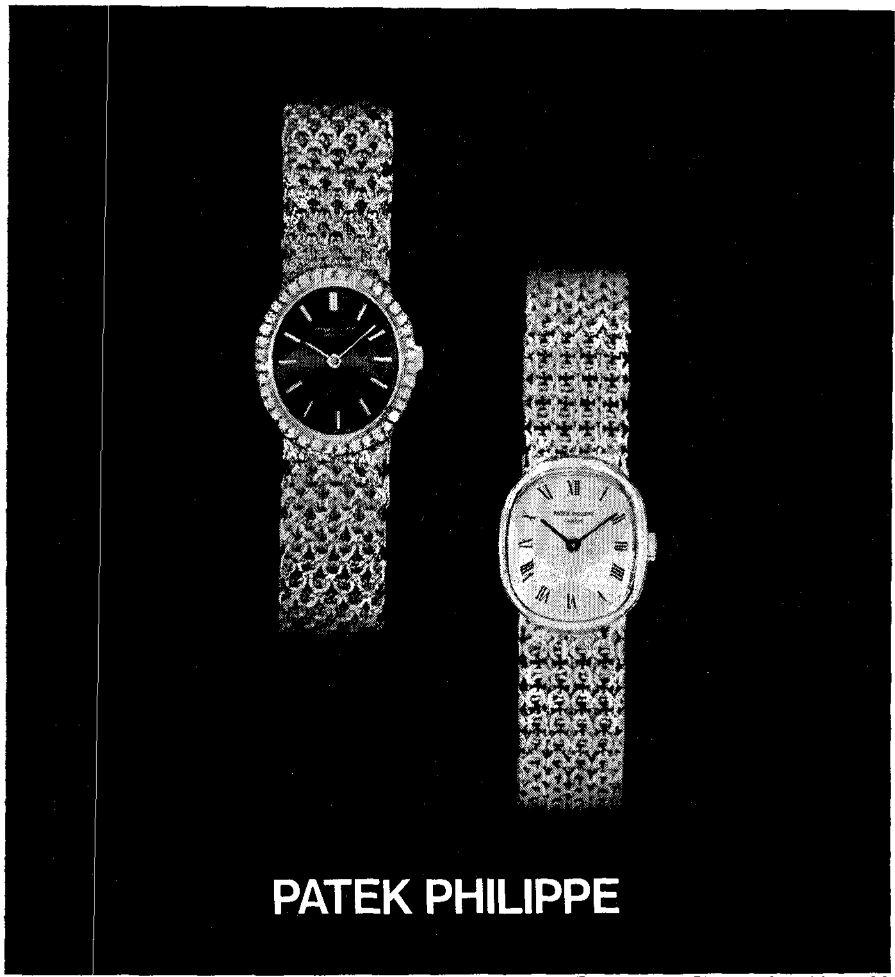
accumulate loathsome evocations of sex. "A true man has no sex," Artaud writes in a text published in December, 1947. "He ignores this hideousness, this stupefying sin." "Art and Death" is perhaps the most sex-obsessed of all his works, but Artaud demonized sexuality in everything he wrote. The most common presence is a monstrous, obscene body—"this unusable body made out of meat and crazy sperm," he calls it in "Here Lies." Against this fallen body, defiled by matter, he sets the fantasied attainment of a pure body—divested of organs and vertiginous lusts. Even while insisting that he is nothing but his body, Artaud expresses a fervent longing to transcend it altogether, to abandon his sexuality. In other imagery, the body must be made intelligent, respiritualized. Recoiling from the defiled body, he appeals to the redeemed body in which thought and flesh will be unified: "It is through the skin that metaphysics must be made to reënter our minds;" only the flesh can supply "a positive understanding of life." The Gnostic task of the theatre that Artaud imagines is nothing less than to create this redeemed body—a mythic project that he explains by referring to that last great Gnostic systematics, Renaissance alchemy. As the alchemists, obsessed with the problem of matter in classically Gnostic terms, sought methods of changing one kind of matter into another (higher, spiritualized) kind of matter, so Artaud sought to bring into being an alchemical arena that operates on the flesh as much as on the spirit. Theatre is the exercise of a "terrible and dangerous act," he says in "Theatre and Science"—"THE REAL ORGANIC AND PHYSICAL TRANSFORMATION OF THE HUMAN BODY."

Artaud's principal metaphors are *classically Gnostic. Body is mind* turned into "matter." As the body weighs down and deforms the soul, so does language, for language is thought turned into "matter." The problem of language, as Artaud poses it to himself, is identical with the problem of matter. The disgust for the body and the revulsion against words are two forms of the same feeling. In the equivalences established by Artaud's imagery, sexuality is the corrupt, fallen activity of the body, and "literature" is the corrupt, fallen activity of words. Although Artaud never entirely stopped hoping to use activities in the arts as a means of spiritual liberation, art was always suspect—like the body. And Artaud's hope for art is also Gnostic, like the hope for the body. The vision of a total art has the same form as the



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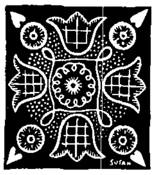
vision of the redemption of the body. ("The body is the body/ it is alone/ it has no need of organs," Artaud writes in one of his last poems.) Art will be redemptive when, like the redeemed body, it transcends itself—when it has no organs (genres), no different parts. In the redeemed art that Artaud imagined, there are no separate works of art—only a total art environment, which is magical, paroxysmic, purgative, and, finally, opaque.



Gnosticism, a sensibility organized around the idea of knowing (gnosis) rather than around faith, sharply distinguishes between exoteric and esoteric knowledge. The adept must pass through various levels of instruction to be worthy of being initiated into the true doctrine. Knowledge, which is identified with the capacity for self-transformation, is reserved for a few. It is natural that Artaud, with his Gnostic sensibility, should have been attracted to numerous secret doctrines, as both an alternative to and a model for art. During the nineteen-thirties, Artaud, an amateur polymath of great energy, read more and more about esoteric systems—alchemy, tarot, the cabala, astrology, Rosicrucianism. What these doctrines have in common is that they are all relatively late, decadent transformations of the Gnostic thematics. From Renaissance alchemy Artaud drew a model for his theatre: like the symbols of alchemy, theatre describes "philosophical states of matter" and attempts to transform them. Tarot, to give another example, supplied the basis of "The New Revelations of Being," written in 1937, just before his seven-week trip to Ireland; it was the last work he wrote before the mental breakdown that resulted in his confinement when he was returned to France. But none of these already formulated, schematic, historically fossilized secret doctrines could contain the convulsions of the living Gnostic imagination in Artaud's head.

Only the exhausting is truly interesting. Artaud's basic ideas are crude; what gives them their power is the intricacy and eloquence of his self-analysis, unequalled in the history of the Gnostic imagination. And, for the first time, the Gnostic themes can be seen in evolution. Artaud's work is particularly precious as the first complete documentation of someone *living through* the trajectory of Gnostic thought.

The result, of course, is a terrible smash. The last refuge (both historically and psychologically) of Gnostic thought is in the constructions of schizophrenia. With Artaud's return from Ireland to France began nine years of imprisonment in mental hospitals. Evidence, mainly from letters he wrote to his two principal psychiatrists at Rodez, Dr. Gaston Ferdière and Dr. Jacques Latrémolière, show how literally his thought followed the Gnostic formulas. In the ecstatic fantasies of this period, the world is a whirl of magical substances and forces; his consciousness becomes a theatre of screaming struggle between angels and demons, virgins and whores. His horror of the body now unmodulated, Artaud explicitly identifies salvation with virginity, and sin with sex. As Artaud's elaborate religious speculations during the Rodez period may be read as metaphors for paranoia, it is correct to read paranoia as a metaphor for an exacerbated religious sensibility of the Gnostic type. The literature of the crazy in this century is a rich religious literature—perhaps the last original zone of genuine Gnostic speculation.

When Artaud was let out of the asylum, in 1946, he still considered himself the victim of a conspiracy of demonic powers, the object of an extravagant act of persecution by "society." Although the wave of schizophrenia had receded to the point of no longer swamping him, his basic metaphors were still intact. In the two years of life that remained to him, Artaud forced them to their logical conclusion.

In 1944, still in Rodez, Artaud had recapitulated his Gnostic complaint against language in a short text, "Revolt Against Poetry." Returning to Paris in 1946, he longed to work again in the theatre—to recover the vocabulary of gesture and spectacle—but in the short time left to him he had to resign himself to speaking with language only. Artaud's writings of this last period, virtually unclassifiable as to genre—there are "letters" that are "poems" that are "essays" that are "dramatic monologues"—give the impression of a man attempting to step out of his own skin. Passages of clear, if hectic, argument alternate with passages in which words are treated primarily as material (sound): they have a magical value. (Attention to the sound value of words, as distinct from their semantic value, is basic to the cabalistic teaching of the "Zohar," which Artaud studied in the nineteen-thirties.) Artaud's commitment to the magical value of words explains his virtually complete refusal to use metaphor in his late poems. He demands that

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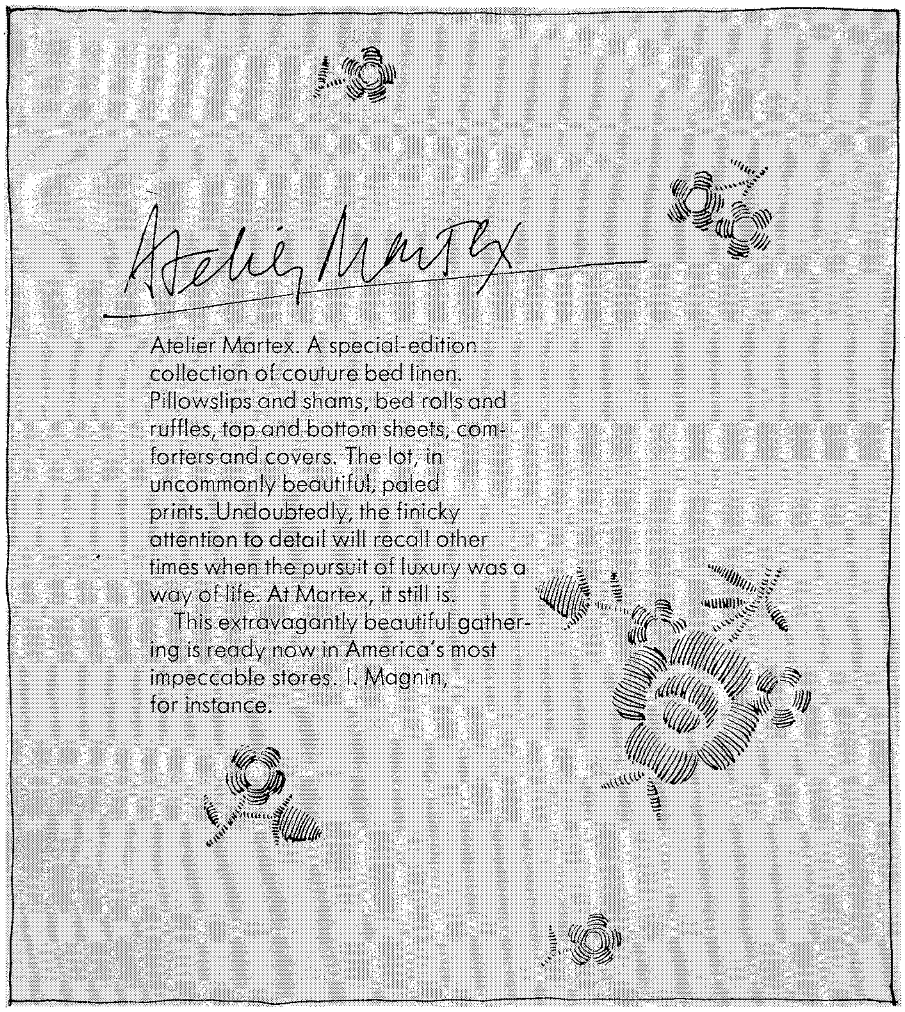
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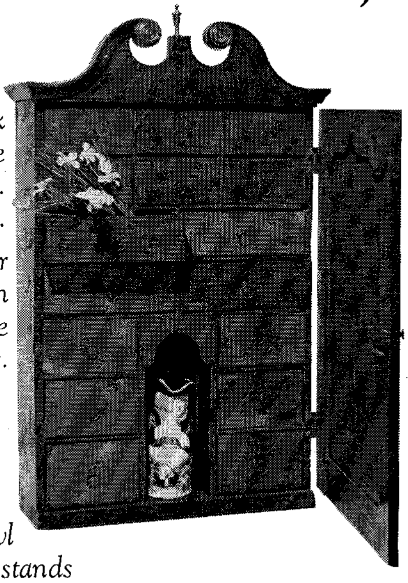

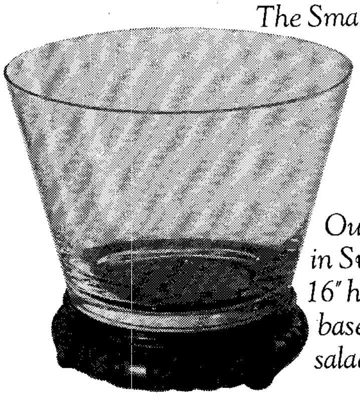

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language directly express the physical human being. The person of the poet appears in a state beyond nakedness: flayed.

As Artaud reaches toward the unspeakable, his imagination coarsens. Yet his last works, in their mounting obsession with the body and their ever more explicit loathing of sex, still stand in a direct line with the early writings, in which there is, parallel to the mentalization of the body, a corresponding sexualization of consciousness. What Artaud wrote between 1946 and 1948 only extends metaphors he used throughout the nineteen-twenties—of mind as a body that never allows itself to be "possessed," and of the body as a kind of demonic, writhing, brilliant mind. In Artaud's fierce battle to transcend the body, everything is eventually turned into the body. In his fierce battle to transcend language, everything is eventually turned into language. Artaud, describing the life of the Tarahumara Indians, translates nature itself into a language. In the last writings, the obscene identity of the flesh and the word reaches an extremity of loathing—notably in the play commissioned by French radio, "An End to God's Judgment," which was then banned on the eve of its projected broadcast, in February, 1948. (Artaud was still revising it a month later, when he died.) Talking, talking, talking, Artaud expresses the most ardent revulsion against talk—and the body.

The Gnostic passage through the stages of transcendence implies a move from the conventionally intelligible to what is conventionally unintelligible. Gnostic thinking characteristically reaches for an ecstatic speech that dispenses with distinguishable words. (It was the adoption by the Christian church in Corinth of a Gnostic form of preaching—"speaking in tongues"—that provoked Paul's remonstrations in the First Epistle to the Corinthians.) The language Artaud used at the end of his life, in passages in "Artaud le Momo," "Here Lies," and "An End to God's Judgment," verges on an incandescent declamatory speech beyond sense. "All true language is incomprehensible," Artaud says in "Here Lies." He is not seeking a universal language, as Joyce did. Joyce's view of language was historical, ironic, whereas Artaud's view is medical, tragic. The unintelligible in "Finnegans Wake" not only is decipherable, with effort, but is meant to be deciphered. The unintelligible parts of Artaud's late writings are supposed to remain obscure—to be directly apprehended as sound.

The Gnostic project is a search for

wisdom, but a wisdom that cancels itself out in unintelligibility, loquacity, and silence. As Artaud's life suggests, all models for ending dualism, for a unified consciousness at the Gnostic level of intensity, are eventually bound to fail—that is, their practitioners collapse into what society calls madness or into silence or suicide. (Another example: the vision of a totally unified consciousness expressed in the gnomic messages Nietzsche sent to friends in the weeks before his complete mental collapse in Turin in 1889.) The project transcends the limits of consciousness. Thus, while Artaud still desperately reaffirms his effort to unify his flesh and his mind, the terms of his thinking imply the annihilation of consciousness. In the writings of this last period, the cries from his fractured consciousness and his martyred body reach a pitch of inhuman intensity and rage.

ARTAUD offers the greatest *quantity* of suffering in the history of literature. So drastic and pitiable are the numerous descriptions he gives of his pain that readers, overwhelmed, may be tempted to distance themselves by remembering that Artaud was crazy. In whatever sense he ended up being mad, he had been mad all his life. He had a history of internment in mental hospitals from mid-adolescence on—well before he arrived in Paris from Marseille, in 1920, at the age of twenty-four, to begin his career in the arts; his lifelong addiction to opiates, which may have aggravated his mental disorder, had probably begun before this date. Lacking the saving knowledge that allows most people to be conscious with relatively little pain—the knowledge of what Rivière calls "the blessed opacity of experience" and "the innocence of facts"—Artaud at no time in his life wholly got out from under the lash of madness. But simply to judge Artaud mad—reinstating the reductive psychiatric wisdom—means to reject Artaud's argument.

Psychiatry draws a clear line between art (a "normal" psychological phenomenon, obeying objective aesthetic limits) and symptomatology: the very boundary that Artaud contests. Writing to Rivière in 1923, Artaud insists on raising the question of the autonomy of his art—of whether, despite his avowed mental deterioration, despite that "fundamental flaw" in his own psyche which sets him apart from other people, his poems do nevertheless exist *as poems*, not just as psychological documents. Rivière replies by expressing confidence that Artaud, despite his

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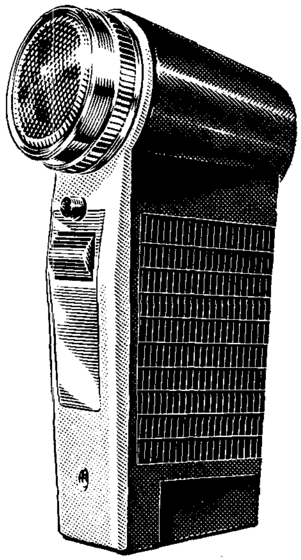

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mental distress, will one day become a good poet. Artaud answers impatiently, changing his ground: he wants to close the gap between life and art implicit in his original question and in Rivière's well-intentioned but obtuse encouragement. He decides to defend his poems as they are—for the merit they possess just because they don't quite make it as art.

The task of the reader of Artaud is not to react with the distance of Rivière—as if madness and sanity could communicate with each other only on sanity's own ground, in the language of reason. The values of sanity are not eternal or "natural," any more than there is a self-evident, common-sense meaning to the condition of being insane.

The perception that some people are crazy is part of the history of thought; madness requires a historical definition. Madness means not making sense—means saying what doesn't have to be taken seriously. But this depends entirely on how a given culture defines sense and seriousness; the definitions have varied widely through history. What is called insane denotes that which in the determination of a particular society must not be thought. Madness is a concept that fixes limits; the frontiers of madness define what is "other." A mad person is someone whose voice society doesn't want to listen to, whose behavior is intolerable, who ought to be suppressed. Different societies use different definitions of what constitutes madness (that is, of what does not make sense). But no definition is less provincial than any other. Part of the outrage over the current practice in the Soviet Union of locking up political dissenters in insane asylums is misplaced, in that it holds not only that doing so is wicked (which is true) but that doing so is a fraudulent use of the concept of mental illness; it is assumed—naïvely—that there is a universal, correct, scientific notion of madness (the one enforced in the mental-health policies of, say, the United States, England, and Sweden, rather than the one enforced in those of a country like Morocco). This is simply not true. In every society, the definitions of sanity and madness are arbitrary—are, in the largest sense, political.

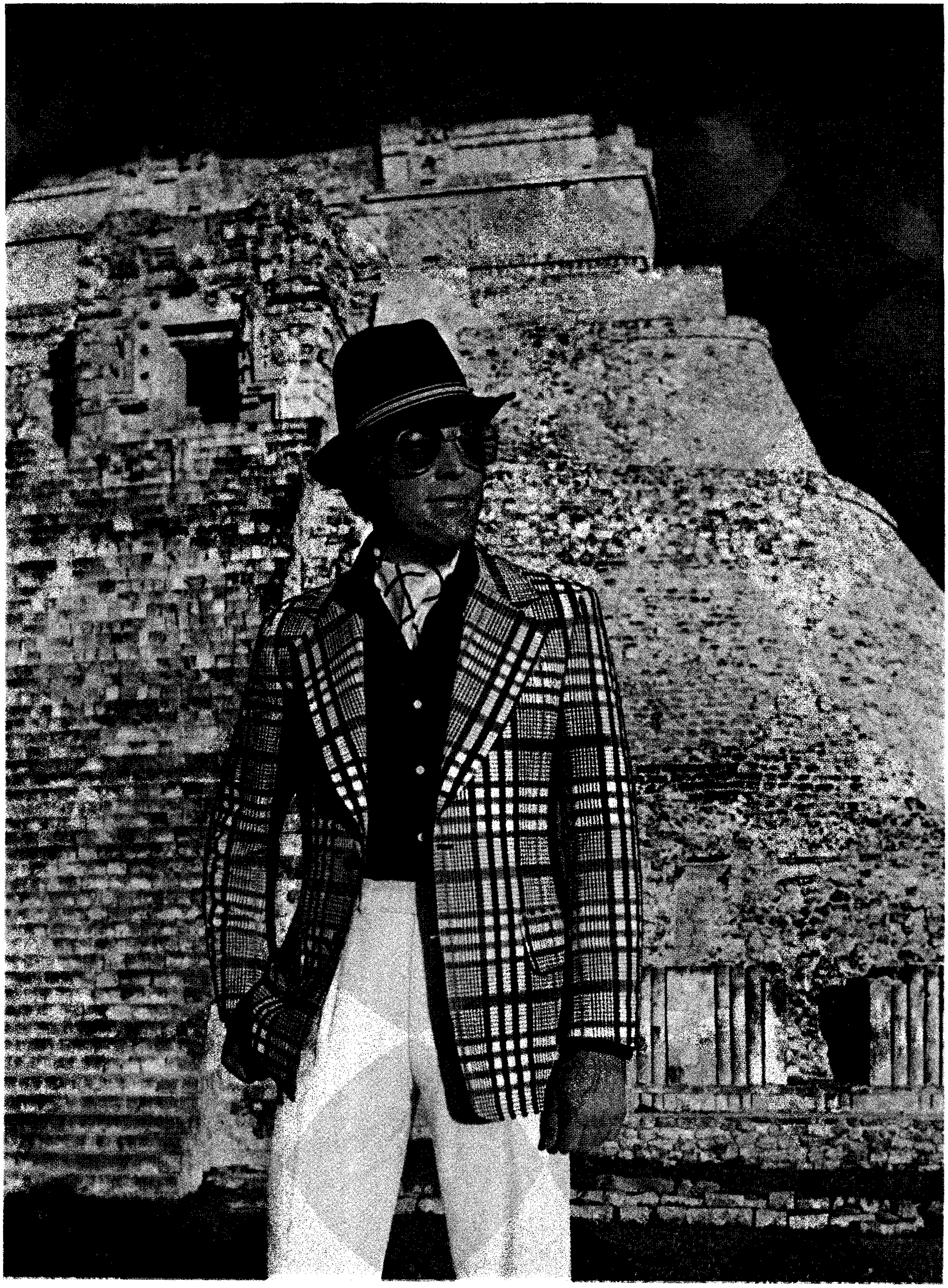
Artaud was extremely sensitive to the repressive function of the concept of madness. He saw the insane as the heroes and martyrs of thought, stranded at the vantage point of extreme social (rather than merely psychological) alienation, volunteering for madness—as those who, through a superior conception of honor, prefer to go mad rather than forfeit a certain lucidity, an extreme passionateness in presenting their convictions. In a letter to Jacqueline Breton from the hospital in Ville-Evrard in April, 1939, early in his nine years of confinement, he wrote, "I am a fanatic, I am not a madman." But any fanaticism that is not a group fanaticism is precisely what society understands to be madness.

Madness is the logical end of the commitment to individuality when that commitment is pushed far enough. As Artaud puts it in 1925, in the "Letter to the Medical Directors of Lunatic Asylums," "all individual acts are anti-social." It is an unpalatable truth, perhaps quite irreconcilable with the humanist ideology of capitalist democracy or of social democracy or of liberal Socialism—but Artaud is right. Whenever behavior becomes sufficiently individual, it will become objectively anti-social and will seem to other people mad. All human societies agree on this point. They differ only on how the standard of madness is applied, and on who are protected or partly exempted (for reasons of economic, social, sexual, or cultural privilege) from the penalty of imprisonment meted out to those whose basic anti-social act consists in not making sense.

The insane person has a dual identity in Artaud's works: the ultimate victim, and the bearer of a subversive wisdom. In his preface, written in 1946, to the proposed Gallimard collected edition of his writings, he describes himself as one of the mentally underprivileged, grouping lunatics with aphasiacs and illiterates. Elsewhere in the writings of his last two years, he repeatedly situates himself in the company of the mentally hyper-endowed who have gone mad—Hölderlin, Nerval, Nietzsche, and van Gogh. Insofar as the genius is simply an extension, and intensification, of the individual, Artaud suggests the existence of a natural affinity between genius and madness in a far more precise sense than the romantics did. But while denouncing the society that imprisons the mad, and affirming madness as the outward sign of a profound spiritual exile, he never suggests that there is anything liberating in losing one's mind.

Some of his writings, particularly the early Surrealist texts, take a more positive attitude toward madness. In "General Security—The Liquidation of Opium," for instance, he seems to be defending the practice of a deliberate

Photographed in Mexico at the House of the Magician, a Mayan temple in Uxmal, Yucatan



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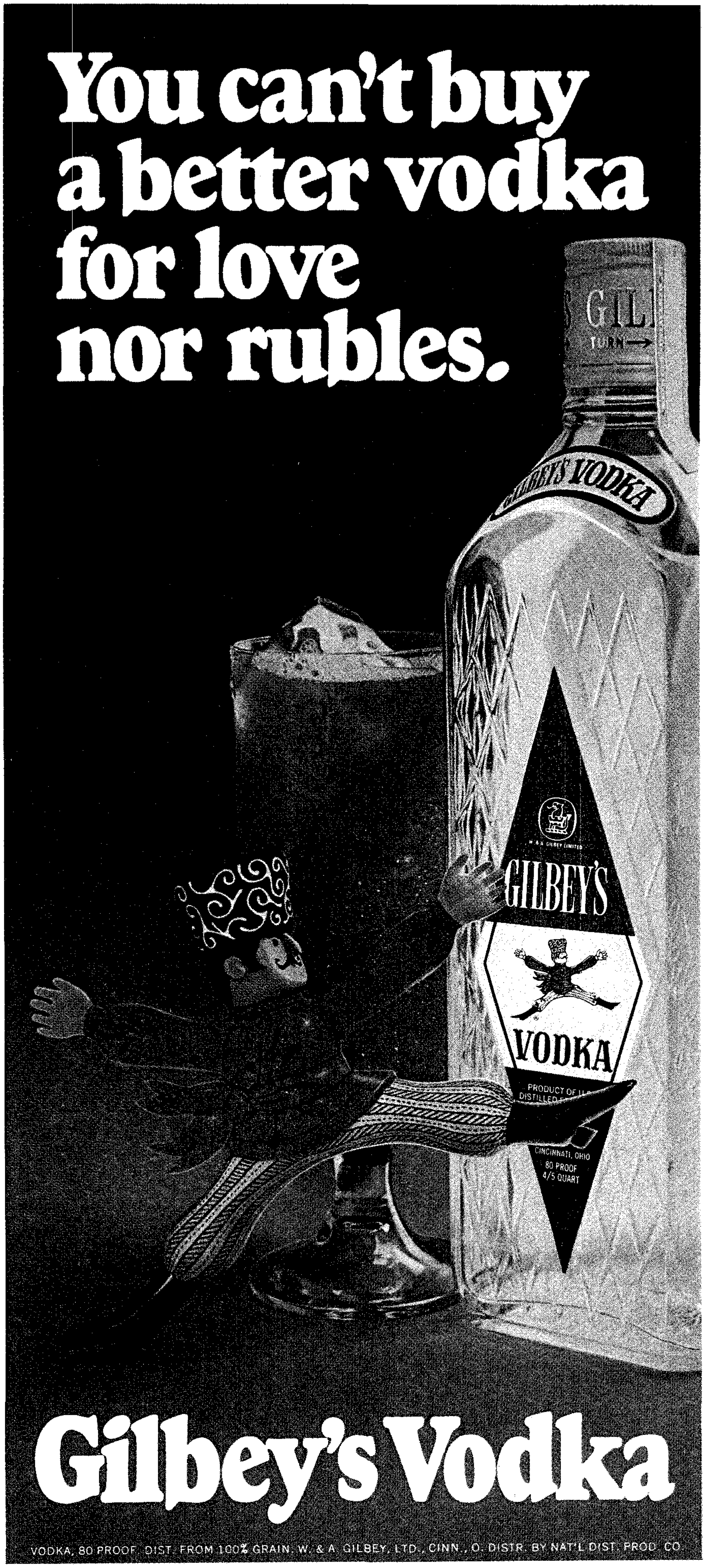
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derangement of the mind and senses (as Rimbaud once defined the poet's vocation). But he never stops saying—in the letters to Rivière, to Dr. Allendy, and to Georges Soulié de Morant in the nineteen-twenties and nineteen-thirties, in the letters written between 1943 and 1945 from Rodez, and in the essay on van Gogh written in 1947, some months after his release from Rodez—that madness is confining, destroying. Mad people may know the truth—so much truth that society takes its revenge on these unhappy seers by outlawing them. But being mad is also unending pain, a state to be transcended—and it is that pain which Artaud renders, imposing it on his readers.

To read Artaud through is nothing less than an ordeal. Understandably, readers seek to protect themselves with reductions and applications of his work. It demands a special stamina, a special sensitivity, and a special tact to read Artaud properly. It is not a question of giving one's assent to Artaud—this would be shallow—or even of neutrally "understanding" him and his relevance. What is there to assent to? How could anyone assent to Artaud's ideas unless one was already in the demonic state of siege that he was in? Those ideas were emitted under the intolerable pressure of his own situation. Not only is Artaud's position not tenable; it is not a "position" at all.

Artaud's thought is organically part of that singular, haunted, impotent, savagely intelligent consciousness. Artaud is one of the great, daring mapmakers of consciousness *in extremis*. To read him properly does not require believing that the *only* truth that art can supply is one that is singular and is authenticated by extreme suffering. Of art that describes other states of consciousness—less idiosyncratic, less exalted, perhaps no less profound—it is correct to ask that it yield general truths. But the exceptional cases at the limit of "writing"—Sade is one, Artaud is another—demand a different approach.

What Artaud has left behind is work that cancels itself, thought that outbids thought, recommendations that cannot be enacted. Where does that leave the reader? Still with a body of work (which will run about fifteen volumes in the Gallimard collected edition in French), even though the character of Artaud's writings forbids their being treated simply as "literature." Still with a body of thought, even though Artaud's thought forbids assent—as his aggressively self-immolating personality forbids identification. Artaud shocks, and, unlike the Surrealists, he remains shocking. (Far from being subversive,

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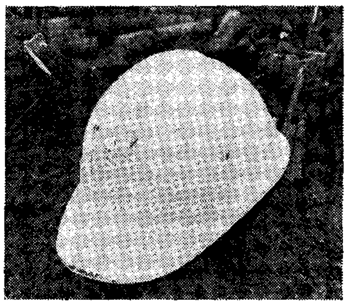

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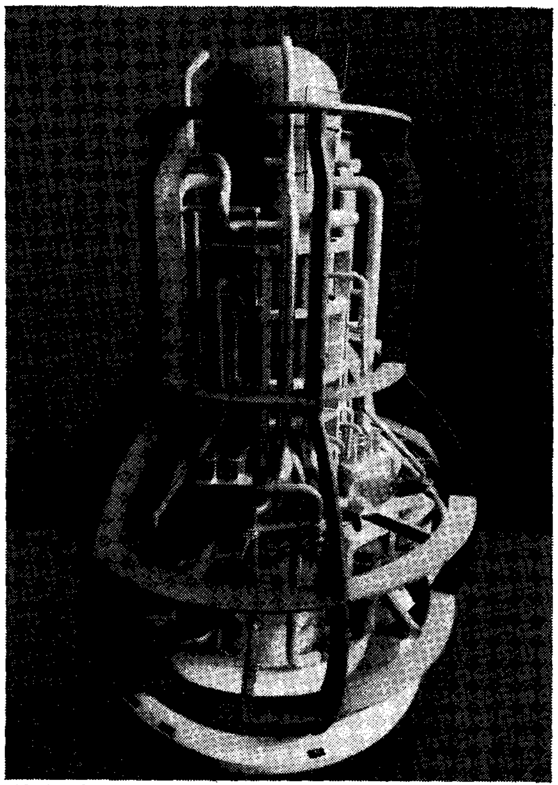

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the spirit of the Surrealists is ultimately constructive and falls well within the humanist tradition, and their stagy violations of bourgeois proprieties were not dangerous, truly asocial acts. Compare the behavior of Artaud, who was literally impossible socially.) To detach his thought as a portable intellectual commodity is just what that thought explicitly prohibits. It is an event, rather than an object (to be appropriated).

Forbidden assent or identification or appropriation or imitation, the reader can only fall back on the category of inspiration. "INSPIRATION CERTAINLY EXISTS," as Artaud affirms in capital letters in "The Nerve Meter." One can be inspired by Artaud. One can be scorched, changed by Artaud. But there is no way of applying Artaud.

Even in the domain of the theatre, where Artaud's presence can be decanted into a program and a theory, the work of those directors who have most benefitted from his ideas (like Roger Blin, Judith Malina and Julian Beck, Joseph Chaikin, Charles Marowitz, Peter Brook, Jerzy Grotowski, Eugenio Barba, Richard Schechner, Jérôme Savary, Jorge Lavelli, Luca Ronconi, Victor Garcia) shows there is no way to use Artaud that stays true to him. Not even Artaud himself found the way; by all accounts, his own stage productions were far from being up to the level of his ideas. And for the many people not connected with the theatre—mainly the anarchistic-minded, for whom Artaud has been especially important—the experience of his work remains profoundly private. Artaud is someone who has made a spiritual trip for us—a shaman. It would be presumptuous to reduce the geography of Artaud's trip to what can be colonized. Its authority lies in the parts that yield nothing for the reader except intense discomfort of the imagination.

Artaud's work becomes usable according to our needs, but the work vanishes behind our use of it. When we tire of using Artaud, we can return to his writings. "Inspiration in stages," he says. "One mustn't let in too much literature."

All art that expresses a radical discontent and aims at shattering complacencies of feeling risks being disarmed, neutralized, drained of its power to disturb—by being admired, by being (or seeming to be) too well understood, by becoming relevant. Most of the once exotic themes of Artaud's work have within the last decade become loudly topical: the wisdom (or lack of it) to be found in drugs, Oriental religions, magic, the life of North American Indians, body language, the

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insanity trip; the revolt against "literature," and the belligerent prestige of nonverbal arts; the revalidation of schizophrenia; the use of art as violence against the audience; the necessity for obscenity. Artaud in the nineteen-twenties had just about every taste (except enthusiasms for comic books, science fiction, and Marxism) that was to become prominent in the American counterculture of the nineteen-sixties, and what he was reading in that decade—the Tibetan Book of the Dead, books on mysticism, psychiatry, anthropology, tarot, astrology, Yoga, acupuncture—is like a prophetic anthology of the literature that has recently surfaced as popular reading among the advanced young. But the current relevance of Artaud may be as misleading as the obscurity in which his work lay until now.

Unknown outside a small circle of admirers ten years ago, Artaud is a classic today. He is an example of a willed classic—an author whom the culture attempts to assimilate but who remains profoundly indigestible. One use of literary respectability in our time—and an important part of the complex career of literary modernism—is to make acceptable an outrageous, essentially forbidding author, who becomes a classic on the basis of the many interesting things to be said about the work that scarcely convey (perhaps even conceal) the real nature of the work itself, which may be, among other things, extremely boring or morally monstrous or terribly painful to read. Certain authors become literary or intellectual classics because they are *not* read, being in some intrinsic way unreadable. Sade, Artaud, and Wilhelm Reich belong in this company: authors who were jailed or locked up in insane asylums because they were screaming, because they were out of control; immoderate, obsessed, strident authors who repeat themselves endlessly, who are rewarding to quote and read bits of, but who overpower and exhaust if read in large quantities.

Like Sade and Reich, Artaud is relevant and understandable, a cultural monument, as long as one mainly refers to his ideas without reading much of his work. For anyone who reads Artaud through, he remains fiercely out of reach, an unassimilable voice and presence.

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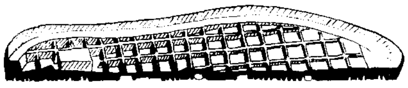

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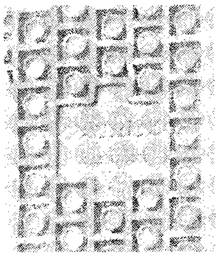

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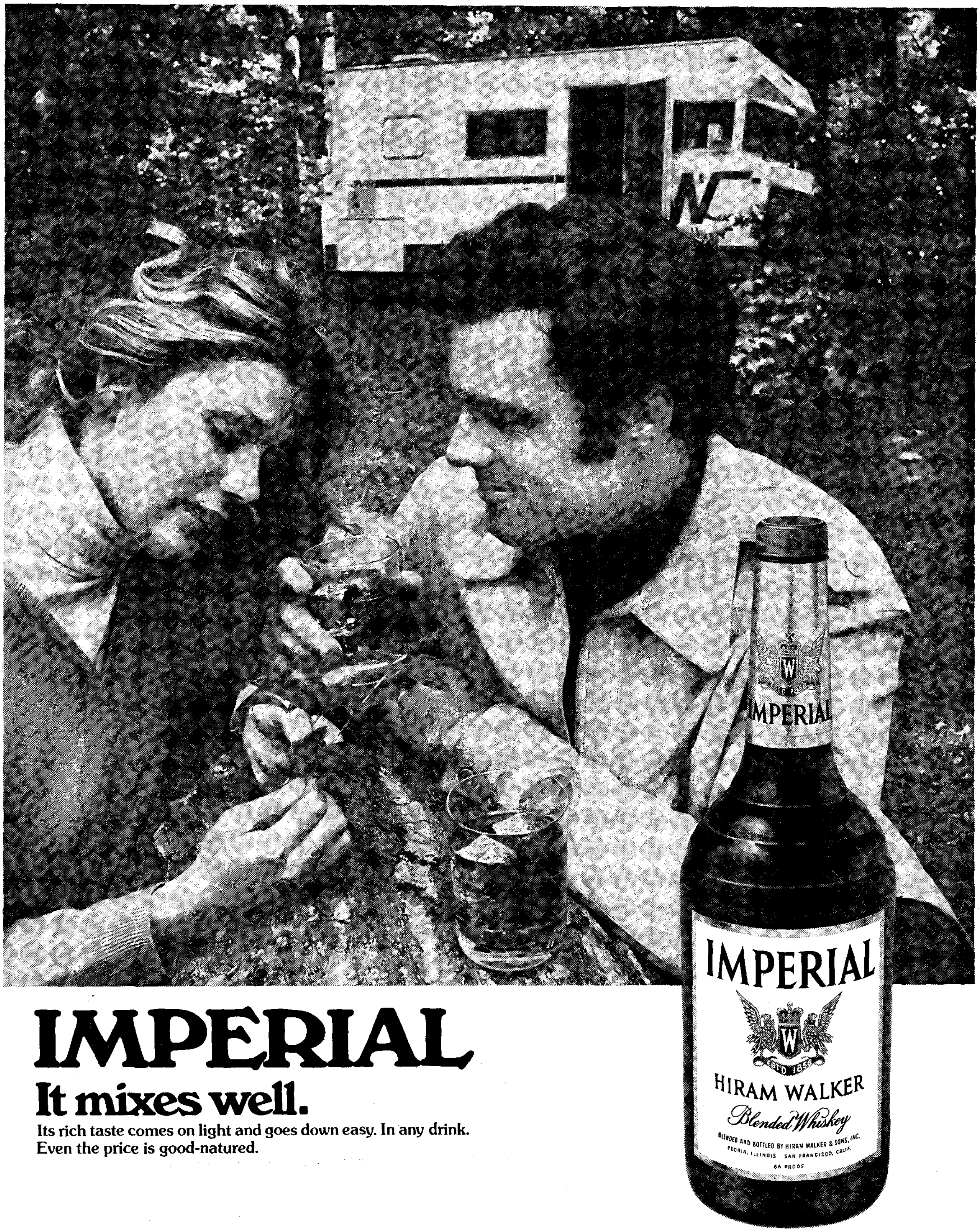
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

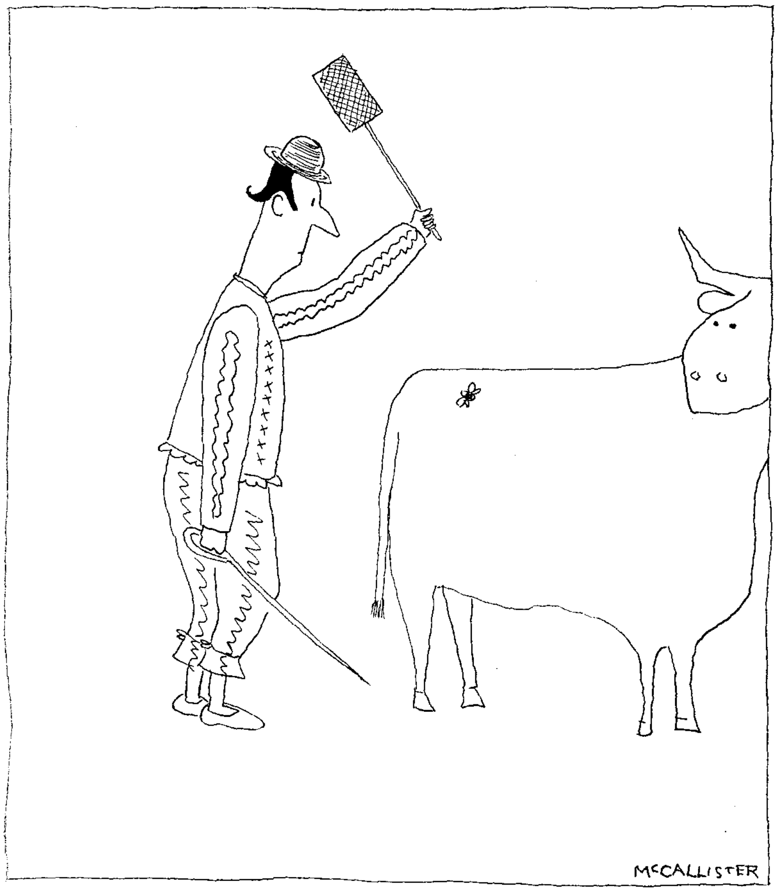
Fathers and Daughters

CANADA in 1944, in a poor but genteel house that is practically the single set of "Wedding in White," written and directed by William Fruet. There is a Union Jack on the wall, and group photographs of First World War soldiers in the puttees of the father of the house, ranged in rows like silver-plate hotel cutlery at a cut-rate banquet. Outside, there are available dates with raspberry-jam mouths and plastic barrettes in their hair, wearing thin white blouses that show the straps of their underclothes and presented with rare nylons by soldiers on leave; and there are adored boys back from the front, and posters selling Victory Bonds or saying "Keep It Under Your Hat." A particular head-tossing, bossy idea of charm reigns in young girls, which marks the story's date of incidence as much as the knee-length hemlines mark it as being on this side of the Atlantic. (In Europe and England, girls wore the shortest possible dresses in the war, to save material.) Dougal, played by Donald Pleasence, is a manic old cigarette-chewing militarist. We see him sitting restively in his garden. It must rile him that this war has nothing to do with him. He has a tired, nearly beaten, thin-lipped wife, called Mary (played by Doris Petrie), who has an austerity of her own which comes mostly from silently watching her husband's beer-drinking and his roaring and his martinet walk. He strides as if he were a formal old black umbrella that can no longer be opened.

The couple have two children. One is a soldier called Jimmie (Paul Bradley), who comes back on leave with a friend called Billy (Doug McGrath). The other is a girl of sixteen with the look of Whistler's "The White Girl": huge eyes that have been turned expressionless by spasms of terror about her father's bawling, and long, frizzy hair that makes you wince at the thought of the agony for her of being made to comb it, and hands used to chilblains. Her arms are skinny, and strike you as somehow either too long or too short, or in any case arbitrary, like everything else about her uncertain self, which seems to have waned before it could ever grow. Her name is Jeannie. She is played by Carol Kane, with shoulders hunched around her thin chest and a vulnerable look of having one layer less skin on her eyelids than anyone else.

Everything happens, and nothing is said outright. The girl comes of a society that walks around issues on tiptoe. Life is full of phrases like "in trouble" for being pregnant and "you know" for sex. The stuffy little house has antimacassars on sofas where men full of beer to their windpipes lunge at girls who daren't mention such things. The Donald Pleasence character is given a plaque, pronounced "plaik," for bygone military service and veterans' jollification. He is one of a clan of aging men who relish being told by their mates that they're Jolly Good Fellows, and who enjoy the pouring of beer over their gray hair (hair that is still worn in pudding-bowl cuts, as if they were in the Army) in ghastly parodies of schoolboy romps. Parched-looking mothers avoid talking to their daughters about "all that"—men, uproariousness, unthinkingness—and drop in on their friends for a cup of tea saying they won't take their hats off, and talk uncomplainingly about their swollen legs. ("It's the veins.") The mother played by the marvellous Miss Petrie has to try to arrive at some concord between her husband (who is so inflamed when he discovers that his daughter is pregnant by his son's friend that he wants to throw her out of the house) and her daughter (who is scared enough as it is). The strained, delicately observant woman discovers unexpected reserves, though she still accepts the old saw that a man's three seconds' pleasure is a woman's nine months' pain. Father roars. Even his best friend, grizzled old Sandy (Leo Phillips), has to struggle for ages to get him to stop beating the palely pregnant girl. The father behaves with the utmost self-concern. His Scots pride has had its spine broken. (Scots ideas and accents run all through this film—in the men, more when they are full of beer.) How is he to carry his head high walking down the street any longer? So he addresses himself rhetorically to any available member of his family, which is cast, as usual, in the role of audience. What is he to say when people ask after "the wee bastard"? The mother weeps; the father rants; the girl inspects her face in the mirror, and hides from people at mealtimes.

The film sometimes looks as if it might have been taken from a stage play. Its setting is deliberately claustrophobic. One gets to know every inch of the parlor and the twitched net curtains. Hypocrisies emerge hesitantly. The film has gone on a long while before the mother confronts the rumbustious father with the truth that he himself "took me before we was wed," and when she, too, was sixteen. We are in a violent world where such things are done but not talked about, though in this hole-and-corner world of pinups and clinches rape and disgrace and cutting off with a shilling go with the ruling prurience. The division between the sexes is total and accepted. Men celebrate, and clank beer bottles against their teeth; women sit to-



gether on a sofa in the parlor, not uttering their thoughts. Fruet has a fine sense of the female guests' behavior at the reception after the girl's miserable forced wedding to old Sandy, who drinks pint after pint of beer with a vague mouth that moves like a goldfish's in a bowl. The women take in everything, and entertain imaginings of impossibly better things, dreaming of wedding nights unlike this or their own, with fine music, "like in the pictures." The bride looks apprehensive in a lacy second-hand dress that the father bought the day before: "Go over it a bit with a flatiron. It'll be as good as new."

"Wedding in White" is a film about euphemisms of speech and vulgarity of spirit, acted with terrifying bottled temper by Donald Pleasence, who is one of the technically best English actors, though the wheels go round rather clearly. The character loves bagpipe music, real Scotch, and the "Anniversary Waltz." Like all bullies, he is grossly sentimental: mostly about himself. The thought of what he has to go through is enough to make him cry. The ramrod weeps. Beer oozes from his eyes in pity for his suffering. He believes in good breeding from fine stock—stock such as himself and Sandy—and in somebody's having to be hurt in these affairs, and in the power of the fist. Fruet has written the parts beautifully. The women often make particularly short, sad utterances. "Age is an unkind thing," says Mary after helplessly watching her sixteen-year-old daughter being pushed without an interlude of youth into lean years of tired wifeliness to a bearish old drunk in order to prop up Dougal's sense that he is one of the boys. Mary doesn't have to go any further to express herself: there, she is saying, went I, too, all those years ago. Fruet's film runs smack against the viciousness of genteelism like a car windshield against a mosquito on a hot night. The plot has a touch of "King Lear": a rabid father testing a daughter's love. The mother is the Fool (who I have always thought should be played as if he were the same age as Lear and had known him from the nursery, so that their serious conversations alone together would be the talks of mirror images). Mary humors Dougal politely in public, as if he were someone else's business, and knows him privately as well as she knows anyone. One begins to think—and this is one of the achievements of the film's attention to details of behavior—that she is not as done for as she looks, and that the old poker would crumple in a second if she chose to go

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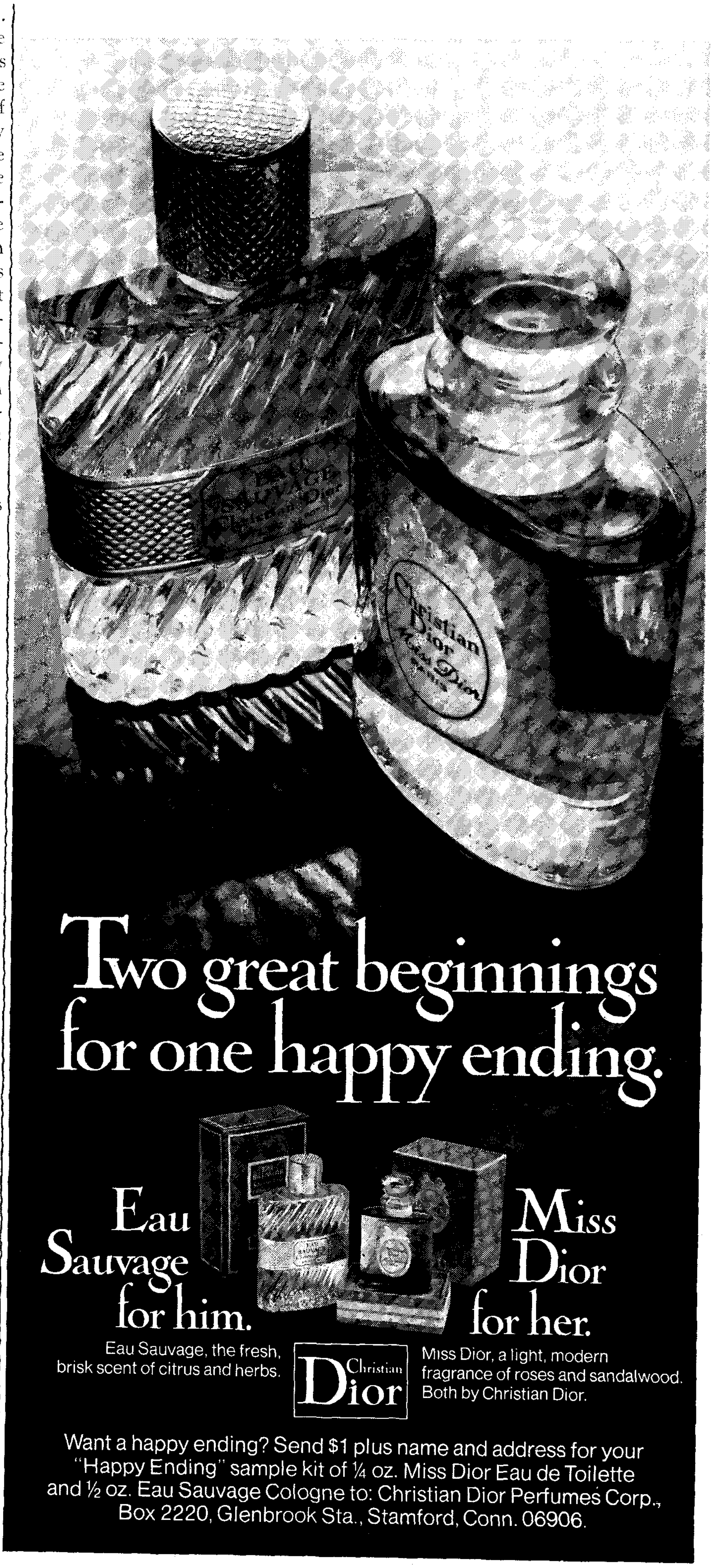
Very few films of this sort are made now. "Wedding in White" reminds you of "Marty," and the out-of-time "Rachel, Rachel," and "A Kind of Loving." Domestic portraiture is now mostly considered ill-attuned to the moment. Its reputation has become the equal in film of what is called "anecdotal" in painting, though I'm not sure why verisimilitude in the representation of a Campbell's soup tin isn't just as anecdotal about labels. No experiment in the modesty of insisting on the interest of the real and substantial is likely to be unimportant, from a precisely detailed film like Fruet's "Wedding in White" to the works of Marcel Duchamp. There is generally poetry in exactness.

It is this exactness that transfigures and makes gentle the work of the late Japanese master Yasujiro Ozu, whose last film, "An Autumn Afternoon" (1962), is now running in New York. Again, a story of father and daughter. ("When you come down to it, a son is best," says the adoring, dependent, abashed old man with sorry clarity.) This father is no blusterer but an aged widower who has shrunk inside his suit and who realizes, as he becomes gently sloshed over *sake* taken with grosser friends, that his reliance on his daughter and his evident loneliness may be preventing her from getting married.

He works in an office. Women clerks, decorum, much wiping of spectacles. There is a shot of a corridor, empty, and then, after quite a time, the sight of a girl walking down it, carrying a kettle to make tea. This is typical of Ozu's style. A place will be empty of people; someone will appear, on some business or other; then it will be shown empty again. Ozu's films always convey a sense that the inanimate world existed long before mankind did and will be here long after we are extinct.

This is the only Japanese film I can think of that often brings up the effects of the Second World War. "Human virtues have melted away since the war," goes a remark between elderly intimates at dinner. And "If Japan had won . . . " says a fat petty officer to the aging hero at a bar. "We'd be in New York now," says the hero. "No cheap imitations," says the petty officer, deriding imported jazz and the Americanization of the young. "It's lucky we lost," murmurs the old sage, buried in his own world. Why lucky? A mysterious thing to say, rather upright, impressive. His cryptic and simple dignity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makes the fat man instinctively call him "sir."

The film was written by Ozu with his usual collaborator, Kogo Noda. The great Chishu Ryu, famous for his Ozu films, plays the old man. There are abrupt, shapely scenes of the inconsequential and eccentric kind we think of as Chekhovian. Golf is suddenly and solemnly practiced in the drawing room. It is a bedraggled ancient called Honorable Teacher, drooping with *sake*, who makes the hero inspect his own way of being by suddenly saying, "I'm so happy. So happy . . . " and then, growing drunker, and as limp as a piece of wet rope, "After all, man is so alone. My selfishness has ruined her life. . . . My daughter . . . I kept her at my side." Ozu used actors' gestures in an unparalleled way. The daughter puts her hand up to smooth her hair, and the movement has as much weight as a fistfight in some other film. A wedding is arranged after another marriage possibility has gone wrong through delays caused by the father: news in public of the blow merely causes the daughter to cast down her eyes, in a move that not even one of the other Japanese miniaturists of human detail would have been likely to make so signal.

There is something tonic in Ozu's calm which contradicts the often sad narrative of his pictures. He died in 1963, soon after finishing the editing. One hopes he ended with the same repose as the man in this film, who sees his daughter off in her black wedding car (the top having been feather-dusted by eager chauffeurs in a contemplatively funny shot), drinks *sake* in his beautiful striped wedding tie, and staggers with his usual unassertive authority to a bar on a little street that is bright with red neon shop signs. There is a view along the backs of the drinking customers; visually, the shot might be from early Godard. The hero says, "Alone in the end. This floating fortress . . . " But when the old man eventually dies—and you have a feeling it is going to happen in his sleep that night—the fortress of the lives that people have lived will still stand. Ozu's films are themselves noble structures.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

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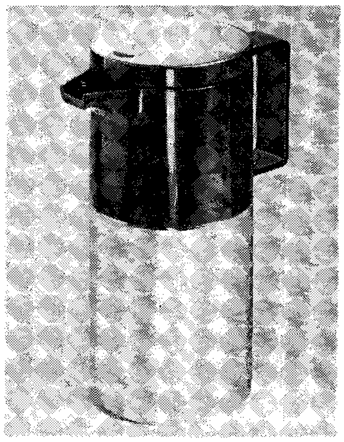

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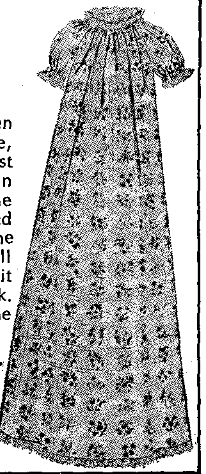

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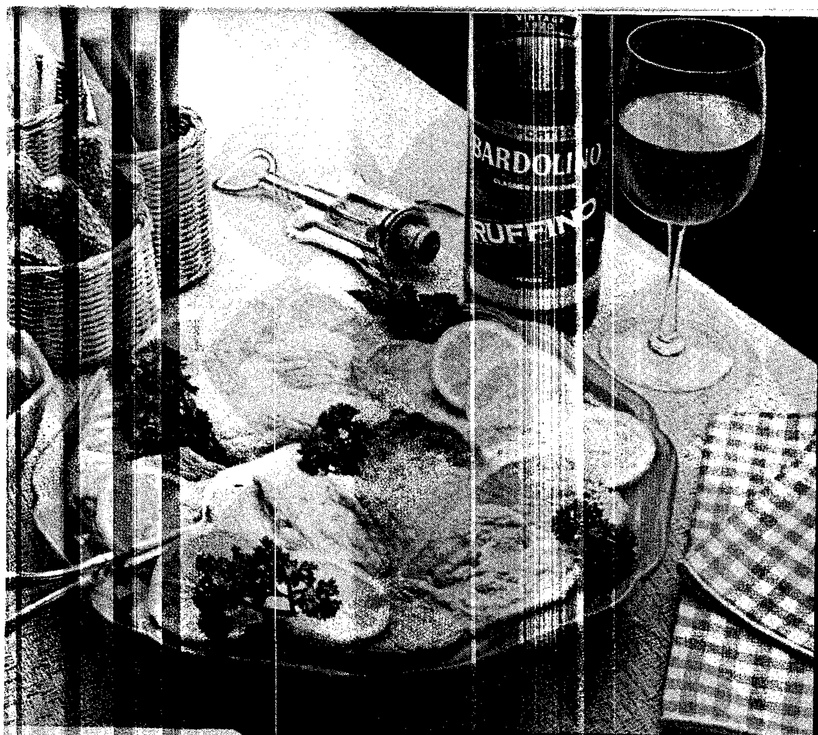

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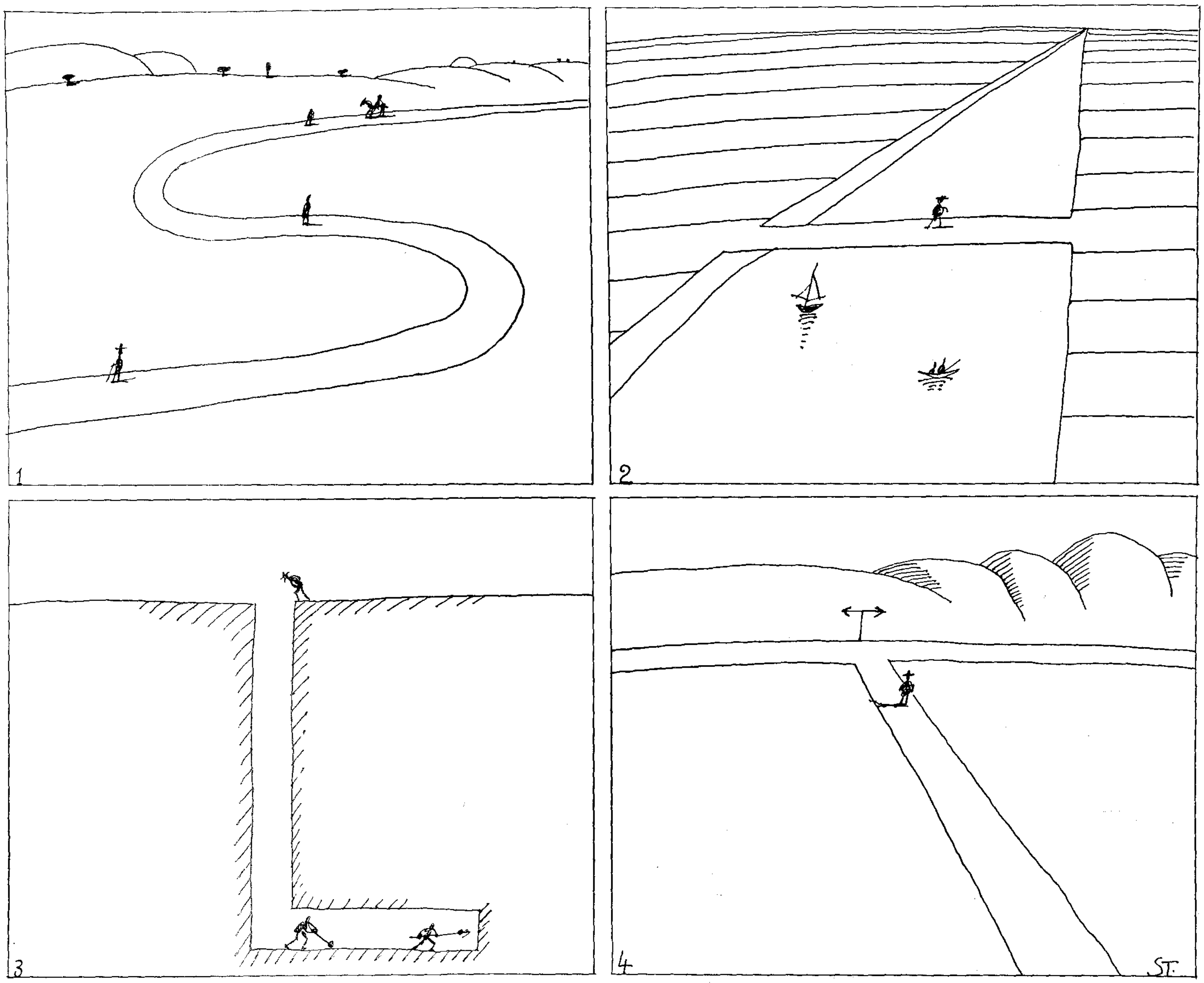
III—A SIMPLE, CLEAR PROPOSAL



DEAN RUSK, who now spends most of his time in a modest office at the University of Georgia law school, in Athens, is among the most discreet and careful of men, but he does talk freely about arms control and the origins of the strategic-arms-limitation talks, or SALT. "Johnson wanted to present the Russians with a simple, clear proposal," Rusk recalls. "He knew that SALT would become lengthy and very complicated. But he didn't want it to get bogged down in a lot of detail at the start." Rusk took the same view; he told colleagues that SALT, of which he was a strenuous advocate, would probably become "history's longest permanent floating crap game." He meant that the great powers were launching a *process*, which, like trade and tariff negotiations, would go on indefinitely.

The signal that the Russians had completed their post-Glassboro exegesis and wanted to talk came on May 20, 1968, when First Deputy Foreign Minister Vasily V. Kuznetsov, in a speech at the United Nations, announced that his government was "ready to reach an agreement on practical steps for the limitation and consequent reduction of the strategic means for delivering nuclear weaponry." Informal diplomatic contacts made it clear that Moscow had come a long way since Ambassador Llewellyn E. Thompson's talks in Moscow a year earlier. Absolute confirmation arrived on June 27th, when Foreign Minister Andrei A. Gromyko informed the Supreme Soviet that the Kremlin was ready to discuss "the mutual limitation and later reduction of strategic vehicles for the delivery of nuclear weapons, both offensive and defensive, including anti-missile missiles." Johnson responded swiftly. Four days later, on July 1st, he used the occasion of the signing of the nuclear-nonproliferation treaty to announce that the two governments were agreed to "enter in the nearest future into discussions on the limitation and the reduction" of offensive and defensive strategic weapons.

As a practical matter, neither Moscow nor Washington was well positioned or well organized to start SALT, as the tumultuous seven-week drama that followed Johnson's statement would show. Both capitals were beset by internal conflict and doubt, and both were virtually consumed by external dilemmas—the war in Vietnam and the liberal challenge in Czechoslovakia. Gromyko's statement provided a strong whiff of Moscow's internal

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troubles, especially with its military bureaucracy:

> To the good-for-nothing theoreticians who try to tell us . . . that disarmament is an illusion, we reply, "By taking such a stand you fall into step with the most dyed-in-the-wool imperialist reaction, weaken the front of struggle against it."

Those theoreticians, to a man, were military officers, active or retired. The buildup of Soviet forces had not been accompanied by a formal strategic doctrine. There was no Soviet equivalent of the American concept of "assured destruction" as such, even though, as early as 1954, Premier Georgi Malenkov had observed that the fact that both sides possessed nuclear weapons and the means of delivering them would create a kind of mutual deterrence. Khrushchev, after attacking Malenkov's moderate tendencies, followed his example and sought, with no great success, to reform and trim some parts of his military establishment, notably the surface Navy and the Army. Probably the Soviet military leaders played no direct role in Khrushchev's removal, but almost certainly the Central Committee got prior assurance that the military would not oppose the action; almost certainly the Central Committee would not have moved against Khrushchev without this assurance. The Brezhnev-Kosygin leadership sustained Khrushchev's avowed policy of preventing nuclear war through deterrence, but, again, nothing like a rigorous strategic doctrine was laid down. Then, as Soviet military strength began to build up all along the line, a split became evident; a group identified with Kosygin took a moderate line on nuclear strategy—agreeing that SALT talks should be held, for example—while the military leadership, or part of it, spoke in bolder terms. In the Soviet system, the Central Committee insists on full political control, and the military leadership, for its part, asserts full authority to perform its professional tasks according to its own best judgment. As nuclear parity developed, the line between policy and arms became blurred; on some issues—notably SALT—the interests of the Central Committee and those of the military began to compete. As early as 1965, Soviet military strategists were saying that nuclear war could not be ruled out, and thus deterrence alone was not adequate security for the Soviet Union, which must be prepared to wage war at every level; preparation for nuclear war would require weapons and delivery systems in adequate quantity and of adequate qual-

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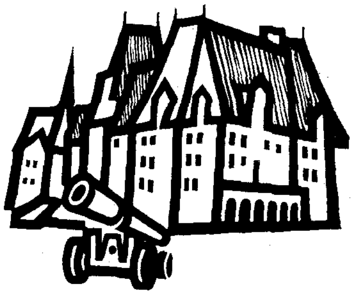

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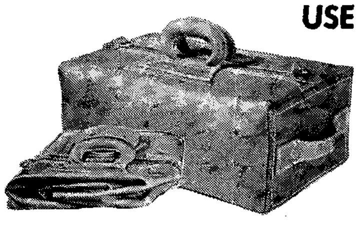

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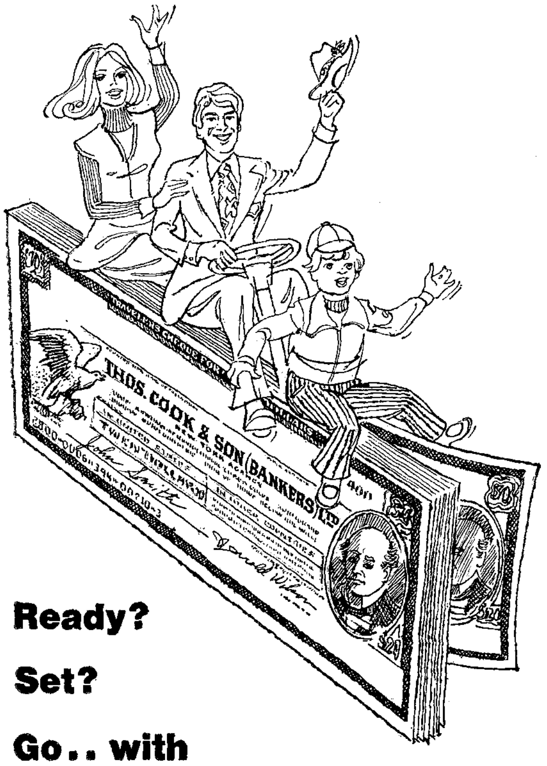
ity. Phrases like "favorable relationship of forces" crept into Soviet military journals, along with assertions that defense is a matter best left to military experts.

Perhaps inevitably, the Russians were repeating an American experience. For their phrase "favorable relationship of forces" one can substitute our notions of "damage limitation," to which a large part of Congress and the Washington bureaucracy—especially the military—remained faithful in 1968. Hearings before the influential Senate Preparedness Investigating Subcommittee in the spring of 1968 seemed designed to force from the Pentagon assurances that America would not be content with parity, would not forgo some margin of superiority. General Earle G. Wheeler, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, told the subcommittee that planned improvements in our own forces—mainly MIRVs (for "multiple independently targetable reëntry vehicles")—"will give us a very substantial margin of superiority." And Alain C. Enthoven, then running the Defense Department's Systems Analysis office, assured the subcommittee, "We do not intend to allow our policy of basing the size of our forces on assured destruction to result in the Soviets' overtaking us or even matching our strategic nuclear capability."

Obviously, the Soviet leadership, both political and military, paid close attention to these hearings, and who knows what conclusions they drew? The military bureaucracy almost certainly fuelled its arguments for larger and better forces with these and other statements by American counterparts testifying before Congress. Our policy of restraint was, in a sense, obscured by exaggerated claims and assertions. Each side was using the other's internal debate and actions to fortify, if not vindicate, its own policies.

Neither in 1968 nor in 1969, when the Soviet Union had to make a new arrangement with the new Administration, did we really know why Moscow had agreed to SALT. Perhaps the Kremlin leaders thought that talks aimed at a formal agreement would be a check on this disturbingly freewheeling military attitude. The possibility of getting a better grip on defense spending may also have been a consideration. Our analysis showed then that the Russians had traditionally spent much more money on defense than on offense. Their abrupt and enormous boost in offensive-missile forces may have aroused serious concern about costs. Soviet rubles buy more manpower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than United States dollars, because our manpower costs are much higher. But our dollars buy more hardware of the sophisticated type needed than their rubles. Thus, the Soviet leadership may have started to look with real apprehension at the implications of an endless competition for strategic advantage. Our MIRV and ABM (for "anti-ballistic missile") programs were no doubt unsettling, if only because our lead in the vital computer technology must have seemed irremediably broad. Moscow's attitude toward limiting ABMs had probably started to shift in Robert S. McNamara's direction. And in Lyndon Johnson the Russians saw a President who would be leaving office in January, to be succeeded, possibly, by someone less committed to arms control and more impressed by conventional sentiment favoring American superiority. Briefly, in the summer of 1968 Moscow saw little to be risked and perhaps something to be gained by pushing SALT into being with Johnson on the scene.

ALTHOUGH similar thoughts had propelled Johnson toward SALT much earlier, internal stresses similar to some that had restrained Moscow might, it appeared, frustrate his ambition to get the talks safely airborne before he left the White House. Johnson's problem, stated briefly, was how to maneuver the "simple, clear proposal" of which Rusk speaks through a government that would still be there when he left. Agreement on talks was one thing. Agreement on what, if any, truly self-limiting steps could be taken was quite another. The military bureaucracy, most notably the Joint Chiefs of Staff, would have to "sign off" on (Washington jargon for "approve") the American proposal. Nothing less than a unanimously agreed-upon position would do. For the State Department, the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, and their allies in the Office of the Secretary of Defense to pursue a course more daring than the Chiefs were likely to accept would be quixotic, even risky. The Chiefs would block them, if only by offering a scaled-down substitute proposal; a stalemate might follow, with the talks delayed, the momentum lost. As always, we would have to negotiate among ourselves before negotiating with Moscow.

Achieving unanimity on SALT really meant reaching agreement within the Pentagon. If competing interests within the building could somehow be reconciled on a single piece of paper, there would be no great problem in securing the endorsements of the other key agencies—the State Department, the Arms Control agency, and the Central Intelligence Agency. The White House was not directly involved in the process. Neither Johnson nor his staff took part in the bureaucracy's epic struggle to produce not just a "simple, clear proposal" but one that would actually make a serious matter of SALT. In Johnson's day, there was no Henry Kissinger to hold the bureaucracy in line and to force up Presidential options, as distinct from the preferences of the various parts of the government. Unlike Nixon, Johnson, as everyone in government knew, wanted *agreement*, not options. This meant that the Chiefs had to be on board.

The task of producing that agreement and getting the Chiefs on board presumably would fall to the Committee of Principals, a group that had been created during the Eisenhower Administration to handle arms-control matters and that had supervised the work on the nuclear-nonproliferation treaty. Dean Rusk was now the chairman of the committee, and among the other members were Clark M. Clifford, who had succeeded McNamara as Secretary of Defense; William Foster, the director of the Arms Control agency; General Wheeler, the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs; and Walt W. Rostow, the President's special assistant for national security affairs. In grinding out the SALT proposal, however, the committee was not to play its normal role. At this point, Rusk had more influence with Johnson on security issues than anyone else, but he was reluctant to take the initiative on SALT, because he knew he could not manage the Joint Chiefs. He had always relied on McNamara to deal with the Chiefs in matters involving State Department interests. McNamara's replacement, Clifford, was suspected, perhaps unfairly, of entertaining only mild interest in SALT; in any case, he lacked experience with this range of issues, and he was fully occupied with helping to arrest our commitment in Vietnam. Another problem was that the Arms Control agency served as the committee's staff, and the agency had long before aroused the suspicions of the Joint Chiefs, who looked upon it as a collection of ritual disarmers.

Who, then, was going to handle SALT? A bureaucratic void had developed, and nobody at the senior level seemed to have any idea how to fill it. Down at the fourth or fifth echelons, it

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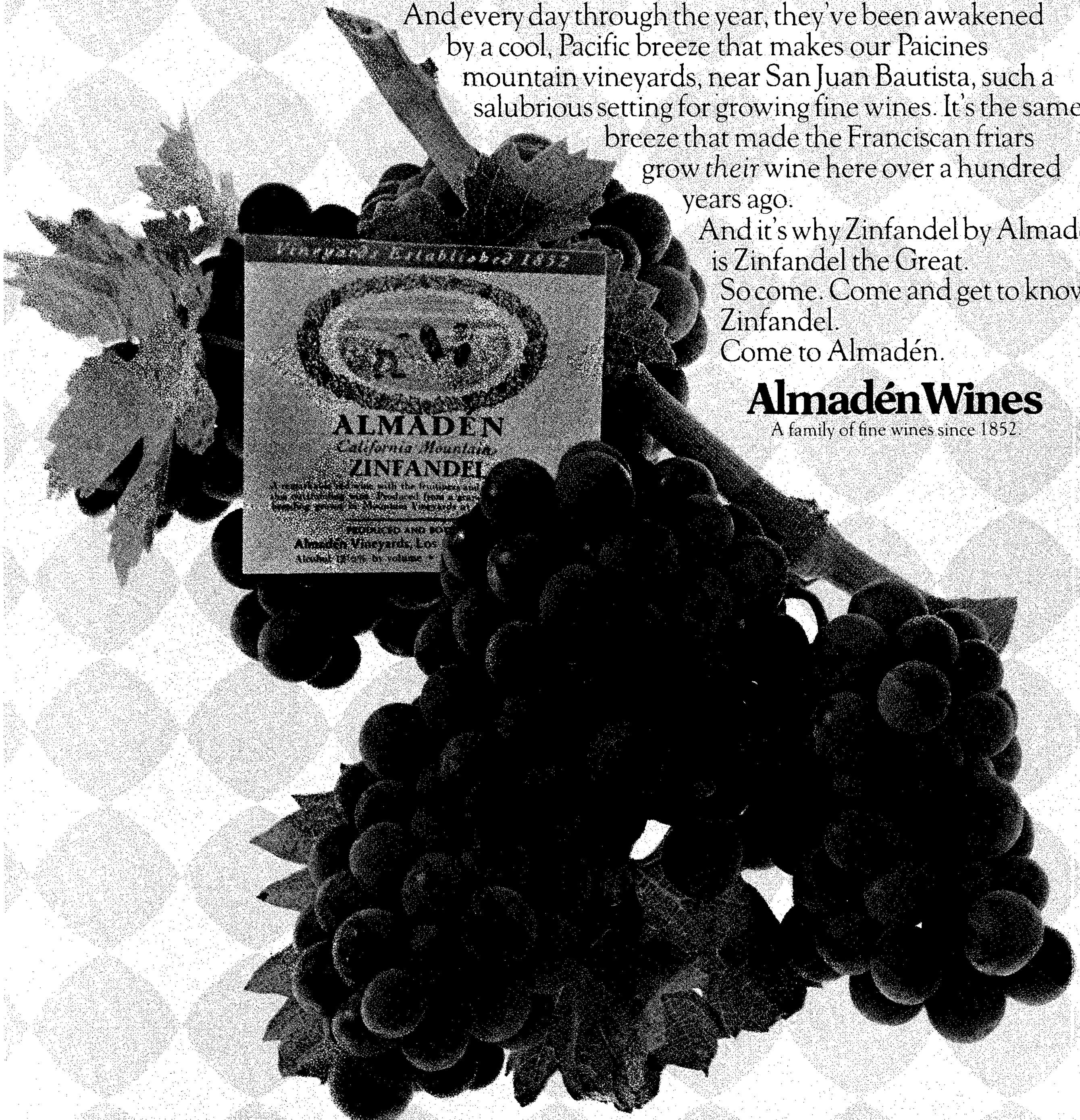
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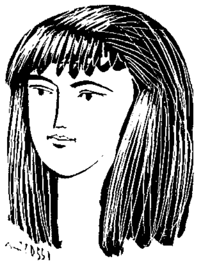
For a copy of "News from the Vineyards," write Almadén Vineyards, Box 997E, Los Gatos, California was recognized that an initiative was there for the taking. And it was there that it was taken—in the Pentagon's office of International Security Affairs, by Morton H. Halperin, who had just turned thirty in the summer of 1968 and held the title of Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense for Policy Planning and Arms Control. With the approval of his boss, Assistant Secretary of Defense Paul C. Warnke, Halperin drafted a memorandum to Clifford proposing that International Security Affairs be used as the Pentagon's action group on SALT. Clifford approved the idea. This meant that any Pentagon group that sought to oppose the maneuverings of International Security Affairs would have to appeal directly to Clifford. Halperin's office became the nucleus of a Pentagon committee that undertook to draft for the President a SALT proposal that would reconcile the views of the Arms Control agency, the State Department, and the various interests within the Pentagon. The group never had a formal name, but the services called it the SALT Committee. Halperin chaired it; among the other chief participants were Major General Royal B. Allison, who represented General Wheeler; Ivan Selin, of Systems Analysis; and a member of Defense Department Research and Engineering, representing its director, Dr. John S. Foster, Jr. Members of this little ad-hoc band identified the issues, analyzed them, and solicited estimates—often independently—from various parts of the intelligence community. They worked swiftly—hastily, in fact. With elections and a change of Administrations lying just ahead, time was short. Issues were taken up not one by one, methodically, but in groups. The pace was so intense that at times it was unclear whether agreement on a given issue had or had not been achieved. Everyone was meeting with everyone else, and everyone was both writing assessments and soliciting them. A torrent of paper threatened to swamp filing systems. So rapidly did the work move that, according to one of Halperin's colleagues, "at some moments nobody knew where it was—some issues simply dropped off in the blur of activity only to pop up later." While much of the work, apparently, was very good, the hurried and seemingly illogical shape of the operation sharpened doubts felt by the incoming Nixon Administration about the quality of its predecessor's analytical work on SALT. Halperin himself had misgivings about the lack of Presidential involvement and became a partisan of the White House-centered national-security system; indeed, he was in a few months to assist Henry Kissinger in devising the Nixon system.



THE substance of SALT was complicated enough without the interservice, interagency, and intra-agency struggle in which it was embedded. The issues were—and would remain—numerous and varied. Some were inherently complex and hard to handle; others were made unnecessarily burdensome by fertile brains determined to identify and hedge against every diabolical scheme that the other side might invent. To the outsider, and to some insiders as well, nuclear deterrence is a fantasy world, having nothing to do with the real issues dividing the blocs. If each side has enough power to maim the other beyond repair, of what importance are modest disparities in numbers of missiles, bombers, ABMs, radars, and nuclear submarines? The side that strikes first, after all, stands to lose about as much as its putative victim. If, then, deterrence cannot be allowed to fail, why treat the issues of SALT with such punctilio? This tempting overview, however reasonable, ignores the pressures on politicians to hedge against the prospect, probably remote, that deterrence *could* fail. It also ignores the internal politics that would collapse any regime that allowed the other side to establish, or reëstablish, a convincing superiority. Parity, as has been suggested, is as much a political value as a military one. Neither great power can concede more than marginal strategic advantage to the other. Deterrence is fragile. It relies on the credibility of each side's confidence in its strategic power; it even relies on the world's confidence that neither side can be intimidated by the other. At stake is the balance of power, a crude and imperfect equilibrium upon which stability rests. SALT preparations were borne along by such considerations. Some may think of them as the abstractions or fantasies of bureaucrats unable to see the wood for the trees; the bureaucracy sees them as the realities of power in the nuclear age.

The task of Halperin's SALT Committee was, first, to reach agreement on the issues without doing violence to any one of numerous attitudes toward deterrence, and, second, to wedge all this into a "simple, clear proposal." The issues divided along the line of defensive and offensive weapons. The

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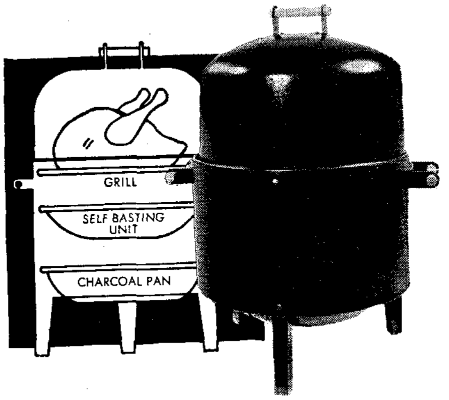

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hardest to handle would be a limitation on ABMs. In September of 1967, we had decided to deploy the ABM system called Sentinel, and the pro-ABM lobby within the government and within Congress was enjoying a strong favorable wind. Nothing really restrictive on ABMs seemed feasible. Sentinel was planned as a twelve-site system—much larger than Russia's Galosh, which was a protective ring of ABMs around Moscow alone—with options for three more sites and something like a thousand launchers in all. Johnson was known to be sensitive to the strong sentiment of Senator Richard B. Russell (the chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee) and others, including the Joint Chiefs, in favor of a big anti-Russian ABM system. Congressional opposition to ABMs had not yet crystallized; in any case, Congress was not being consulted on SALT preparations. Restricting ABMs would also mean restricting certain types of radars—a move to which the Chiefs would be hostile and the Russians no less so. Last, the old issue of Russia's defense system known as Tallinn, presumably concerned only with knocking down enemy aircraft, was still fuzzing the perspective on ABMs. Converting Tallinn into an ABM system, however unlikely, would give the Soviet Union an apparent advantage. Briefly, the summer of 1968, unlike the summer of 1969, saw little effective support for a small number of ABMs, let alone a ban. Sentiment on offensive weapons ran just a little less high. Here, there were two groups of issues, the first turning on which weapons to limit, the second on whether various refinements, like MIRV, should be restricted.

The SALT Committee's strategy on ABM was to avoid trying for a specific limitation. The Joint Chiefs, as the committee knew, might reject the whole package if it contained a low—or even a reasonably high—ABM number. The Navy no longer cared about ABMs and, left to itself, would have taken any kind of limit. The Air Force would have cheerfully accepted a low ABM number. Between them, the two services already controlled the three legs of our strategic triad—the Minuteman missiles, the B-52 bombers, and the missile-firing submarines. But the Army was against an ABM limit, because it saw the Sentinel ABM program as its only chance for a major role in nuclear deterrence. Since the Navy and the Air Force were counting on the Army's support on other issues of importance to them, they backed the Army and elected to present

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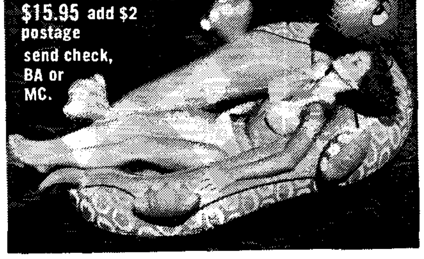

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a united front on ABMs. The united front also owed something to the Tallinn issue. In the summer of 1968, Tallinn posed two questions: Was it really an ABM system in disguise? Could it be upgraded to have an ABM capability? By then, only a few voices were arguing that Tallinn had been designed as an ABM system, but the Chiefs refused to go on record as saying that it could not become an ABM system. C.I.A. estimates cast doubt on Tallinn's potential, but people read into these what they wanted to see, and the Defense Intelligence Agency sided halfheartedly with the Chiefs and argued that Tallinn had some minimal upgrade potential. Tallinn was the intractable issue. More than two hundred pages of analysis failed to bridge the differing viewpoints. On the military side, some argued that Tallinn would have to be counted as part of the Soviet ABM capability or be policed by on-site inspection. Eventually, Halperin's group had to refer the problem to the Committee of Principals. It was the only issue that did require such intervention, and even at that level agreement eluded the government. Rusk managed to blunt the issue. When it was argued that for negotiating purposes Tallinn should be treated as part of Russia's over-all ABM network, he demurred, saying, prophetically, that surely the eventual goal must be the lowest possible number of ABMs on both sides. He and other members of the Committee of Principals quashed the on-site inspection issue, and everyone finally decided simply to disagree on Tallinn's possibilities. In the Nixon Administration, the question would have been resolved, one way or another, in the White House. In Johnson's day, the arguments on Tallinn did not engage the attention of the White House.

The ABM language eventually agreed upon by the Halperin SALT Committee could scarcely have been less daring. It proposed an equivalent number of launchers on both sides within a range of a hundred to a thousand. Since the Sentinel system was unlikely to have more than a thousand launchers, this approach seemed to risk nothing. Moreover, the Russians showed no sign of expanding their Galosh ABM system beyond sixty-four existing silos clustered in the Moscow area. Other issues were excluded altogether, either because internal agreement was unlikely or because raising them was just too dangerous. Bomber limitations fell into the first category, MIRV restrictions into the second. Bombers were bypassed mainly because distinguishing strategic and tactical air-

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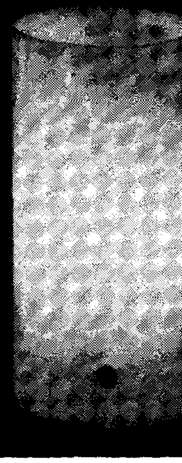

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craft is horrendously difficult. Also, the Chiefs argued that a bomber limitation was irrelevant, since both sides were then reducing their strategic-bomber forces.

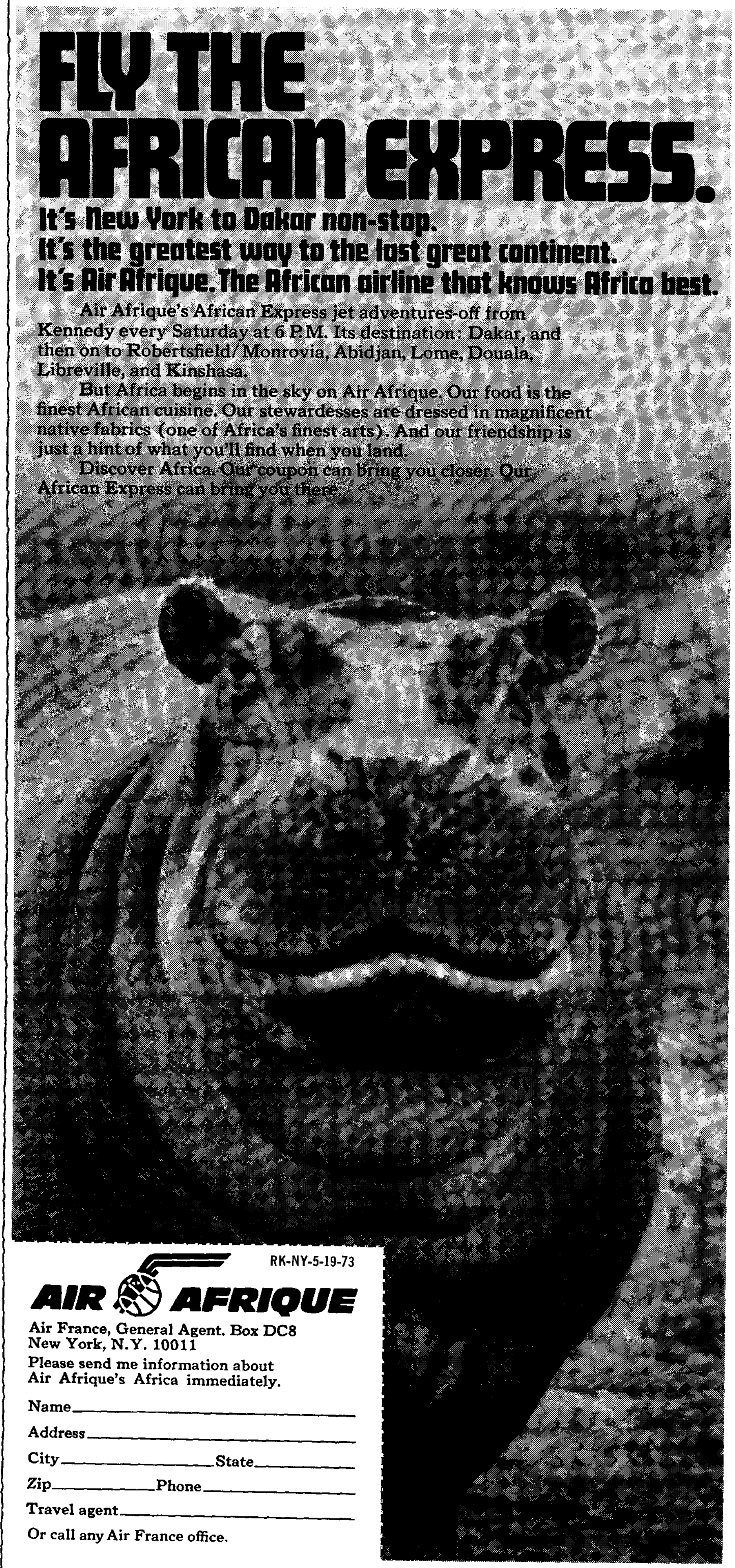
The MIRV issue was, if anything, more explosive than the ABM. The first flight tests of our two MIRVed missiles, the submarine-launched Poseidon and the land-based Minuteman III, were scheduled for mid-August—about the time Johnson was supposed to see a SALT proposal. As International Security Affairs, the State Department, and the Arms Control agency saw it, there were two questions: Should we cancel the MIRV tests? Should we include a MIRV-testing ban in the proposal? From the start, it was clear that any effort to squeeze a MIRV ban into the proposal ran the risk of losing the Chiefs altogether. Some thought that such an initiative, if it should be pushed hard, might even provoke resignations—a horrifying prospect. Dean Rusk, reflecting on the MIRV problem today, seems to harbor second thoughts, and says, "At that time, we could have taken the step [a MIRV-testing ban] more easily than we could take it now, because the Soviet MIRV program was not really under way. Now we need to worry about inspecting such a ban." Rusk also recalls that he did not oppose our own MIRV tests on the eve of the talks. It was, he felt, something that could be worked out during the negotiations. He says he "was not pushing a negotiation-through-strength argument but would simply have preferred to work it out at the talks." The Arms Control agency followed Rusk's line. Within International Security Affairs, a modest effort to cancel the tests was mounted, but it was dropped when it appeared unlikely that either Rusk or Clifford would press the issue. Here, again, a question that should have been decided by the President—or, at the very least, involved him—didn't reach his attention.

Another agenda item that could have unhinged the SALT preparations was the nuclear submarine. The Chiefs were known to be against trying to limit SLBMs (submarine-launched ballistic missiles), on the ground that reliable verification was doubtful. Also, Admiral Thomas H. Moorer, who was then the Chief of Naval Operations and is now Wheeler's successor as Chairman of the Joint Chiefs, was regarded within the government as the most hard-nosed of the skeptics on SALT; the Navy dug in its heels on more issues than either of the other services, and while nothing suggested that the Navy wanted to expand its fleet of forty-one nuclear submarines, there was fear that Moorer would rebel against a formal limit. In any case, C.I.A. estimates showed convincingly that any Soviet violation of an agreement on SLBMs in excess of about a half-dozen boats would be detected. That Moscow would cheat for so small a gain seemed unlikely, so the military flip-flopped and SLBMs were folded into the proposal. Another issue that provoked verification worries was that of mobile land-based missiles; these could be destabilizing, because of the obvious difficulty in counting them. Although Washington itself had no plans to shift Minuteman missiles from silos to railroad cars or trucks, the bureaucracy worried—as it does today—that Moscow might do just that, if only to protect Russian ICBMs from our own. Once again the argument that verification would be difficult was silenced by estimates conceding that a clandestine deployment of mobile missiles was quite feasible but not on a scale large enough to risk upsetting a formal SALT agreement. Again the Chiefs acquiesced.

Nothing about the 1968 SALT preparation was so remarkable as the willingness of the Joint Chiefs to accept restrictions that could not be verified with full reliability. Up to that point, the Chiefs and others had rejected any proposed limitation or ban that conceded the possibility of some cheating by the other side. Had they clung to that position in 1968, Johnson would have had little to negotiate about, for Moscow has consistently rejected on-site inspection, and our surveillance techniques are foolproof only in the case of fixed ICBM (for "intercontinental ballistic missile") and ABM installations.

Little of the preparation for SALT had much reference to Soviet attitudes; Washington didn't know what they were. Take the parity issue, for example. Since the Russians could argue that parity hadn't really been achieved, they had a presumed incentive to use SALT as an extended talkathon during which they could catch up. Or they might conclude that a formal halt or slowdown of the arms race would deter a new Administration, very possibly Republican, from recapturing a more visible lead for the United States. The phrase "frozen into a position of inferiority" began to bob up in American efforts to define the Soviet interest on certain issues. A MIRV-testing ban would halt America's Poseidon and Minuteman III programs—a presumed gain for Moscow. On the other hand, would the Soviet political and military leaders agree to remain innocent of the technology of multiple-reëntry vehicles? (By coincidence, Moscow had in fact scheduled the first test of its so-called SS-9 triplet—three reëntry vehicles borne aloft by the world's largest ICBM—the week after the United States' MIRV tests were to begin.) A freeze or limit on nuclear submarines would carry a lot of advantages from Washington's point of view but few from Moscow's. The sea is the most secure strategic environment, and the SLBM, as everyone agrees, is the one weapon likely to survive an uncertain future. Could the Russians be expected to accept a permanent American advantage in the number and quality of nuclear submarines and of the missiles they carry? A ban on mobile missiles also seemed doubtful. Logically, such a step would promote stability and confidence, but the Russians were unlikely to deny themselves the option to deploy the weapon that would best enable them to exploit their only geographical advantage—immense, sparsely populated territories. Finally, if words meant anything, the Russians were even less sympathetic to an ABM limitation than the Pentagon was. They did, after all, trail us in all categories except warhead size. If for no other reason, Moscow's internal debate was almost certainly as arduous as our own, and the Soviet military bureaucracy's attitude toward SALT even more hostile than the Pentagon's.

THE interagency proposal that was put together by the Halperin group was due to reach the Committee of Principals on Wednesday, August 14th. The committee would review the proposal, plus a memorandum from Clifford to the President explaining the proposal. These documents, with a covering note from Rusk, would be sent to Johnson. The Halperin group was determined to keep both the proposal and the crucial interpretive memorandum as simple and short as possible. The proposal was just three and a half pages—the outline of a treaty, really. The Clifford-to-Johnson memorandum was held to four pages, and was frankly designed to reassure the Joint Chiefs, with caveats and comments expressed in language that they might have written themselves. Even then, few, if any, of the people who drew up the proposal were willing to wager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much that the Joint Chiefs would actually approve its substance. Indeed, there was real concern that Admiral Moorer might dissent categorically.

One week before the Wednesday deadline, Warnke formally transmitted the proposal and the Clifford-to-Johnson memorandum to Wheeler. This was the signal for the Chiefs to go into "the tank," as their conference room is called. They met part of Wednesday, all day Thursday, all day Friday, and part of Saturday morning. Apart from the broadly permissive language on ABMs, the essence of the proposal was a freeze of long-range missiles—both ICBMs and SLBMs—at the existing levels. Mobile missiles were banned. In order that MIRV testing and deployment could proceed unthreatened, the proposal excluded so-called qualitative limitations, with a single exception: the external configuration of missile silos could not be altered; Washington felt then, as it still feels, that such a restraint was needed to prevent the Russians from replacing their older and smaller ICBMs with the giant SS-9—the most destructive weapon in anyone's arsenal. Such a step would vastly increase Soviet offensive power and, if the SS-9 force should be multiplied by the miracle of MIRV, would also threaten the United States' Minuteman missiles. The only other major restriction was on "freedom to mix." Like the ban on silo modification, this restriction was intended to discourage a constant process of change and modernization. Freedom to mix would allow both sides to replace old missiles with new and bigger ones, to replace old, diesel-fuelled submarines with improved, nuclear-powered boats, and so forth. We were prepared to argue that freedom to mix would not only encourage surprise innovations but mightily complicate verification. How could we verify that, say, a diesel-fuelled submarine had actually been destroyed? Or that the silos containing the older missiles had been fully dismantled when new silos were built for replacements? Our satellite photography might reveal only that the hole was covered. Who could say that it wasn't covered with three inches of dirt concealing a still functional ICBM? The freedom-to-mix constraint would not have bothered us; we had no diesel-fuelled missile-firing submarines and very few obsolete missiles, and we planned no modernization other than the MIRV program, which the proposal did not affect. But it was most unlikely that the Russians, whose weapons were inferior to ours, would swallow so bold

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an effort to freeze their inferiority. Again, our proposal, understandably, was directed not to their anxieties but to our own.

When the Chiefs emerged from the tank on Saturday morning, Halperin and others from International Security Affairs and Systems Analysis were sitting around in Halperin's office, chatting and nervously awaiting the result. At last, it arrived in the form of a Joint Chiefs memorandum with the reassuring red stripe that solemnly signals concurrence. The Chiefs were on board. Their memorandum amounted to a mild revision, but it did approve the basic elements of the position. It suggested only one change in the proposal: striking a reference to limiting ABM radars. It contained one dissent—from Admiral Moorer, on the freedom-to-mix provision. The Navy, possibly looking ahead to the vulnerability of the Minuteman force, wanted to keep open the option of shifting missiles from land to sea. Finally, the Chiefs proposed a number of changes in the Clifford-to-Johnson interpretive memorandum, most of which were of minor importance. The language on limiting ABMs to a number between a hundred and a thousand was changed to "some set and equivalent number," in order to take into account the threat from any third country—that is, China. Only one of their suggestions came as a surprise. The Clifford memorandum had pointed out that since both sides would remain free to deploy MIRVs, the Soviet SS-9s might one day menace our Minuteman force. The Chiefs, in their memorandum, excluded the language on Minuteman vulnerability. Nobody knew why, although International Security Affairs guessed that Wheeler had taken this decision, and that he may have felt that calling attention to a still hypothetical threat would provoke interservice rivalry on how to deal with it. The Navy would have pressed for putting the missiles out to sea, the Army for defending them with ABMs, the Air Force for superhardening the silos.

The Halperin group, having digested the Joint Chiefs' memorandum, swiftly decided to accept all of it. A new Clifford-to-Johnson memorandum, which incorporated all the Joint Chiefs' alterations, was prepared. It and the proposal, with Admiral Moorer's appended dissent, were put before the Committee of Principals on the appointed Wednesday. Some of those involved could scarcely believe that the Joint Chiefs had really acquiesced in a serious proposal to limit strategic

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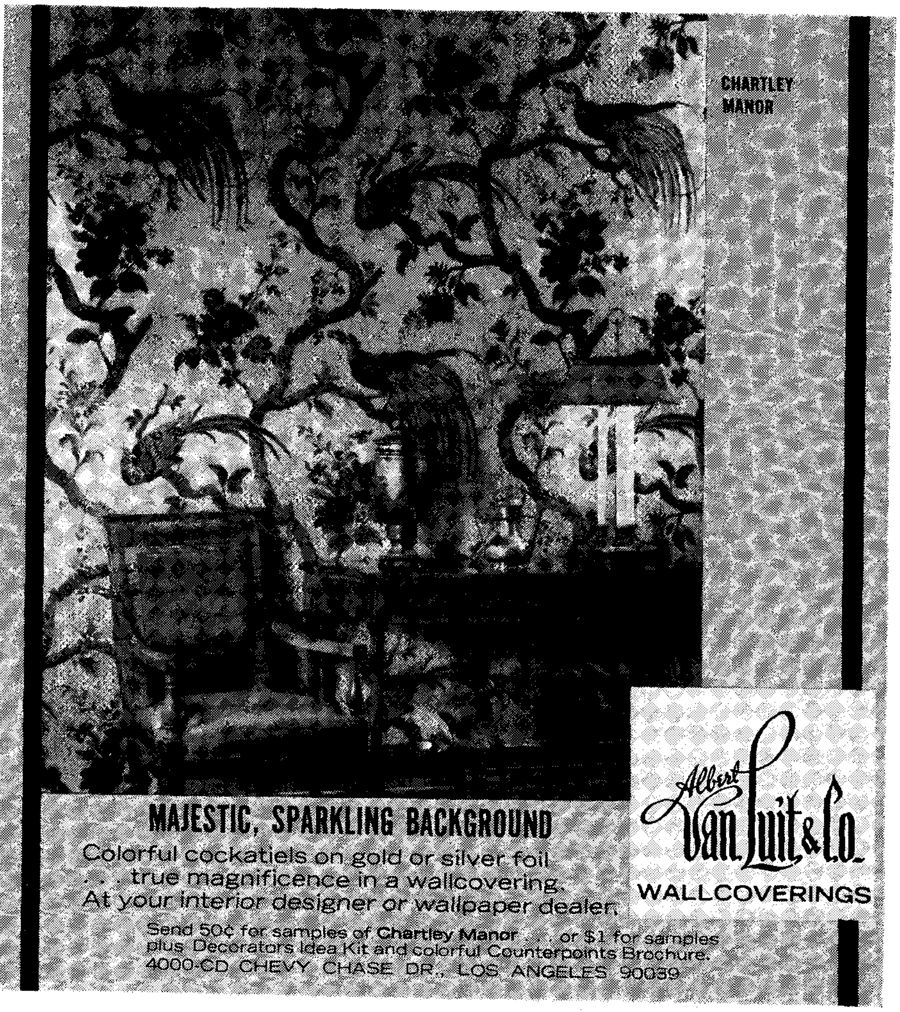

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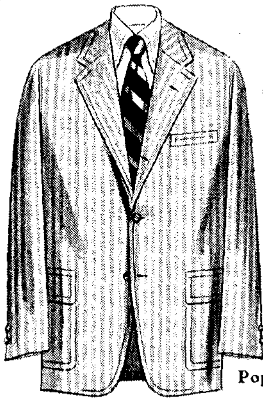

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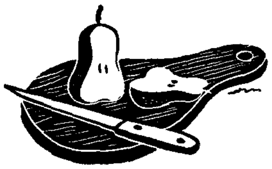
arms. There was a tendency to look for an explanation. Now, however, it seems reasonably clear that the price of the Chiefs' approval was the exclusion of both a MIRV testing ban and an ABM number. The Chiefs may have felt that the proposal carried little risk of moving the talks toward agreement. The first sentence was directed not to the Russians but to the Joint Chiefs, in reassurance. It said, "This proposal should be viewed as an entity, since that is the basis on which it has been evaluated." Narrowly interpreted, the statement meant that any alteration of the proposal during negotiations might nullify the whole. It showed the degree to which we were obliged to negotiate with ourselves. Probably it encouraged the Chiefs to take comfort in the thought that some combination of Soviet intransigence and Soviet counter-proposals would return the project to Square One and dictate an internal renegotiation of our SALT position under a new Administration. The Presidential election lay just ahead, and some Republicans were already proclaiming a decline in the United States strategic position.



The big tumblers had clicked into place. Both the Russians and the Joint Chiefs had agreed to talks. Accumulated years of anxiety about the arms race and earlier efforts to inhibit it had at last conspired to maneuver the issue to the conference table. Or so it seemed. In reality, a moment of rare anticlimax lay just a few days ahead. The proposal and various memorandums were sent by the Committee of Principals to the White House, where Johnson approved them all in principle. Washington and Moscow settled on a date—September 30th—to start the talks. A joint announcement was prepared, for release on August 21st. There remained only the choice of a site—either Moscow or Leningrad. The United States was leaning toward Leningrad, and the Russians would almost certainly agree. Johnson had also been pressing for a summit conference to start the proceedings, and on August 19th Soviet Ambassador Anatoly F. Dobrynin informed Washington that his government had agreed to a Johnson-Kosygin meeting on September 30th. At this point, only a handful of senior officials had been informed of what was going to happen. It didn't matter, though. On August 20th, units of the Soviet, Polish, Hungarian, Bulgarian, and East German Armies invaded Czechoslovakia.

Preparations for the summit conference were abruptly dissolved. Rusk telephoned Dobrynin on the night of the twentieth and informed him of the need to kill the joint announcement scheduled for the following day. Everything was off. In explaining this decision, Rusk says, "The Russians, as far as we knew, were still prepared to go ahead. We felt we could not. Public opinion in the United States and in the West would not have comprehended a summit meeting and the start of talks right after the invasion of Czechoslovakia." A senior United States official asked Dobrynin a few days later what Moscow was thinking of in making plans to invade Czechoslovakia on the eve of a joint statement announcing the start of SALT. Dobrynin replied that the two sets of plans had doubtless been on different tracks and had never been connected in the minds of the leadership. Each set, he said, had its own internal dynamic. This was a diplomatic way of saying that SALT was again the victim of unfortunate timing. A year earlier, it had been because Moscow was not ready that talks could not begin. In August, 1968, the event, after being formally scheduled, was swept aside by a matter far more immediate and urgent—Moscow's need to crush what seemed otherwise uncontrollable liberalizing forces in a satellite state of the first importance. The emotional effect on most of the Americans directly involved can be left to the imagination. To some, it appeared that SALT had been not merely put off but indefinitely shelved. Since the Democratic Party was in severe disrepair, the signs pointed to a Nixon White House and, with it, a reassertion of the United States' strategic advantage and less concern with limiting arms. The ABM and MIRV programs, initiated by Johnson and McNamara, would promote this reassertion. The first flight tests of both Poseidon and Minuteman III were conducted on August 16th, just five days before the scheduled joint announcement that was never made. Russia's SS-9 triplet was tested on August 28th. Also in August, the Senate rejected a move to cut some two hundred and seventy-five million dollars from the Sentinel ABM program. It all suggested that a race for qualitative advantage was on—that time was running out on SALT.

Other, possibly longer heads took a more cheerful view. While not shrugging off the blow to their hopes, they felt that SALT had an inner logic to which any President must respond. Putting a lid of some sort on strategic arms was a perceived need, whether in the interests of stable relations between the great powers or in the long-run interests of stabilizing defense spending. This more cheerful view also took encouragement from the events of the summer, notably the precedent of the Joint Chiefs' concurrence in a SALT proposal. Now that the Chiefs had got their feet wet, dealing with them next time would, it was hoped, be easier, especially for a Nixon Administration, unburdened by past quarrels with the brass and the heavy residue of mutual suspicion and mistrust.

It was a curiously transitional moment, and not only because a change in Administrations lay a few months off. Opinion was changing more rapidly than anyone could see. In August, 1968, a used-up President would probably have lost public and congressional support if he had tried to override the Chiefs on SALT. One year later, the Nixon Administration came very close to losing Senate approval of its ABM program. The outcry against the Vietnam war was in crescendo. That, with other irritants, like the celebrated cost overruns on various weapons systems, fed a broadening, if not very articulate, concern about military spending and overseas commitments. In brief, an incoming Administration was greeted by a rare degree of public and congressional skepticism of much that passed for conventional wisdom. Still, the Nixon team began life with serious misgivings about SALT. Its attitude was, of course, influenced by the bizarre nature of the preparations in the summer of 1968. Orderly minds were affronted by what seemed to them a cabalistic, almost conspiratorial enterprise. And just before quitting office Lyndon Johnson reinforced the suspicions of his successor by making a wholly quixotic eleventh-hour effort to do precisely what events had not allowed him to do on September 30th.

"TOO frightened to fight each other, too stupid to agree," Talleyrand said of his illustrious colleagues in the early days of the Congress of Vienna. By strong-arming the Czechs, the Soviet Union risked destroying a finely tuned policy of lowering tensions with the West. Moscow's tough internal debate on SALT, covering a span of eighteen months, had left Soviet advocates of the talks perched on a badly torn limb. On neither side did the luckless efforts to inaugurate SALT inspire

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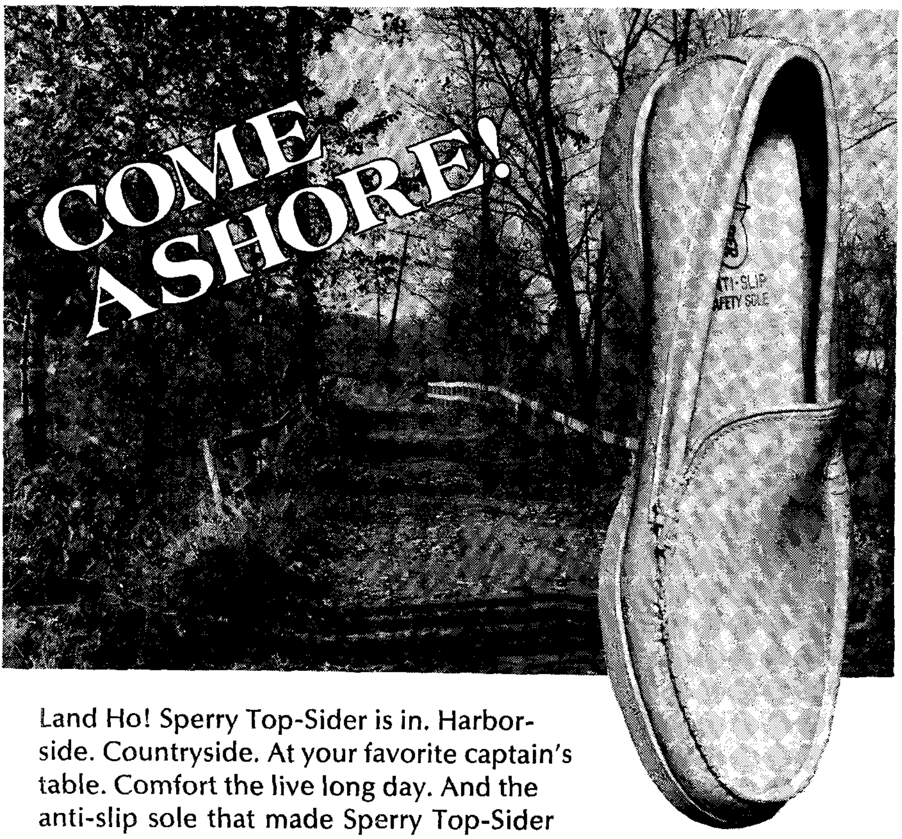

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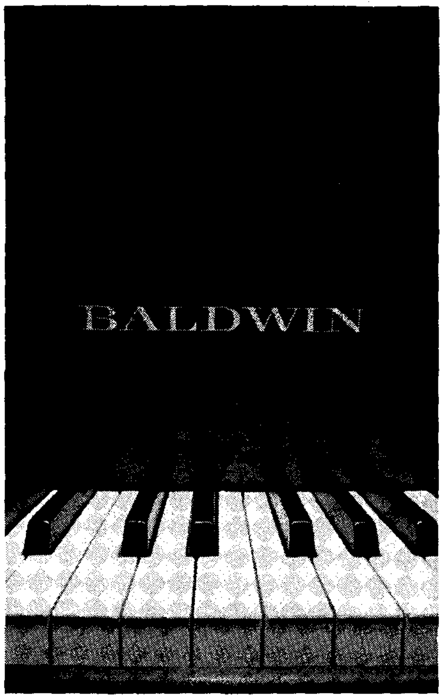

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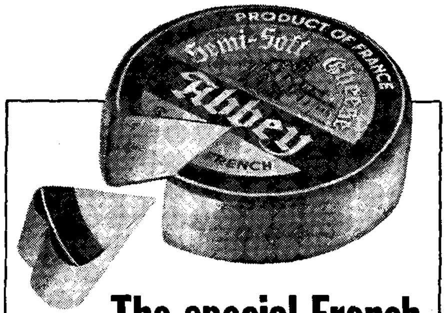
unilateral restraint. Inevitably, the Soviet offensive buildup had developed a momentum of its own. The same was true of our ABM and MIRV programs. Moscow, to complement its exuberant ICBM expansion, had put to sea Russia's first nuclear submarines. Our forces appeared to serve as both model and catalyst for theirs. We, after all, first deployed large numbers of ICBMs in hardened silos. And we invented both the nuclear submarine and the SLBM. Our Sentinel ABM program, far more ambitious and advanced than Russia's Galosh, may have encouraged the rapid buildup of a giant Soviet missile—the SS-9. Such a weapon, it was doubtless argued, would be needed to overcome ABM defenses of our cities; if only *one* SS-9 penetrated, it would level a large city. Still another American innovation—multiple warheads—became still another technological hurdle for Russia to jump. Such is the action-reaction cycle, as many scientists and bureaucrats perceive it. Some, however, demur, arguing that all these weapons and all the refinements of each have long been known to both sides and were always within the grasp of both. Thus, the argument continues, it is the impulse of technology, not an action-reaction cycle, that drives the arms race.

Wherever the truth may lie, Nixon, as a candidate for the Presidency, seemed unimpressed by our qualitative advantages. On October 24th, he accused the Democrats of "creating a security gap for America." Our ICBM lead, he said, had "become only marginal" and would "soon be gone." He characterized parity as a "peculiar, unprecedented doctrine," and promised to "restore our objective of clear-cut military superiority." On this issue, the lame-duck Johnson Administration presented Republicans with the smallest possible target. In a news conference on October 25th, the day after Nixon's blast, Clifford said:

> I was comforted when I came into the Department to find the extent of the superiority which we had over the Soviets. I have continued in that direction. We have today a substantial military superiority over the Soviet Union, and I shall certainly do all in my power to continue to maintain that superiority as long as I hold this position.

He went on to give precision to the claim by specifying a nearly four-to-one U.S. advantage over the Soviet Union in deliverable nuclear weapons.

It was tacitly understood by both the Russians and the Americans that not until the shock of Czechoslovakia



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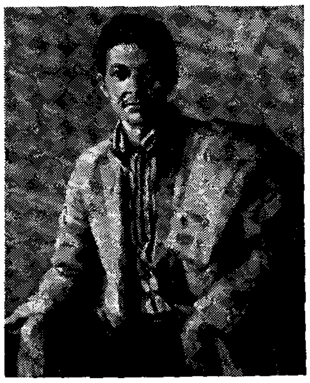

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had begun to subside and our Presidential campaign had run its course could SALT again become a serious matter. November and December would be the critical months, or so it seemed to those in the two capitals who harbored the notion—the illusion, as it turned out—that Nixon would enter the White House saddled with a solemn negotiation that he would be obliged either to sustain or to quash. The United States had to take the initiative, because it was the United States that had cancelled the September 30th meeting. Strictly speaking, the United States did take the initiative, although the Soviet Union, for its own reasons, was most eager to play the game. The collective leadership, after all, had opted for SALT. And now, in the need to blur the reviving image of the Soviet Union as a heavy-handed oppressor of the weak, there was a fresh incentive to promote an elevated project like SALT.

In typical Soviet fashion, Kosygin strayed outside normal channels by choosing to talk with Robert McNamara, the American who, seventeen months earlier, in Glassboro, had openly pleaded with him to start talks. Now, in November of 1968, McNamara was en route to Kabul, Afghanistan, on business for the World Bank, of which he had become president after leaving the Defense Department. He and his wife made a short stopover in Moscow, simply to look about a city they had never seen. Kosygin sent word that he would like to chat. The subject was SALT. That was November 11th. The following day, Moscow's Ambassador to the United Nations announced that his government was ready "without delay to undertake a serious exchange of views on this question." The initiative lay now with Lyndon Johnson, who was determined to proceed not just with SALT but with his cherished plan for a summit conference. One can only speculate on Johnson's thinking. He may have wanted to strike a blow for détente and stability—a valedictory *beau geste;* or to show that his tragic commitment to a war he had begun to moderate concealed the soul of a peacemaker. One of his colleagues argues that many Presidents have been tempted to do something major in their lame-duck phase. It is just as true that one President cannot commit another.

The little drama that followed was played out in Washington and in New York—more specifically, in the White House and at the Hotel Pierre, where the President-elect and his staff were installed. Johnson now needed both a

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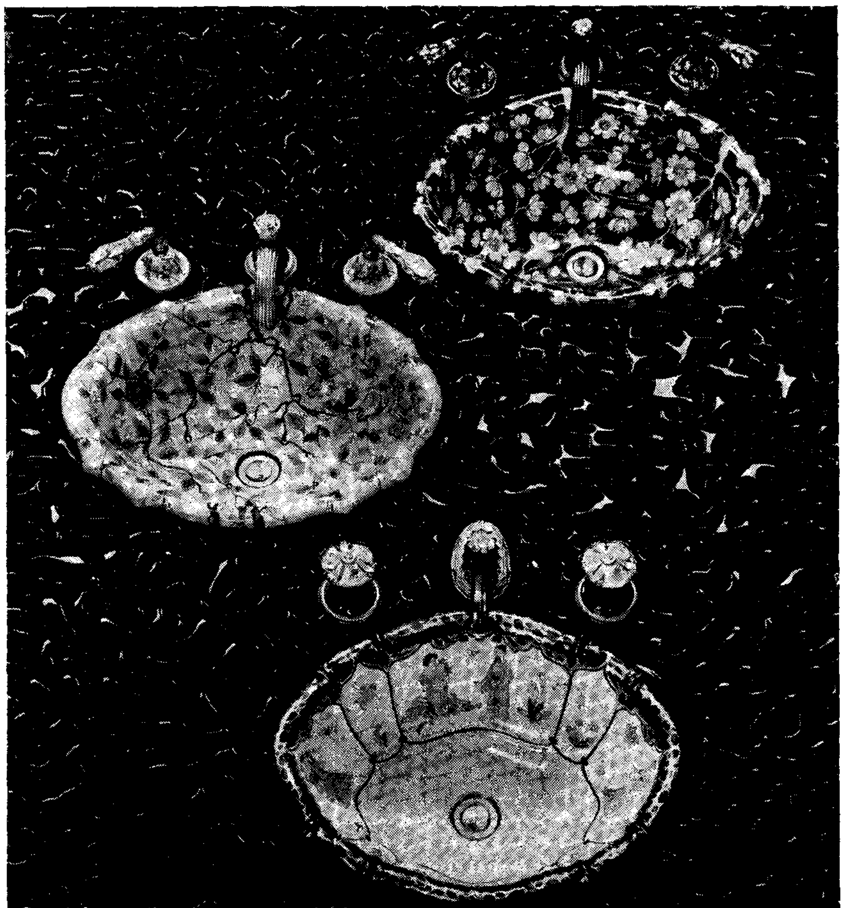

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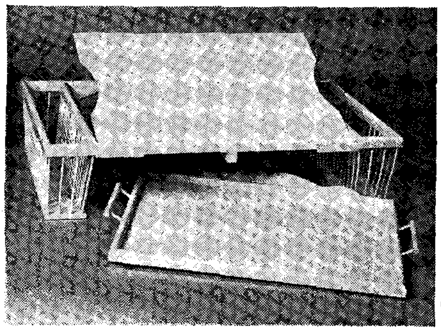

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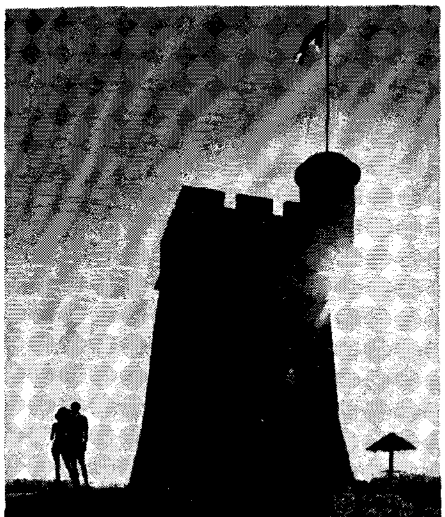

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firm date from the Russians and Nixon's blessing. The two things were linked; however well disposed the Russians might be toward Johnson, they could hardly oblige him over the objections of the President-elect, with whom they would be dealing directly in a few weeks. Emissaries from both the White House and the Soviet Embassy made contact with the small staff that Kissinger had working with Nixon at the Hotel Pierre. The answer on SALT was flatly negative. Each high-level emissary was told that Nixon would not be responsible for anything Johnson might do. This was a veto; Moscow had no choice but to deny Johnson a date for the meeting. A senior Soviet diplomat says that the language used at the Hotel Pierre was blunt, amounting, he adds, "to something stronger than just saying 'We won't be bound.' " Nixon, says one American who was involved, threatened to "repudiate" any last-minute agreement that Johnson might reach.

NIXON'S preoccupation is foreign policy. In a sense, the same was true of his immediate predecessors, Kennedy and Johnson, upon whose attention the Cold War and then Vietnam made heavy demands. Obviously, Nixon, too, was obliged to cope with Vietnam and the range of security issues. But he seems to have had from the start a special sense of commitment, or vocation, to foreign affairs, dating probably from his days as Vice-President, when he travelled widely, spoke a great deal about security problems, and developed views, but could do little to affect decisions. He arrived in power determined not to endorse decisions shaped largely by bureaucracy's talent for narrowing choice but to extend the range of choice and to make independent decisions. He would not be, like some Presidents, one of a number of players, albeit the key player. Instead, working through Henry Kissinger, who holds the loftiest foreign-policy job that any President has ever given any individual, he would make the White House the fountainhead of initiative and the solitary instrument of decision. Nixon, it is clear, knew that Kissinger shared much of his thinking about world problems, about the virtues of a strong Chief Executive, and, perhaps still more important, about the pernicious drag of bureaucracy on Presidential power. The bureaucracy would march—and briskly, at that—to a tune written, orchestrated, and played in the West Wing of the White House.

On January 20th, there arrived on all the appropriate desks in all the appropriate agencies copies of National Security Decision Memorandums 1 and 2. This was a Kissinger innovation, along with the National Security Study Memorandum. The latter rigorously assigns the bureaucracy a task—most often a study assessing various policy options. Once the study is completed and accepted, the President chooses, and a National Security Decision Memorandum is prepared; it formalizes his decision and tells the members of his Administration what is to be done. National Security Decision Memorandums 1 and 2 solemnly established nothing less than an entirely new national-security system. The documents were based on a lengthy Kissinger memorandum to a President-elect who knew exactly what he wanted. The new system would restore to the twenty-two-year-old National Security Council a prestige and authority it had been losing since the Eisenhower days. Kennedy and Johnson found the National Security Council too elaborate; they preferred a looser, more flexible system, which would be responsive to immediate problems and crises. They sought advice more informally, relying on those whose judgment they valued most on given issues at a given moment. Johnson's famous Tuesday lunch typified this preference for the informal style. The Nixon-Kissinger design went far beyond merely restoring the statutory role of the National Security Council, however. The new system would be invincibly controlled by the White House. Other agencies and institutions—the Departments of State and Defense, the Joint Chiefs of Staff—would be held strictly subordinate to the President and his senior adviser. A number of new devices would clip the bureaucracy's wings, not least the two new types of memorandum. Both are written in the White House and signed by the President, or by Kissinger for the President, and that means that only Nixon and Kissinger can assign the issues to be studied and frame the questions to which the bureaucracy must respond. Thus, the National Security Study Memorandum allows the President to monopolize initiative, while the National Security Decision Memorandum becomes a kind of executive order. Bureaucrats may appeal a Decision Memorandum, but only with great difficulty can they undercut it or work around it.

The problem, as Nixon and the immediate Kissinger staff saw it, was how to block the bureaucracy's tendency to obscure or deny Presidential options with agreed positions that trouble no agency's special concerns. A partial solution was to take hold of the committees through which government does so much of its work. Kissinger would kill a few, add a few, and remodel others. The first to go was the most prominent—the Senior Interdepartmental Group, chaired by the Under-Secretary of State. Since its creation, in 1966, this group had been controlled largely by the State Department. Its decisions had to clear Rusk's office before they could go on to the White House. Kissinger replaced it with a Senior Review Group, which had much the same membership but which he would chair. He was, in fact, to chair all but one of six new senior committees that were to follow. And the writ of these committees would cover the whole range of national-security issues.

The new Secretary of State, William P. Rogers, agreed to the new system before the Inaugural, but his department was not happy with the abrupt decline of its initiative and responsibility. Still, the bureaucracy's reaction was, by and large, favorable: the changes seemed to make sense. In any case, there was little time for complaining or for trying to outmaneuver the White House. The agencies were flooded with assignments from Kissinger. Besides, many bureaucrats felt not only that the right questions were being asked but that they were being asked with refreshing precision and rigor. A dozen Study Memorandums issued from the White House in the ten days following Nixon's Inaugural. By April 30th, the number was up to fifty-five. Out went the National Security Study Memorandums, and in flowed the studies, often graded barely passing—sometimes even unacceptable—by Kissinger. It rapidly became clear that Kissinger and his staff had seized control of national-security policy and that Kissinger dominated his staff.

NIXON and Kissinger were in no hurry to get on with SALT. Among other things, the Soviet eagerness was disconcerting. On January 20th, the day of Nixon's Inaugural, Soviet Foreign Ministry spokesmen announced that Moscow was ready to "start a serious exchange of views" with the United States on a "mutual limitation and subsequent reduction of strategic nuclear delivery vehicles, including defensive systems." They added that "when the representatives of the Nixon Administration are ready to sit down, we'll be ready." Nixon re-

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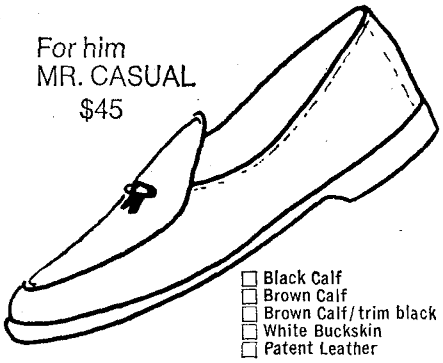

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plied a week later. On January 27th, he said at a news conference that he favored strategic talks with the Soviet Union, but stressed that the timing and the context of the talks were vitally important. Talks, he said, should promote progress on "outstanding political problems," like the Middle East. He wanted to be certain that we had "sufficient military power," and he then identified the term "sufficiency" as more useful than "parity." A new President was saying, in effect, that if Soviet leaders are so keen on SALT, let them pay for it. The term "linkages" cropped up. Progress on SALT would be linked to political progress on matters of immediate concern—Vietnam as well as the Middle East. Arms control, that is, would be treated as one of a number of interrelated issues, not as an end in itself.

Ambassador Dobrynin called on Secretary Rogers on February 13th and reported that Moscow was ready to "resume" or "start" the talks, subject to agreement on dates. He wasn't certain, he said, which of the two verbs was appropriate. Rogers answered jokingly, saying, "We could start to resume." Four days later, on February 17th, Dobrynin called on Nixon. His government, he said, also wanted to move toward the era of negotiation that Nixon had mentioned in his Inaugural speech. The Soviet leadership would be prepared to move forward on a number of issues—notably the missile problem and the Middle East. Nixon's reply was noncommittal. With regard to SALT, he said, our position was being reviewed by the government, and decisions would have to await completion of this review, and consultation with our allies as well. He added that the atmosphere would be important to progress on arms-control matters.

Nixon had clearly expressed his Administration's hesitancy about SALT at this early stage. It recognized the opportunity that talks might offer, but the new President and his uniquely powerful adviser, Kissinger, were mistrustful both of Soviet motives and of what seemed to them the erratic and single-minded tactics of their predecessors in pursuing talks. They feared that nobody—not the bureaucracy, not the people around Johnson—had made any analytical attempt to see how SALT meshed with Soviet purposes. The negotiations, they felt, would be tougher than the outgoing Administration had been willing to concede. A Khrushchev might have been more certain of his authority than the collective leadership, hence possibly easier to deal with. And

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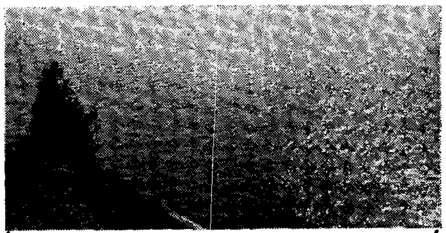

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since the Soviet military had presumably helped, if indirectly, to install the new leaders, its influence would be correspondingly larger. (This judgment was borne out later, after talks began, by the remarkable ignorance of Soviet civilian negotiators about the numbers, sites, and characteristics of their own weapons. The military kept them in the dark.) It seemed essential to know more about the motives of the Soviet military—whether these diverged from the thinking of the political leaders and, if so, to what degree. Why, for example, might both groups favor parity and a letup in strategic-arms development? How valid was the assumption that Soviet leaders feared the harsh economic penalties that another major round of strategic spending would impose? Did the political leaders believe that parity would allow them to mount a more aggressive diplomacy with reduced risk of confrontation with America?

Henry Kissinger had served as a consultant and trouble-shooter to Democratic Administrations, and he was no stranger to the habits of bureaucracy. His writings and his advice to Presidents often deplored bureaucracy's insensitivity to the effect of other nations' domestic politics on their foreign policy. In the Soviet Union, domestic politics meant the interplay between powerful interest groups. Our SALT position would have to take these into account. Perhaps the Soviet Army and Navy had decided that nuclear parity would free resources for building up troop and surface-ship strength. Kissinger and his staff also wondered about other military interest groups, notably the Strategic Rocket Forces and the Air Defense Command. Would they accept a limit on their offensive and defensive missiles without trying to work around the agreement? Could they cheat undetected on a large scale? Might they make common cause with the Kremlin and use SALT as a means of pressuring Nixon, through the American public and Congress, to hold back on ABM and MIRV deployment? In short, Nixon and Kissinger felt a need to know much more about Soviet purposes before committing themselves to a negotiation that might serve to promote these purposes.

They also felt the need for an exhaustive study of America's military and strategic position. Before contemplating self-limiting steps, the Administration would decide for itself how much strategic hardware is enough. The operative term was now "sufficiency." The Administration would

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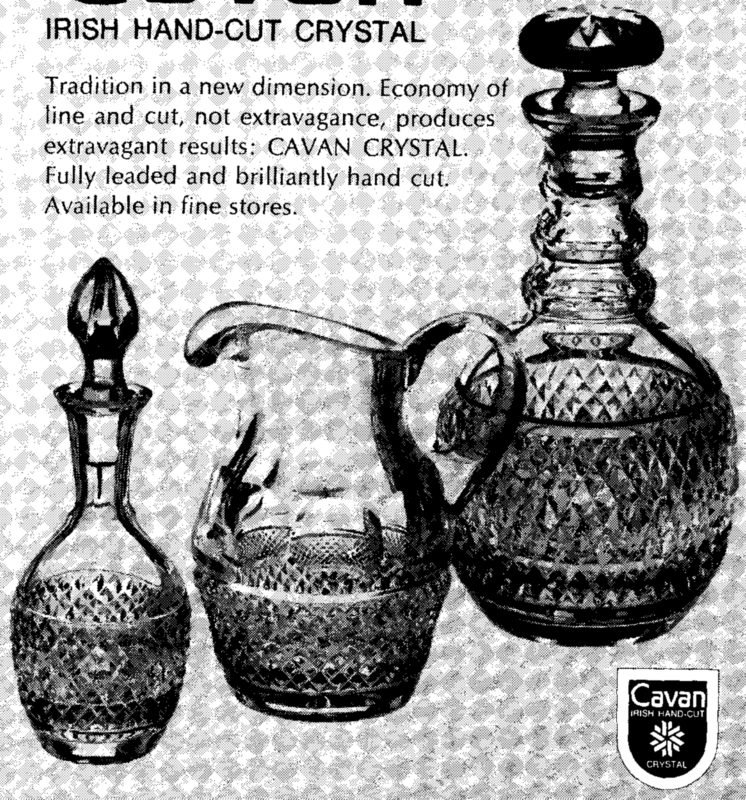

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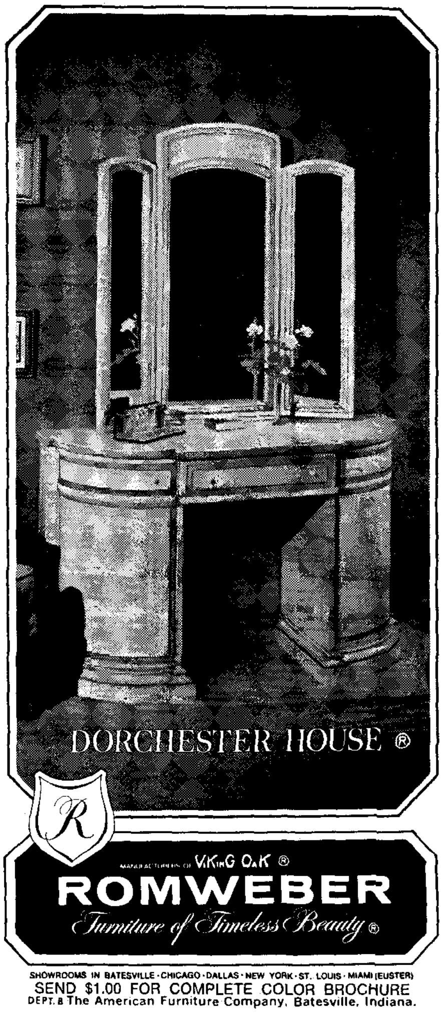

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lay down its own "sufficiency criteria." On the day after Nixon's Inaugural, seven National Security Study Memorandums were issued. One of them, No. 3, was titled "Military Posture" and sought to grapple with the sufficiency question. The Arms Control agency and its allies throughout the bureaucracy wanted to move immediately on SALT, but they could hardly dispute a White House decision to explore this terrain. Any new Administration had the right, if not the duty, to make its own measurements of security needs. But a large part of the bureaucracy's SALT lobby—and it amounted to that—did think that the two things should go forward together. SALT preparation, these people argued, need not await completion of the Study Memorandum 3 exercise, or even limp along behind.

As so often happens, the political climate was changing more rapidly than most Washington institutions realized. Congressional attitudes had begun to shift, partly to keep up with public opinion. The internal debate on SALT was to be affected—to some degree shaped—by the shift. "SALT" was no longer an acronym available only to bureaucrats, foreign governments, various specialists, and some journalists. The term was becoming known. Ordinary people were learning what the letters stood for. They were becoming even more aware of related terms, like "ABM" and "MIRV." The ABM issue, for example, struck close to home. The Sentinel program was breeding hostility in cities where sites were to be built, and Congress began to respond. The public neither understood nor cared much about the rationale for Sentinel, but people living next door to metropolitan ABM sites feared them as potential lightning rods. A kind of political action-reaction cycle began, with aroused voters in cities like Boston and Chicago chivying those whom they had elected to Congress in November. In turn, members of Congress who already disliked ABMs fuelled the popular concern by repeating the arguments of scientists and other academics who were hostile to the Sentinel program. A large part of the academic community, including some of its members who served as government consultants, was strenuously opposed to ABM defense of cities. People who had served Lyndon Johnson might well have been pinching themselves. Who among them could have predicted in the summer of 1968 that there would be so wild and rapid a swing in congressional thinking? Or that a new President would confront a tough bipartisan coalition of ABM adversaries instead of the formidable congressional lobby that had helped push Johnson toward the Sentinel deployment decision? In February, the pseudo-gothic figure of L. Mendel Rivers, the since deceased autocrat who was chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, frowned upon Sentinel; his committee, he judged, would not approve ABM sites that had been proposed for Chicago and Seattle. Rising protest in the Senate foreshadowed the hard sledding that ABM would have there from then on. Some senators, including Edward M. Kennedy, urged the new Secretary of Defense, Melvin R. Laird, to freeze deployment, if only temporarily. Laird had already endorsed Sentinel as a means of strengthening the United States negotiating position whenever SALT got under way. The so-called bargaining-chip argument, a legacy from the Johnson days, was to remain a basic—and perhaps the most convincing—part of the ABM rationale. But now the new Administration decided to back off for a moment. On February 6th, Laird ordered a temporary halt in Sentinel deployment, pending a one-month review of "all major weapons systems."

With Sentinel in deep trouble, the Administration had a number of alternatives to consider. It could halt Sentinel and continue ABM research and development; or it could scrap Sentinel's discredited anti-China rationale and opt for a thick, expensive, frankly anti-Russian ABM defense of cities; or it could discard city defense altogether and choose to defend only Minuteman sites, doing so with simpler and less expensive hardware; or, finally, it could compromise by shifting the hardware being developed for Sentinel away from cities to Minuteman sites. The Administration chose to compromise. It changed the name of the system from Sentinel to Safeguard, and determined that in its first phase Safeguard would defend Minuteman sites. But neither city defense nor the anti-China rationale was scrapped. In its second phase, Safeguard, like Sentinel, would defend cities. In short, the Nixon team sought to have it both ways. Critics of city defense would be disarmed by the shift of hardware, initially, to Minuteman sites, while adherents of city defense who favored it would be mollified by the promise of the second phase. Finally, budget cutters would be pleased, because in its first year or so Safeguard could be made to cost less than Sentinel. A cheaper, less city-oriented system would, it appeared, be easier to sell to Congress. Besides possessing the advantage of economy and the public-relations value of moving the sites away from cities, the move seemed consistent with a changing strategic situation. The National Intelligence Estimates downgraded the Chinese threat, but the Soviet Union was rapidly expanding its SS-9 force, was testing MRVs (for "multiple reëntry vehicles," which are not independently targetable), and, presumably, was heading toward a MIRV capability. Here was a threat that frankly alarmed the new Administration, and it seemed to give ABM the plausibility it had lacked. A MIRVed SS-9 force of a certain size, Laird warned, could all but wipe out our own ICBMs. Minuteman, then, would have to be defended.

Nixon made his decision known on March 14th. The length and intensity of the Senate debate that followed his statement surprised both the Administration and the bureaucracy. Neither the debate nor the expert testimony was always logical, objective, or even relevant. Extravagant claims and assertions were made by people on both sides of the issue. Administration witnesses exaggerated the imminence of the SS-9 threat to Minuteman, while some scientists and academics who should have known better tended to write off the threat and to load the case against Safeguard. The most telling argument against Safeguard was that its components, which had been designed for city defense, wouldn't really work in a missile-defense system. The Safeguard authorization was eventually approved by the Senate, by a margin of one vote.

Hindsight shows that the angry Safeguard debate cleared the air. The setback contained in the Administration's narrow victory enfeebled the ABM advocates. All the highly theoretical and abstruse argument about whether ABMs would work, and, if so, what kind of ABMs, deployed at what strength and at what cost, would not again appear so formidable. The ABM was simply sliding into disrepute. If for rather different reasons, both Washington and Moscow would seek a limitation—perhaps even a ban—on ABMs. The bargaining would be tough and erratic, but the goal was roughly the

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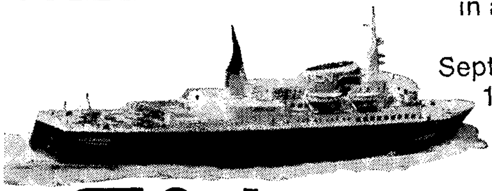

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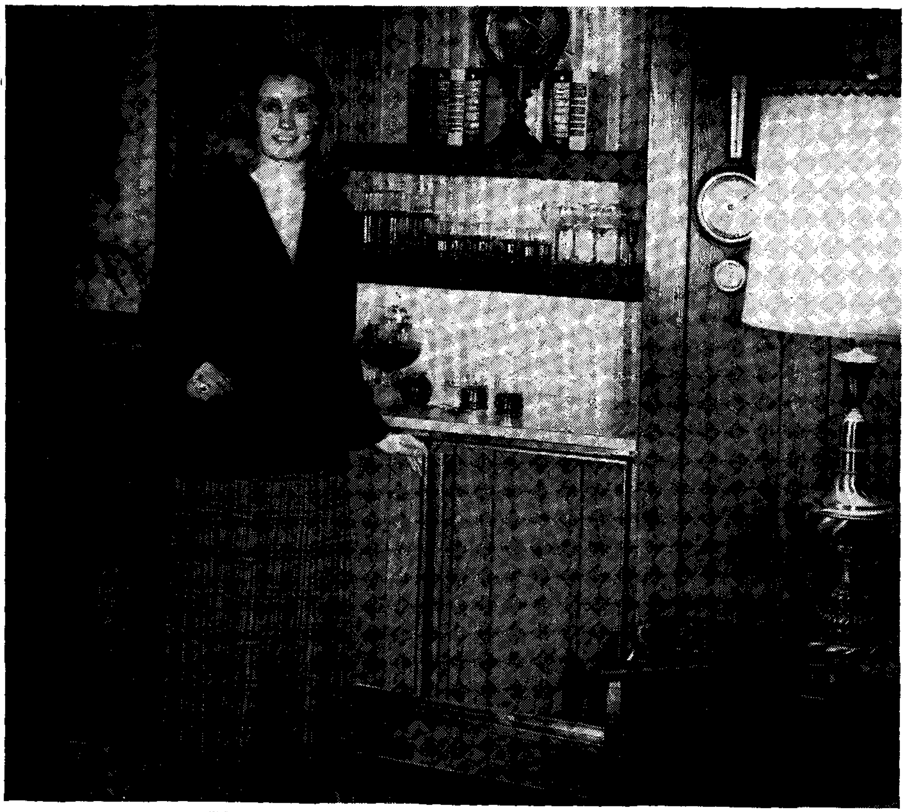

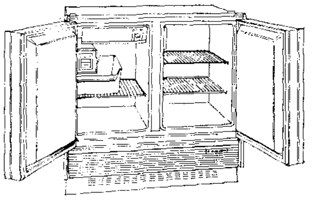

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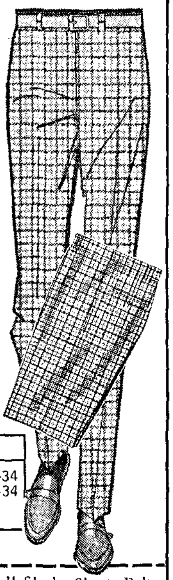

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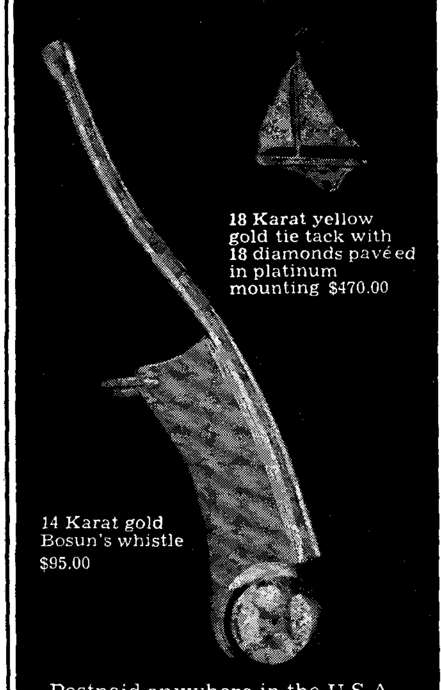

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same, because neither side could be sure of the other's intentions on ABM deployment, and each was sensitive to its own limitations. The Russians knew that we could build better ABMs at less cost; they were especially laggard in the critical computer technology. And the White House, even though it would continue pressing for more Safeguard sites while negotiating with Moscow, was now alerted to the declining public and congressional tolerance of ABMs.

A NUMBER of things were coming together in the early spring of 1969. As the interaction between ABM and MIRV became more apparent, the anxiety about the former was broadened to include the latter. MIRV, too, might be destabilizing, said prominent critics of the ABM, including a number of senators. MIRVs could breed ABMs, and vice versa. It seemed to both the arms-control bureaucracy and congressional skeptics that our MIRV program, now coming along nicely, might discourage Moscow from limiting offensive missiles and so add momentum to the Soviet weapons buildup, also coming along nicely. Within the government, the split on how fast to proceed with SALT preparation was growing to include two closely linked issues—MIRV and verification. The conflict on verification would remain a closed internal affair, but the disagreement on MIRV occasionally surfaced, because the issue was public. Notions of a MIRV moratorium—of putting MIRV in escrow—developed lively support on Capitol Hill and within the bureaucracy. The President said in a news conference on June 19th that he was "considering the possibility of a moratorium on [MIRV] tests as part of any arms-control agreement." A few weeks later, Gerard C. Smith, the new director of the Arms Control agency, replying to a letter from Republican Senator Edward Brooke, of Massachusetts, stated it as his personal opinion that a MIRV-testing ban should be a priority item at SALT. Under-Secretary of State Elliot Richardson took the same line.

Laird sharpened the MIRV debate by repeatedly warning of the SS-9's potential as a first-strike weapon against our Minuteman force. Others then began to wonder whether Moscow might look upon our MIRV in the same light—especially when Laird, in April, sought funds to "significantly improve the accuracy of Poseidon missiles, thus enhancing [their] effectiveness against hard targets." (The request was quietly dropped later in the year, precisely

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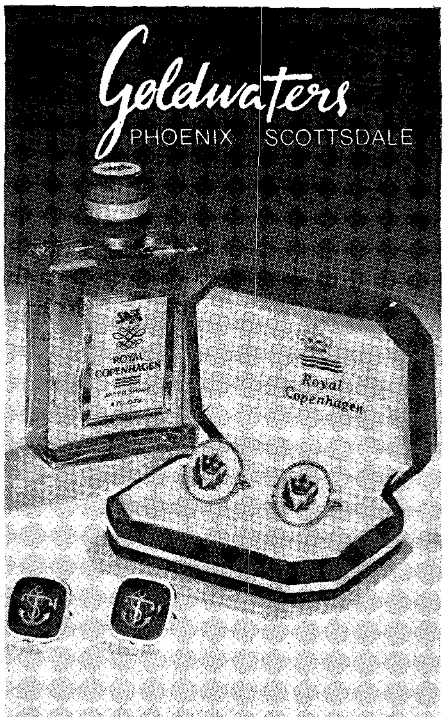

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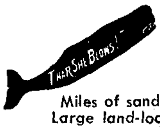

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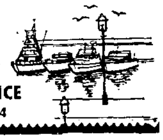

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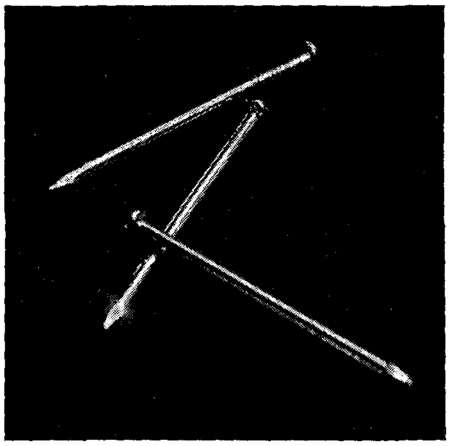
to ward off accusations that the United States was headed for a first-strike MIRV.) The bargaining-chip argument was advanced on behalf of MIRV, as it had been on behalf of ABM, but this time less plausibly. It was never likely—and isn't now—that Moscow would agree to freeze an impressive American lead in the exotic technology of multiple reëntry vehicles. Although this was understood by many of those who were urging a testing ban, they felt that a strenuous effort to shelve MIRV had to be made, however slim its chances. The internal debate on MIRV lasted well over a year, and has never been fully shut off. It probably aroused deeper passion and livelier bureaucratic skirmishing than any other security issue of the time.

The divisions in the bureaucracy on such issues as MIRV and verification became part of an overarching struggle for control of SALT. The day before Nixon's March 14th Safeguard announcement, the bureaucracy got a green light on SALT in the form of National Security Study Memorandum 28, which asked for a SALT study. Kissinger and his staff saw the study as an extension of the Study Memorandum 3 review of our military posture, for it was judged that most of the work on that review was done. No. 3, in theory, laid down the criteria against which our military needs were measured, while No. 28 would show what limitations we could accept or propose that did not intrude upon our needs. Metaphorically, No. 3 was the root, No. 28 the stem.

More by accident than design, the White House seized control of SALT, by giving inherited procedures their chance to fail. Study Memorandum 28 licensed the Arms Control agency to launch preparations for the most momentous and elaborate negotiation of the nuclear age. The agency had the initiative, and it had stout support from the State Department and the C.I.A. It set up the working groups and chaired them all. But it needed, and didn't get, coöperation and concurrence from the principal interest groups inside the Pentagon—that is, of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and the Office of the Secretary of Defense. The Joint Chiefs were openly dragging their feet on the study. And the Office of the Secretary of Defense was for the time being all but paralyzed by its own internal competition; Defense Department Research and Engineering, Systems Analysis, and International Security Affairs were all maneuvering for the major Pentagon share of



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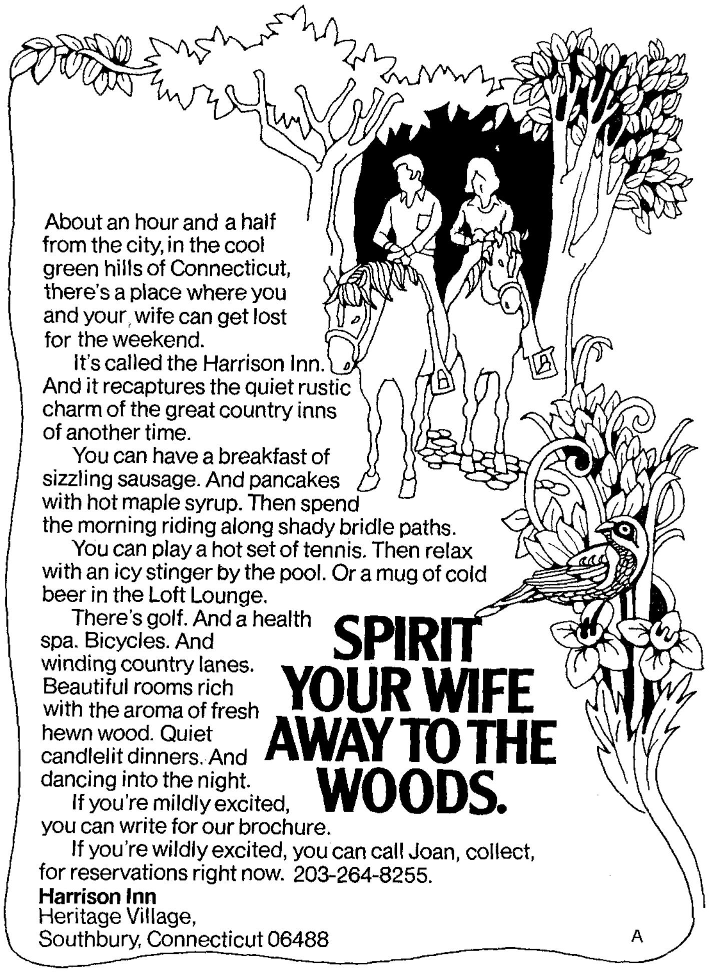
authority for SALT preparation. Bureaucratically, SALT was a mess. As work on the SALT study progressed, the White House developed strong doubts about its quality and reliability. Kissinger and his staff finally concluded that SALT analytical work should be handled by panels controlled by the White House.

The problem was how to relieve the Arms Control agency of its burden of initiative. The agency itself quickly provided the solution. The occasion was the formal presentation to the National Security Council, on June 25, 1969, of the SALT study prepared in response to Study Memorandum 28. The work was finished, the results were in circulation. Predictably, discussion swiftly focussed on the verification issues, and General Wheeler, in an unusually harsh statement, expressed "serious doubt" about the quality of the study's treatment of verification problems. Nobody—not Kissinger himself—could ignore so hostile a line on a central issue from the President's senior military adviser. Everybody realized that something had to be done. Gerard Smith was evidently disturbed by the cloud over the study, and he took an initiative. On June 30th, he sent a note to Kissinger suggesting that in the light of General Wheeler's position there be created "a higher-level verification-review panel." The verification issue, in effect, would have special treatment. The White House lost no time in exploiting this golden opportunity. Kissinger sent a memo to the President urging that Smith's idea be adopted by the creation of a Verification Panel, which Kissinger would chair, and a Working Group, which Laurence E. Lynn, the senior White House staff member concerned with SALT, would chair. These new groups would establish the central White House control of SALT that had been lacking. The proposal was approved. The two groups were formally established on July 21st, and the Verification Panel held its first meeting the following day. Not long afterward, Kissinger directed the Verification Panel Working Group to begin reviewing all the strategic implications of SALT. Through these new groups, Kissinger and his staff immediately took charge of the whole of the analytical work on SALT—a function they have never relinquished.

BY the summer of 1969, it seemed that SALT was on the track it had jumped a year earlier, when the Soviet Army crushed the Czechs' liberal experiment. After six months of internal debate and preparation, the President declared his Administration ready to discuss strategic-arms limitation with the Soviet Union. In a press conference on June 19th, he offered the guess that talks could begin "sometime between July 31st and August 15th." As things worked out, SALT did not begin in the summer, as the President suggested. Both sides wanted talks, but neither would be pushed. The Nixon Administration began by feeling pushed, and refused to be rushed. Now Moscow, having been cast in the role of *demandeur* by Washington, would not be hurried. As in the previous summer, the great powers resembled figures in a stately dance, occasionally drawing toward each other, sometimes passing, but never meeting. It was three weeks before Moscow answered Nixon. On July 10th, Foreign Minister Gromyko delivered a guarded address to the Supreme Soviet, aimed as much at those on his own side who were opposed to SALT as at Washington. He described the arms race as folly. Governments, he said, in effect, unless they can control their complex, high-speed instruments of destruction, risk becoming victimized by them and by events. The Soviet Union, he said, was prepared for SALT—a matter of "paramount importance." He added that President Nixon's statements on the subject had "not, of course, gone unnoticed" by his government. The next day, Rogers issued a statement praising Gromyko's speech for its "positive tone." The United States, he said, considered SALT "a significant step forward in our relations with the Soviet Union," and awaited a reply on the time and place of the talks.

The Russians now had some other things to think about, as they had had the summer before. One was "linkages"—the term adopted by the press for the Nixon Administration's original view that Soviet coöperation on other issues was a condition of SALT. Just two weeks before Nixon made his June 19th forecast of a summer début for SALT, he told graduates of the Air Force Academy that "we are prepared for new initiatives in the control of arms, in the context of other specific moves to reduce tensions around the world." Diplomatic circles recorded that Moscow was unhappy about linkages and had an even stronger aversion to other SALT-related Washington rhetoric. Some of this reaction crept into the press. In August, the Washington *Post* reported Soviet sources as saying that boastful American claims in the ABM debate about the superiority of United States missiles were causing the Kremlin to reëxamine its position. In some degree, Moscow was signalling its own critics of SALT, along with Washington, that American notions of ABM and MIRV as bargaining chips would carry no weight. Indeed, these programs were cited in and of themselves as a source of Soviet anxiety. According to press reports, Nixon's decision to sustain them showed Moscow that Washington, alas, had no interest in serious talks. Quite clearly, Soviet leaders were disturbed by our ABM and MIRV, but, quite clearly, they would have been very much surprised, however agreeably, if Nixon had discontinued either one. Complaining was a way of fishing troubled waters. By midsummer, if not before, the split inside the Administration on a MIRV-testing ban was in the open. The State Department and the Arms Control agency wanted to propose either a ban or a moratorium, but the rest of the Administration was reluctant. Moscow, though it was later discovered to harbor the same reluctance on this issue, took pleasure in—and was not above encouraging—the American disaffection with both MIRV and ABM.

A more genuine—certainly a more severe—constraint on Moscow was a linkage problem all its own, arising from the vagaries of Communist-bloc politics. Nixon gave point to these, and annoyed the Russians, by visiting Rumania in early August—a gesture showing, among other things, that two could play at fishing troubled waters. But far more important to Moscow than this unprecedented incursion by an American President into a satellite state—and a balky one, at that—was the overriding problem of China. Never before had things been quite so serious between China and the Soviet Union, nor have they been since. As Moscow professed alarm about the radical excesses of China's Cultural Revolution, Peking stepped up its anti-Soviet campaign, partly to shift attention away from its own internal convulsion. Abruptly, in March, 1969, Chinese and Russian military units clashed twice on a disputed island in the Ussuri River, along the common border. This was the first armed conflict between Communist powers, and it was one that seemed to bear the risk of crossing the nuclear threshold. Numerous American specialists feared a Soviet "surgical" strike against China's inchoate nuclear and missile installations. The Russians, for their part, had not dis-



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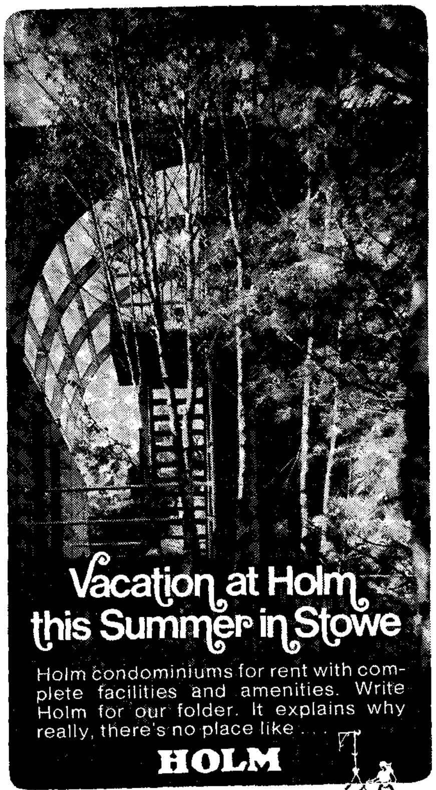

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counted the possibility that China, fearing precisely that, might lob a nuclear device at Moscow. By the start of 1969, it had been generally accepted that the real purpose of the Soviet Galosh ABM was to protect Moscow from primitive Chinese nuclear weapons, as opposed to high-performance American missiles. Kissinger made that point somewhat obliquely in an interview that appeared in *Look* on August 12, 1969, saying, "I doubt if the Soviet Union will give up the Moscow [ABM] system, and I doubt I would urge them to."

Through the summer and the early autumn, Moscow and Washington played rhetorical badminton with SALT, but not until the Russians could establish a parallel negotiation with China on the border issue could they sit down with the Americans. Soviet leaders had to show that they were at least as much concerned with the stability of the Communist bloc as with stable Soviet-American relations, and not until they had opened communications with Peking could they adequately defend themselves against charges of selling out to Washington to solemnize a contemptible great-power nuclear monopoly. Besides the Communist bloc, the Third World was looking on. After March, Moscow had alternately issued threats against Peking and offered compromises with it while continuing to shift large numbers of forces to the Far East. Fresh incidents touched off by the Russians on the Sinkiang border, plus the progressively more plausible threat of a surgical nuclear strike, finally began to tell. China became less shrill and less obdurate. In September, Peking bowed to reality. Kosygin flew to Hanoi for the funeral of Ho Chi Minh, and went on from there to meet China's Premier, Chou En-lai, at the Peking airport, on September 11th. Chou agreed to open talks on the border issue on October 20th. By what may or may not have been a coincidence, Nixon met secretly with Ambassador Dobrynin on that very day. Five days later, on October 25th, the world learned by joint announcement that SALT would begin November 17th, in Helsinki.

—JOHN NEWHOUSE

(This is the third of a series of five articles.)

•

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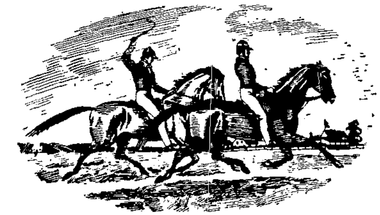

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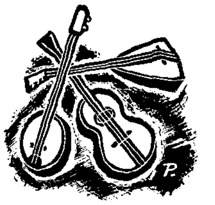
MUSICAL EVENTS

Bold and Resolute

A HISTORY of opera—one that would take in Purcell, Rossini and Bellini, Berlioz, Wagner and Verdi, Benjamin Britten and Samuel Barber, and many lesser men—could be based on the pieces whose plots derive from Shakespeare. In the approaches to the plays, in the kinds of compression and distortion deemed necessary to fit them for the lyric stage, in the proportions of recitative and aria and the shifting balance of monologue, dialogue, and ensemble, and in the increasing importance given to the orchestra the development of opera can be traced. Such a history is, in fact, implicit in the long chapter on Shakespearean opera that Winton Dean contributed to "Shakespeare in Music" (St. Martin's Press); during the course of his survey Mr. Dean observes that "of all little-known Shakespeare operas Bloch's 'Macbeth' most deserves professional revival." Ernest Bloch's "Macbeth" has had several champions, especially in Italy, but few performances since its première, at the Opéra-Comique in 1910. Last week it reached New York, in a production by the Juilliard American Opera Center. Seeing the opera on the stage for the first time confirmed the impression, left by broadcasts, of an ambitious and well-wrought score in which poetic sensibility is wedded to sterling musical craft, but also suggested that the theatrical gait of the drama is too even to catch the fancy of a big public. Seeing it thrice placed me among its champions, for at each successive performance I found it more impressive and interesting.



Bloch was only twenty-four when he began it. "Pelléas" was new, and so was "Tosca." Although "Boris Godunov" reached the Paris stage after most of "Macbeth" was written, Bloch seems to have known Mussorgsky's score. His Frankfurt and Munich training had also taught him about Wagner; his opera is based on a handful of related leitmotivs that interact and are transformed in a way to show lessons from the "Ring" thoroughly learned. Those are the main influences on the work of an original young musician whose fluctuating metres and disturbed harmonies are without obvious precedent. No system but, rather, a spontaneous musical response to the tensions of any situation seems to prompt his innovations. In the first finale—after the discovery of Duncan's murder—a hundredfold alternation between the notes B flat and B pounds relentlessly through ever-shifting metres, harmonies, and vocal textures. Dissonances result from traditional harmony not so much enriched, Puccini fashion, as rent by opposed forces; then dramatic and harmonic resolutions coincide. The vocal lines are declamatory, not patterned into lyrical periods. Words are not repeated. There are dialogues, but no duets in which characters sing together; the Witches and the crowds provide the only ensembles. Edmond Fleg's libretto reshapes the play in a prologue and then three acts of two scenes each. Almost all Shakespeare's events are here, but Macbeth's visit to the cavern, with its warning of "Beware Macduff," follows the murder of Macduff's family instead of prompting it, and the Second Apparition's equivocal reassurance, "None of woman born shall harm Macbeth," is omitted. Each act ends with a chorus, though to the first finale there is appended a brief, quiet solo coda, the Old Man's "Threescore and ten I can remember well . . . but this sore night hath trifled former knowings." (The effect recalls that of the Simpleton's song in "Boris.") "In 'Macbeth,'" wrote Bloch, "the essential thing is the psychology of the characters; I based my work passionately on this in my musical conception." His drama is an exploration of motives, in both senses of that word. The musical images for ambition (the "imperial theme"), remorse, innate nobility, evil, and the rest of it (but labelling them oversimplifies the composer's subtle, unschematic procedures) weave through the numerous monologues, and form the substance of three imposing orchestral interludes that are far more than mere scene-changing music.

It is very surprising that, after so resolute and masterly a start, Bloch wrote no more operas. Was he, perhaps, dissatisfied with the circumstances in which operas get done? (The Paris première, according to his daughter, involved "all sorts of upheavals and intrigues," while over the tardy second production, in Naples in 1938, Hitler's impending visit to Italy cast an anti-Semitic shadow.) Did he despair of touching audiences that, as he noted bitterly, "wanted pretty melodies!!!"? Or was he dissatisfied with his command of the medium? If so, needlessly; there is nothing wrong with this "Macbeth" that experience would not have put right; moreover, some of the faults observable at the Juilliard presentation were introduced by the particular execution. To reach a just assessment, it was necessary to see and hear "through" that production to the work as Bloch wrote it and fill in what was missing. For one thing, the long opera was reduced to less than two hours of music, and its three acts were collapsed into two. We lost, as did the Neapolitans in 1938, Act II, Scene 2—the murder of Macduff's family, his grief, and the rallying of the forces against Macbeth. A new, alternative bridge passage in the second edition of the vocal score may suggest that Bloch sanctioned the cut, but it is not a happy one: the episode for Lady Macduff and her prattling son is of great beauty, and a brief and necessary idyll amid the terrors; besides, the scene as a whole is the only one in the opera not dominated by Macbeth. The extra weight thrown on the protagonist by its removal may have dictated other cuts, yet more grievous: Macbeth's "Now o'er the one half-world Nature seems dead" (the second part of his "Is this a dagger?" speech); his "Light thickens;" his "But let the frame of things disjoint . . . Duncan is in his grave; After life's fitful fever he sleeps well" (Bloch divided Shakespeare's Act III, Scene 2, into a monologue before the banquet and a dialogue with Lady Macbeth after it); and the Show of Kings, with Macbeth's awed commentary. Thus the recurrent sleep/death imagery, stressed by Bloch as it was by Shakespeare, was diminished; the reflective aspect of the hero was underrepresented; and the careful preparation, both musical and theatrical, for the final monologue, "Life's but a walking shadow," which Bloch marked to be sung "as though here were embodied the philosophic essence of the drama," was largely removed. This was a pity. Abridgment of long works is common enough in the full-time professional houses; of a school performance one expects integrity that puts such expedient surgery to shame—especially when an unfamiliar piece is being introduced.

Peter Herman Adler's musical direction was accomplished. The Juilliard Orchestra played well. The young cast was secure. By the second performance, Macbeth and his Lady, Lenus Carlson and Hedy Barnsley, were singing their difficult roles with considerable authority. The acoustics of the Juilliard Theatre are overrated; though it seats but a thousand, when the pit is open even large voices do not set the place ring-

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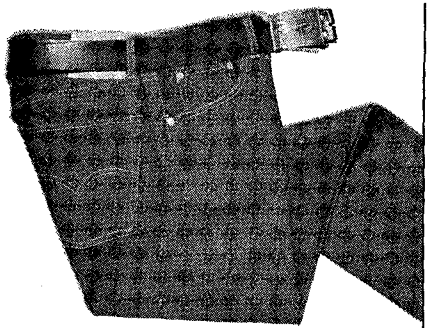

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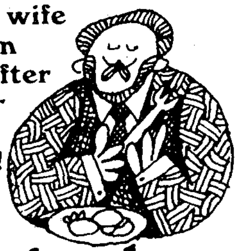

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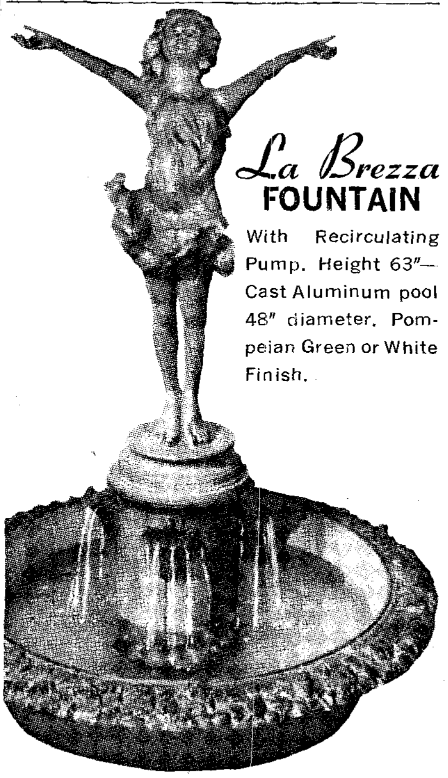
ing. The sound is perfectly clear, but a powerful, resonant, and truly focussed bass-baritone like Mr. Carlson's does not arouse the almost physical enthusiasm that is its due—and such a reaction simply to the sound of a splendid voice is one of the things that an operatic composer quite legitimately counts on. Not one of the operas I have heard at the Juilliard, from Virgil Thomson's "Lord Byron," last year, onward, has come over quite as strongly as it deserved; acoustics must be in part responsible for the prevalently temperate response to the Center's work, and they should be borne in mind when assessing either singers or the general effect of an opera. Mr. Carlson's tone was beautiful. Miss Barnsley's was not, but her utterance was incisive. Both singers pronounced the words distinctly, and did not pull back the tongue and throttle the timbre (as many Americans do when singing in English) on the "r"s of a line like "Re*t*ire we to ou*r* chambe*r*; A little wate*r* clea*r*s us of this deed." The English raised other problems. Bloch composed his opera in French—a clear French naturally declaimed and easily followed on the contours and rhythmic stresses of his vocal line. On this line he and Alex Cohen (first chairman of the Ernest Bloch Society) later sought to reimpose Shakespeare, adjusting sometimes the notes, sometimes the Bard. A few examples will show what happened. First, misaccentuation: the Third Witch's "Un jour tu seras *Roi!*" (my italics indicate musical emphasis), for which fitting English would be "One day thou shalt be *King!*," becomes "Thou shalt be King here*after!*" Second, lines hard to follow: the measures to which Lady Macbeth sang "les deux chambellans qui veillent auprès de lui" now carry the words "[so convince] his two chamberlains, that the receipt of reason shall *be* a limbeck only"—a difficult line at the best of times, doubly so as here set. Third, jarring little repetitions: "And yet are *on't, and* yet are on't" (for Banquo's "Et qui pour*tant fou*lent la terre") or Macbeth's "Out *out*, out *out*, brief candle!" As these quotations show, the result is not quite Shakespeare (anyone who knows the play is jarred by the run of very palpable near misses); and it is not good to perform. What's the answer? To do "Macbeth" in French, I guess, or else boldly translate Fleg's libretto into an unaffected English that sings naturally.

Robert Yodice's big, brooding set and the rich costumes, supervised by Timothy Miller, were handsome. It was a swagger show. (Some company



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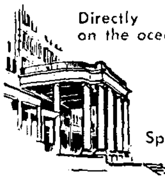

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should take over the décor and use it for an "Aroldo," a "Puritani," Verdi's or Bloch's "Macbeth"—any opera set in a castle; wasteful if it were to be scrapped after just three showings.) John Houseman's stage direction was plain, decent, not especially sensitive, and in some respects diminishing to the work. The acting lacked intensity. The problem of getting choristers both to sing and to act was evaded by leaving them offstage, electrically amplified, while others mimed. The Witches' voices were similarly piped in by loudspeaker while three mute hags mopped and mowed; and the Apparitions failed to appear. So the supernatural confrontations were tame, not tremendous. (Some admirable singing, though, particularly from the Third Apparition of Lorna Myers—a role created in 1910 by the great Alice Raveau.) The staging, like the cutting, reduced contrasts, and emphasized that evenness of gait noted above. All the same, the production was a signal achievement. If Bloch's "Macbeth" did not come at us with full force, we could easily deduce what that full force might be.

OF the Philharmonic concerts I heard this season, the last—devoted to that Victorian favorite Dvořák's "Stabat Mater"—was, in point of execution, the most rewarding. For Rafael Kubelik the orchestra played with its closest approach to warmth and beauty of tone and passionate intensity of phrasing. Kubelik, while retaining his freshness and vitality, has matured into a conductor whose command is broad and serene. The combination of free, flowing, and stylishly ample rubato with vigilant attention to finesses—the dotted rhythms were keenly articulated—removed any staleness from a work whose sequences sound too comfortably dolorous if the detail grows blunt. The Camerata Singers were in good voice; the ladies' ethereal murmurs of "*Sancta mater,*" refrain to the solo bass's "Fac ut ardeat," floated out delicate and true, and in the difficultly poised D-major chords of the close it was the woodwinds, not the choir, whose intonation had become impure after some ninety minutes of performance without an interval. In the solo quartet, Judith Blegen's soprano was flexible, Peter Schreier's tenor excellently smooth, and Paul Plishka's bass commanding while also precise. The "Inflammatus," however, calls for a real contralto, both weighty and wieldy, and Brigitte Fassbaender, a mezzo, was not suited by it.

—ANDREW PORTER

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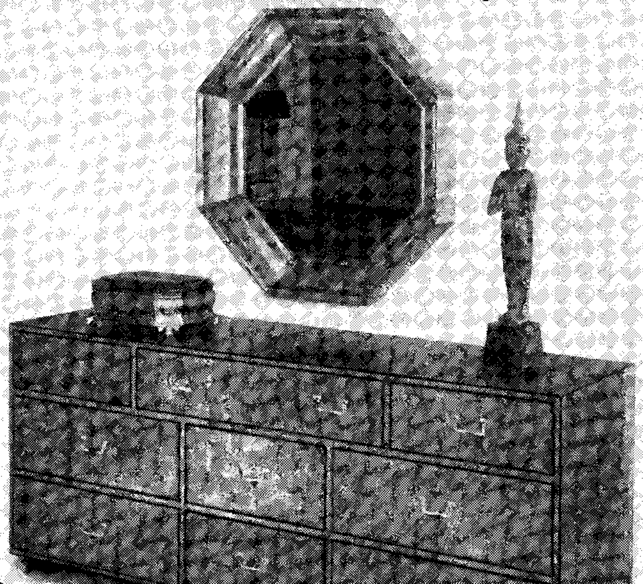

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CONVERSATION WITH A SENATOR

WALTER FREDERICK MONDALE, a forty-five-year-old Democrat from Minnesota, is an increasingly important member of the United States Senate—one of the second tier of leaders (the first is made up of those whose power lies in their seniority), who define the issues and get them on the agenda, and occasionally even win acceptance of their ideas. He is a liberal in the Minnesota Democratic-Farmer-Labor tradition. A protégé of Hubert Humphrey, he became Attorney General of the state at thirty-two and was appointed to fill Humphrey's Senate seat when Humphrey was elected Vice-President in 1964. Mondale was returned to the Senate in 1966, and again in 1972. Despite Mr. Nixon's overwhelming victory last year, Mondale won reëlection then by fifty-seven per cent, and his efforts on behalf of Senator McGovern are credited with reducing Mr. Nixon's victory margin in Minnesota to only six percentage points. Mondale has established credentials with both the center and the left of the Democratic Party, and has a growing reputation among members of the press and others in Washington who observe, and can affect, politicians' careers. He was co-manager of Humphrey's 1968 Presidential campaign. He supported the war in Vietnam longer than many of his Democratic colleagues did. He has also fought for the powerless in our society, identifying himself with such unpopular issues as welfare and busing.

I interviewed Mondale recently, in his Senate office—Room 443 of the Old Senate Office Building. The office contains the typical objects a politician accumulates: the state seal; awards; books written by colleagues and friends. The furniture is Undistinguished Government Issue. Mondale, wearing a short-sleeved shirt, sat in a corner of the only unusual piece of furniture, a pale-blue tufted Victorian sofa. Above him were large color photographs of the St. Croix River. Mondale is slim, youthful, with a touch of gray at the temples. He has prominent blue eyes, a nose that is slightly beaked, and straight, dark-blond hair cut in such a way as to avoid commitment on the length issue. He has the earnest air of a son of a Midwestern Methodist minister, which he is. But he also has a streak of wry irreverence, which has made him popular among Senate staff members. As we talked, Mondale piled the loose pillows of the sofa under his right arm, arranging and rearranging them, and occasionally pounding them for emphasis. From time to time, he put his feet on a coffee table that was in front of the sofa.

I BEGAN by asking Senator Mondale about the dilemmas of the contemporary liberal. What gave the Senator his belief that the social programs of the nineteen-sixties were really worth defending?

"Well, first of all, I have no argument with those who seek reform in these programs, and maybe even termination of some of them, because I don't argue that they're perfect and that there is not waste," he replied. "But I believe that the federal government has a fundamental role in delivering services to people who are *overwhelmed* by problems that they can't handle themselves: hungry children, and children who need to be educated; people who are handicapped, mentally ill, or retarded; people who have special learning difficulties; people who can't find work; old folks who can't care for themselves. And then there is a need for social programs that deal with the environment, transportation, and a whole range of human problems, in which I think the federal government has an indispensable role—leading, and helping to find national solutions. And I think many of those programs must include the provision of services, which means people, bureaucrats, delivery systems; and those programs cannot be disbanded. The President's attack has not been one of reform. It's been fundamentally one of assaulting the whole notion of the delivery of services to people who need them. As a matter of fact, there's a very disturbing notion that I find which somehow suggests that in our free society we're incapable of efficiently and effectively delivering essential services through government employees."

I asked him if he believed we were capable of doing so.

"I think there is more good going on than the President's dark appraisal of these programs suggests," he replied.

"Do you have appraisals that sug-

"Gee, he could be my great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-grandfather!"

gest to you that these services are getting through to the people who need them and are improving their lives?"

"It depends on the program. I could give as examples many programs where you have signs that two things have happened. First, the services of this whole range of poverty-related programs (student assistance, and so on), together with the philosophy that poor people can make it—which is what Johnson and Kennedy were saying in the sixties—have encouraged thousands and thousands of persons from disadvantaged backgrounds to believe that they can make it, and that the government and society would like to help them make it. And I think that what we learned in the sixties is that these problems are more difficult to solve than we expected, that government does not work automatically and efficiently and without waste, but that the fundamental commitment to help is a valid and essential role for this country, and I think that that's what Nixon is attacking—the notion that we can help. I think he's telling the federal government to get out of the social-reform business, and I think that that's a terrible notion."

"You said in response to my first question that you do believe these programs need some reform and some of them should be eliminated. What sorts of reforms would you propose?"

"Many. Because I think that it's in these social programs that the contemporary liberal is most vulnerable, and this is where some of us have been trying to do something for some years. I set up a pathetic little subcommittee on social-policy planning and evaluation a few years ago to try to begin to evaluate and plan what we're doing."

"What ever happened to that?"

"It was a pathetic little subcommittee. We had no staff, and the one thing we did do which was important was we continued to push a bill, which I was—and am—very interested in, calling for a Council of Social Advisers, which would be an institution like the Council of Economic Advisers but would concentrate on human programs. It would be required to put out an annual social report indicating how we were coming, and to try to do some pioneering in what we call social indicators, to see if we couldn't apply computer technology and data-gathering to give us a better understanding of how well we're doing. One of the things that appall me about our government programs is we just don't know how well they're doing. You can go out in the field and you can get anecdotal examples of how we're succeeding. You can talk to

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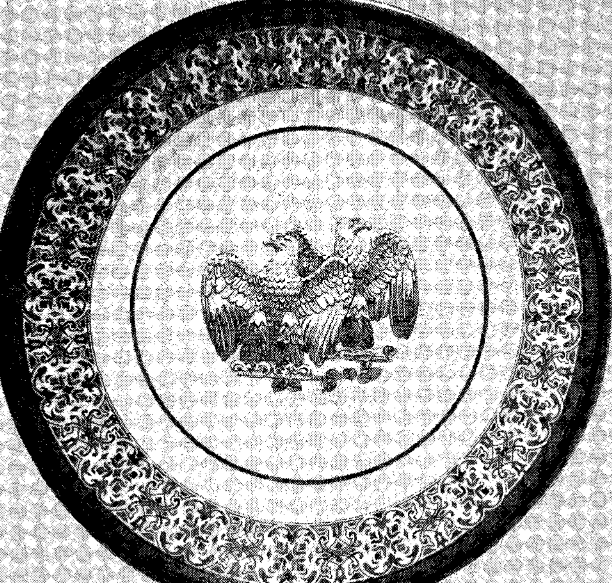

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teachers who are thrilled with smaller classrooms or with new textbooks or with a school-lunch program, and they say it has changed their classrooms, but you can't get any data to back them up."

"Isn't that one of the points about this whole debate—you have an anecdotal syndrome that works both ways? Some people will tell you success stories, and the Secretary of Housing can talk about a public-housing project that's a calamity, and in fact there is no base of information that gives us any broad picture?"

"That's correct. That's correct. So the question, then, is what you do about evaluation and data in the face of this anarchy, and of the lack of a strategic approach to human problems, and of the lack of the data base that gives you the hot facts rather than the cold facts."

"What do you mean by 'hot facts' versus 'cold facts'?"

"Well, most of the cold facts are input facts. I mean, how many teachers, how many bricks in the building, how many soybeans south of Mankato. The hot facts are the output facts, like what we are feeding hungry people, whether we are educating children, what comes out of the system. This is what's missing in so many programs. We know how much money is going in; we don't know what we're getting for it. We know how much we're spending on manpower; we don't know how many are being trained and finding jobs, improving their position, and so on. That's what I tried to do in this little subcommittee, and there are several things I would suggest. First of all, I would like to see my Council of Social Advisers' annual social report—for social indicators—set up. Second, I would like to see a national social-science foundation set up to concentrate on the social-science questions in the same way the National Science Foundation concentrates on the natural-science questions. The N.S.F. claims it's doing both, but it isn't. Third, I would like to see us in the Congress be required when we pass a bill to define specifically what it is we claim we're going to accomplish. If we pass a Head Start program, how many children do we expect to reach? What do we expect those children to receive? What do we expect the result will be if this is done? How much money do we want? And then, once the bill is passed, I would like to see us set aside a percentage of the program's funds—say, one-half of one per cent—to be controlled by the committee (the Labor and Public Welfare Committee in this case), and we'd hire some of the best social scientists in the country and say, 'Now, your job is to go out in the field, evaluate these programs, test them, and prepare a report two years from now. Did we achieve those objectives? Why didn't we? Is there waste? Did we do better than we thought? Did we do less than we thought? How can we improve our program?' So that every program we passed would have built into it an independent, highly sophisticated public evaluation. In other words, so that all of us would have to face the music and no program would be sort of an unguided missile on its own. You see, right now the evaluation usually comes from agencies that have a tremendous built-in incentive to either approve it or destroy it, depending on the policy."

"But, as I understand it, there could be several problems with that, as there have been even within agencies that have tried to get honest evaluations. These things are very hard to measure. Over at the Office of Education, they're knee-deep in reports on whether or not their programs have 'worked.' But nobody really knows what the criteria for deciding that should be."

"Well, I would hope that the Council of Social Advisers would help bring us out of the anarchy that you describe."

"Also, isn't there a time-lag problem? In other words, you would want an evaluation, you say, in two years. But aren't you talking about things that you would like to see improve people's lives in ways whose effects might not show up for some time, or might not be measurable at all?"

"Yes. The time frame would, I think, depend on what you were doing. Education is a slow process, and I think one of the things we do that are unfair to educators is to expect a quick yield that's quantifiable. Second, as your question implies, we don't give much credit for things like a healthy child or a child who has been sick mentally and is now becoming healthier. So much of our data and so-called quantifiable material dismiss the human element and ask—you know—how are they doing in math? How are they doing in reading? But I still think we should insist on quantifiable data in basic skills, and so on. What bothers me today is that there is no manageable structure or approach for finding out what's going on, for leading these discussions in terms of reform in this government. John Gardner [Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare during the Johnson Administration] said when he left that we've got a

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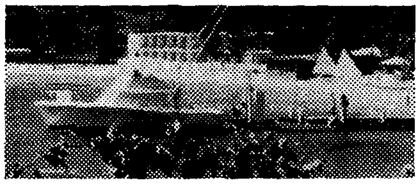

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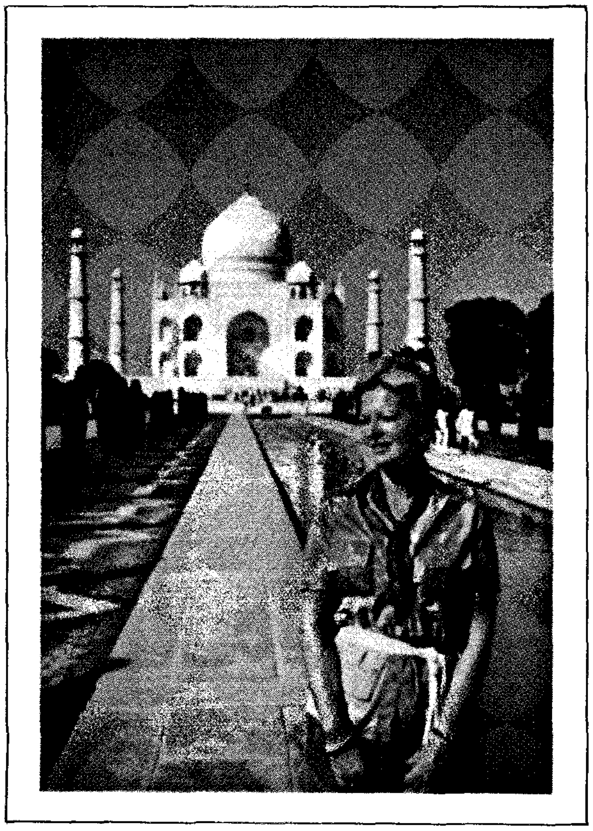

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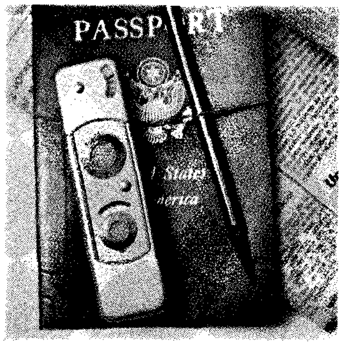

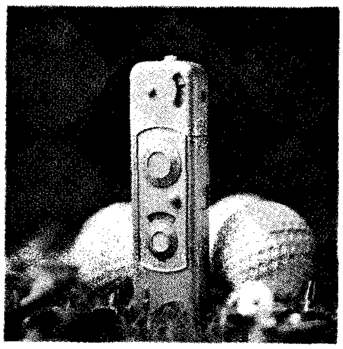

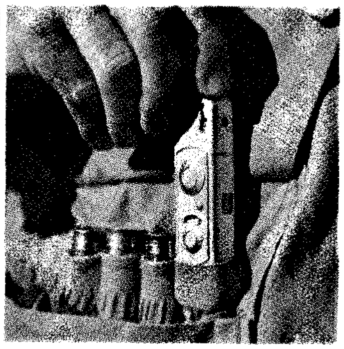

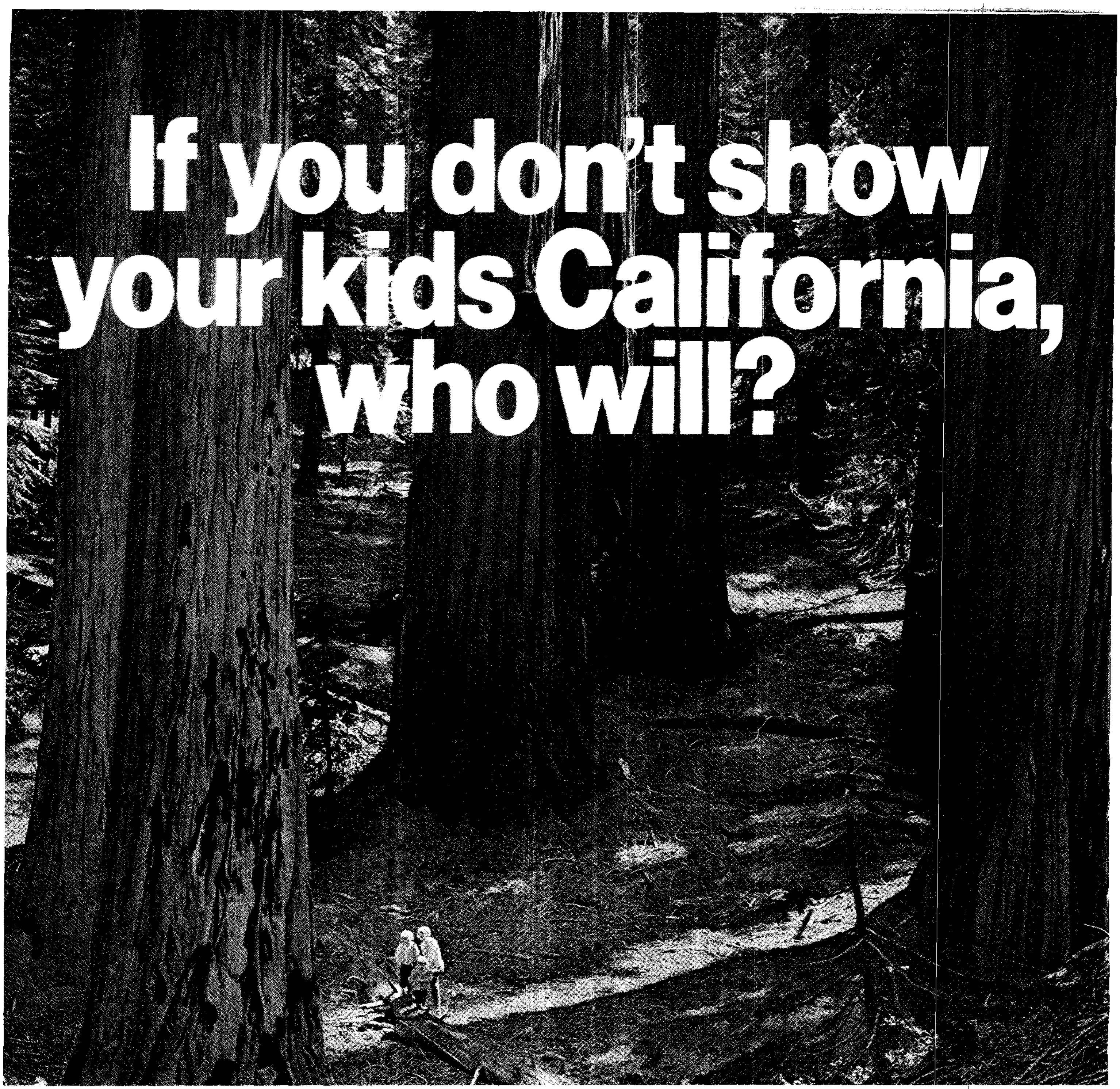

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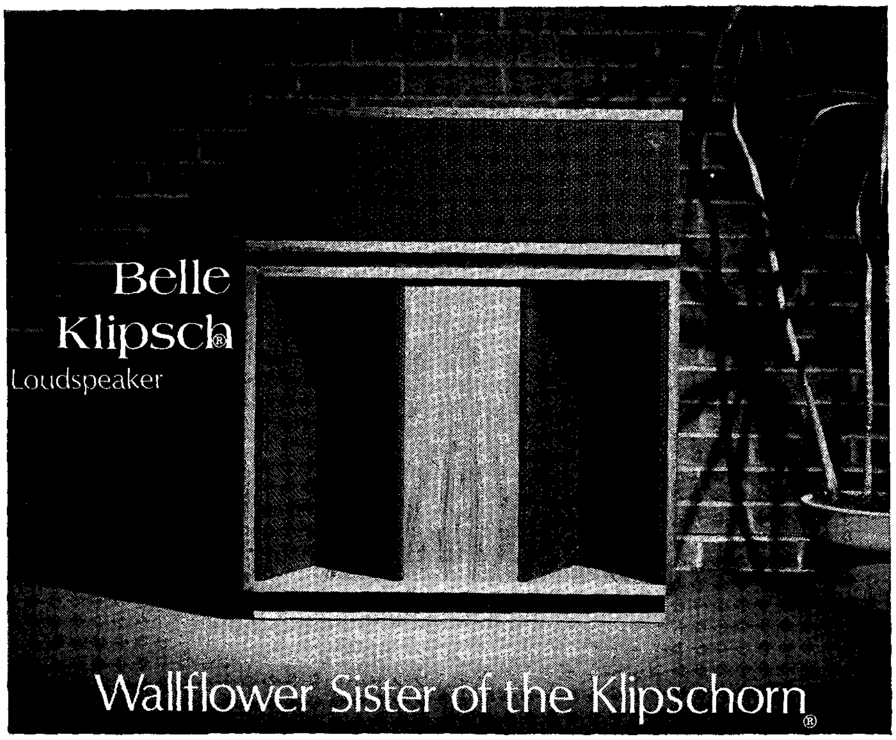
time-honored way of backing into the future. Joe Califano [Joseph A. Califano, Jr., Special Assistant to President Johnson for Domestic Affairs], when he finished in the White House, noted how little data they had to work with on fundamental questions, like welfare reform and manpower, that we spend billions on. He said that our way of deciding questions about basic human programs more closely resembles the intuitive judgment of a tribal chief in Africa than it does modern decision-making techniques. And what I'm saying is that we ought to be geared up in a way that would permit us to evaluate, to understand, to reform, and to build into every program some kind of system that would help us find out what's happening. That's all."

"Isn't the result of the current debate that the liberals are busy defending what has been happening, and trying to save the programs from being cut, instead of thinking about new ways to accomplish the same purposes?"

"Yes, and partly that's our fault and partly it's the President's fault, because when he attacks the whole idea of federally assisted housing, say, we have to counterattack in a tough way. You just can't go back into your social-science laboratories and say that three years from now you're going to come up with a better delivery system, because then there won't be any program at all. In other words, he's created what I think is a radical environment, where we have to fight back on political terms to create a counterforce that will prevent the dismemberment of all these programs."

"Do you reject the idea that in attacking the programs of the sixties Mr. Nixon may have been on to something: perhaps an incipient national mood that was tired—tired of federal programs, tired of taxes, tired of guidelines, tired of bureaucracies, and disappointed in the results?"

"I think he very shrewdly and cunningly exploited a sense of frustration and fatigue in American life. For nearly a decade, at least, Kennedy and Johnson and many of us were pleading with the American people to move on—more solutions, more programs. I think the public saw just an endless number of programs being passed, many of them oversold, and then they waited for the results. Many times, the programs weren't fully funded. Many times, they were maladministered, and many times it was impossible to achieve what it was claimed those programs could achieve—in the time frame, at least, that we talked about. And I also think the impression was given—which



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Nixon exploited very shrewdly—that part of what was being done was to make it possible for lazy people not to work, so that those who had the work ethic worked and paid their taxes for those who just would not work. I think he has exploited it and hoped to convert it into an enormous social retreat, which I think would be—well, I don't know what else to call it—immoral, because there are a lot of problems behind those statistics. And it's all right to flail the bureaucrats, but there are those poor kids out there who need help—who are handicapped, who are mentally ill, who are retarded, who desperately need help and affection—and the thousands of children out there who are poor, and hungry, and live in lousy housing, and many of whom don't have two parents. The Indian kids who never go to school with a textbook or a teacher that has any respect for them. The Chicano children who never hear a word of Spanish, or Portuguese children that no one speaks to in their language. There are a lot of problems out there. There are a lot of lonely old folks who live in housing by themselves, in poor health and with no one to care about them, and a lot of decent people who are looking for work and can't find it, and a lot of bright kids who can't afford to go on to college or to vocational school. There are a lot of disabled people who can't live on what's available to them. There are so many human problems in the midst of our wealth that need a country that cares and a government that tries. I don't think the average American is that selfish, and I think this is where the Nixon approach is going to go wrong. I think the average American is more just and more compassionate than Nixon thinks he is. I think we're going through a period of reaction from the sixties, but I think it's going to spring back. I don't think the American people want to live on a diet of selfishness, which is what is served up to them now. I think they'd rather be united and hopeful and helpful and humane than be just niggardly and selfish, and I think our time will come. It may not be right now, but I think it's going to come."

"There is also, as you know, an attack on the liberal programs from the other side, which says that the liberal approach amounts to simply tinkering with the status quo. That argument runs that if you're really talking about equality of opportunity in this country, which was one of the fundamental premises of these programs, you have to do much larger things, you have to have much greater transfers of income. It says that these programs did

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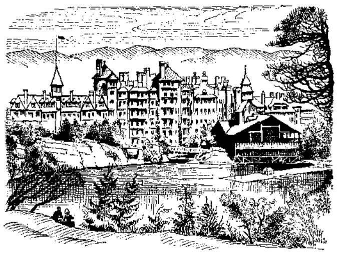

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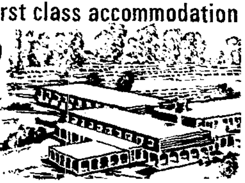

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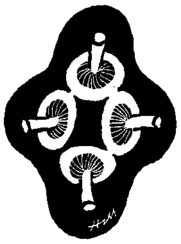
not really go to the heart of the matter of unequal opportunity or unequal existences in this country."

"Well, I would say two things. First, I think most Americans accept the notion that every child ought to have a chance in terms of opportunity—not in terms of result but in terms of opportunity. I think that if we abandon the notion that people have to, through their own effort, through excellence and through energy, through trying to learn, be a part of society and achieve on those terms—I think we've cheapened society. I'm too old-fashioned to abandon that notion, and I think that this country must do a far better job than it's done, and spend more than it has and spend it more wisely and with more spirit and compassion, and with a fuller commitment than we ever have had, to give every child a chance, and I think that's so central that I am sickened by some who would abandon that effort. Now, second, I also believe in dealing with the problem of the unequal distribution of America's wealth, and that's why I'm interested in tax reform, and that's why I'm interested in reform of welfare programs, that's why I'm interested in public-service employment, interested in improved antitrust-law enforcement and other things that might help the average American get a better break in the distribution of the vast wealth of this country. But I do not believe in some massive program of dollar redistribution of wealth. I don't think the American people would stand for it, and I think it's folly to spend much time on it."



"You have often said that one of the problems of the programs of the sixties was that 'we authorized dreams and appropriated peanuts.' Would you, then, be willing to argue that taxes should be raised in order to do the things you think are necessary?"

"Well, I might, but there are some things that come first here, in my opinion. I think there are some very substantial revenues that can be raised in tax reform. I reported the other day—on the basis of some figures I got from the I.R.S.—that two hundred and seventy-three Americans who earned a hundred thousand dollars or more in 1971 didn't pay a dime in taxes. Two who earned more than one million dollars didn't pay a penny in taxes. Then we looked at those who paid practically nothing, and we found that some thirty-four thousand Americans in 1971 reported loophole income of a hundred and sixty-seven thousand dollars on the average and paid only four per cent tax on it. They took in nearly four billion dollars, and they paid something like a hundred and thirty-six million dollars in taxes. So there's several billion dollars that can be picked up by closing loopholes, or by reducing them in a way that does not hurt the business climate and that, in my opinion, would create a better sense of equity in America, because the average worker and his family think they're taking a hosing, and they've got a pretty good case. Also, I think there's still enormous waste in American government. For example, they're proposing, in effect, an increase of eight billion dollars in the defense budget this year, when we're supposed to be entering a generation of peace. We have something like two thousand bases overseas, in thirty countries. I think we're spending seventeen billion dollars this year in NATO. We just cannot continue to spill money on things in that way and have the money we need to deal with the problems of our own people. I'm not an isolationist, but I think we lack a sense of balance."

"Those are fairly familiar liberal arguments, if I may say so."

"Yes, they are, but they are still arguments. And we're not winning them."

"You have been moving into—at least by definition—a new set of issues, having to do with children and the family. Is it really a new set of issues, or is it old issues in new rhetoric? Why has your attention taken this turn?"

"Well, I sort of slipped into it. I started with problems of poverty and hunger and migrants, and the rest, and became more and more convinced that we were mutilating thousands and thousands of children before they had a chance, and that if we wanted this fundamental notion of social opportunity and fairness and justice to have significance and substance, we had to deliver justice in those first few years of life. And we had to help the family do so. I helped create the Subcommittee on Children and Youth, which I now chair, and we've simply tried to look at a whole range of problems, from crib deaths to child abuse, child care, day care, the question of the mother's health during pregnancy—all those issues. And I'm becoming convinced that one of the revolutions under way, which is perhaps the most damaging thing going on in this country, is the growing pressure on and

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destruction of the American family. I believe, for ancient historical and biological reasons, and for psychological reasons and health reasons, that it is absolutely fundamental that a child be brought up in an atmosphere of security and love and respect, with stimulation and self-respect and all that goes with a healthy, strong family, and that children who are denied that pay the price. All of us pay the price, in a host of tragic and sometimes bizarre ways. We're starting to try to see behind some of these pathological problems, like child abuse, or the divided family, and ask what's happening about them. It's estimated, I think, that over forty per cent of mothers now work. With inflation and economic pressure, I think that percentage is going up. Is it a wise thing to require mothers to work when they have children at home? Do our tax laws encourage people to work when at least one of them ought to be home with the kids? If it's necessary that both parents be gone, are we really concentrating on adequate alternatives—decent, warm, supportive child-development centers—or are we just dumping them in cold custodial areas? What happens when a family breaks down and it leads to divorce or leads to a separated family, or where there's a family that's psychotic or so emotionally in trouble that the parents abuse their children or don't raise them properly, and so the children stop thriving and they have profound psychological problems, and all the rest? How do we deal with the necessity of strengthening the family and strengthening the ability of the family to produce those healthy, loving children that are the hope not only of our country but of the world? That, I think, is an issue that needs to be looked at."

"Is that not suggesting a range of government concern about the nature of people's lives that is unprecedented?"

"No—I do not think that the government ought to substitute for parental guidance and authority. And I think that idea is one of the reasons people shy away from this issue—because they think it smells bad. I'm very much opposed to that. But what I want to do is to have policies that strengthen the family, so that it isn't necessary that both parents work when they don't want to. Take, for example, these child-abuse cases that we're looking at. When the parents are scalding, mutilating, poisoning, dismembering an infant child, it doesn't help the situation just to say that you're strong for the family. Now, we found that in ninety per cent of the child-abuse cases the child can stay at home and the parents can be helped,

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and the family unit can be strengthened to everyone's benefit. That's the direction we ought to go in. Then, I think one of the questions we might ask is whether government isn't already interfering with the family and putting pressures on it that many families can't resist. Under the present welfare laws in many states, the only way the parents can take care of the family when the father is employed is to separate—the mother and the family can get help *only* if the man leaves. And that doesn't seem to me to strengthen the family. Also, I guess we're about the only Western society or modern industrial society that doesn't have some kind of children's allowance, so that during the early, formative years of the family it gets a little extra help to stay together, to help the kids until the kids are older. When we do provide day care, I think we're chiselling. We put a lot of these children in centers where there is no emotional support, no education, no stimulation. The children are just rejected for hours per day, and they must feel that. I mean, children are like flowers—you can damage them, and you can damage them permanently. Child psychiatrists will tell you that you find a serious psychological problem and often it's traceable to some things like that—things that happened in those first couple of years of life. We've got these environmental-impact studies that are great. With everything the government does, there's now supposed to first be a study that asks, 'What does this do to the environment?' I think that's a good thing. I wonder if we shouldn't have a family-impact study. When we pass tax laws or welfare laws or housing laws or transportation laws, we ought to say, 'Well, what will this do to the families?' Urie Bronfenbrenner [professor of Human Development and Family Studies at Cornell University] said that it is remarkable that over the million-year history of mankind almost every society, no matter what the differences of religion and culture, ended up with the family unit. And he said that before we destroy that unit we'd better ask why they all found it essential. Wouldn't it be ironic if this nation, the wealthiest and most powerful in the world, should be the first to substantially destroy that system which mankind has always found essential?"

"You also took on the question of busing, and, when it was controversial, volunteered to head a special committee to examine the problem of how to achieve equal educational opportunity. You recently put out a report that called for 'quality integrated education' and said that busing was a mis-

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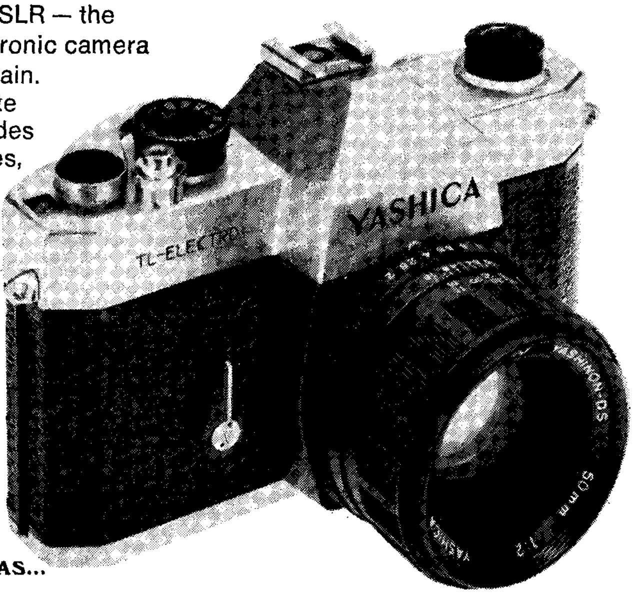

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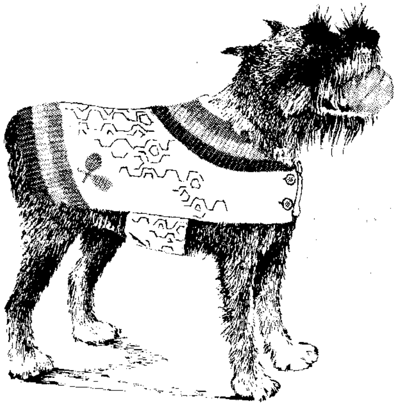

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leading issue, but it's still busing that you're advocating, isn't it?"

"It is and it isn't. I'm not for busing for busing's sake."

"Well, no politician would say that he is."

"No, but I don't know of any reason he should be, either. In other words, the idea that American children, for the sake of some theory of computerized mixtures, ought to be bused to carry out some kind of balance notion never has made any sense to me, and I've said so many times. Where I draw the line is in trying to deny the court the power it needs to eliminate discrimination—and by discrimination I mean deliberate public policies that separate children on the basis of race. That, I think, is intolerable under the Constitution and intolerable from a public-policy standpoint. And that's why I have resisted attempts to limit the courts' jurisdiction to eliminate discrimination—attempts that often include a ban on busing. There are many other ways that we can work on this problem, but fighting limits on the courts is one that we must work on if we intend to eliminate discrimination. And that's been my position, and I don't know how you could say that you're against discrimination without taking that position."

"ONE issue that has been before us this year, in various forms, is the relative power of the Congress and the executive. Do you think the Congress is really capable, institutionally, over the long run, of acting effectively—of leading on important issues?"

"Yes. We haven't always done as well as we should, and there's much that we should do, but I think we can do it."

"Yet isn't there a streak of passivity in every legislative body?"

"Yes. I think that's correct. We're slow to anger and even slower to organize, but it may be that when we get organized, it's more definite and final. There's much that we should do to improve the way in which we act here in the Congress. I would like us to move toward some sort of arbitrary retirement age. I would like to see us eliminate seniority. I would like to see the Congress build in, under its own control, an adequate system for evaluation and planning, and the ability to tear apart a budget and start from zero and work on up to see what we can do in each of the agencies to cut out waste. I would like to see us set a spending ceiling. There are many things I think we must do here, and I

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think that if we did them there would be far more public respect for the Congress than we see today. But, having said that, I must say I also think that we often do better than we get credit for doing. I think the average American, with some good reason, wants to see expedition and efficiency in the Congress. I think there's a certain value to delay, and to the aging of an issue, that one perhaps appreciates only after one has been around here for a while. I think that in a democracy there's some value in allowing time for issues to be ventilated, for digging out facts, for having the debates, for having the efforts to compromise, which take time and for which the Congress is given little credit, because what people say is 'What are you producing?' Sometimes it looks as if you weren't getting anywhere, but I think in the long run the Senate, more than any other institution in America, is the forum for great public-policy debates in which the public takes a part. The Senate is the only agency I know of of which that's true. It's certainly not true of the executive. Too much of the hot stuff has been decided behind doors. It's not true in the House as much, just because of the numbers—they can't have four hundred and thirty-five people debating. But in the Senate we can debate. And, looking at the great issues of the war, the environment, the consumers' movement, civil rights, I'm proud of the kind of forum that we have had on these great issues over the years. Now, we've not accomplished all that much, but once an idea is out, once the public sees the clash, I believe that in a strange fashion the public finally gets its way and decency finally gets there. It may be a little slow in getting there, but it gets there. So I think sometimes the standard that we're judged by—efficiency, prompt action—is one that does not give us credit for an even more fundamental role that we perform."

"Do you not at times find yourself impatient with the pace, though?"

"Yes, but I must concede this as a liberal: many times I have to concede that an ornery, cantankerous conservative in the committee or on the floor asking mean questions about my beloved programs—many times he makes me face up to issues that I should face up to, and I think there's a certain validity to this business of democracy and give-and-take and listening to all sides."

"Isn't it still true, whatever happens as a result of the upheaval over Watergate, that the executive, as an institution, has inherent advantages, which a President can use to dominate the gov-

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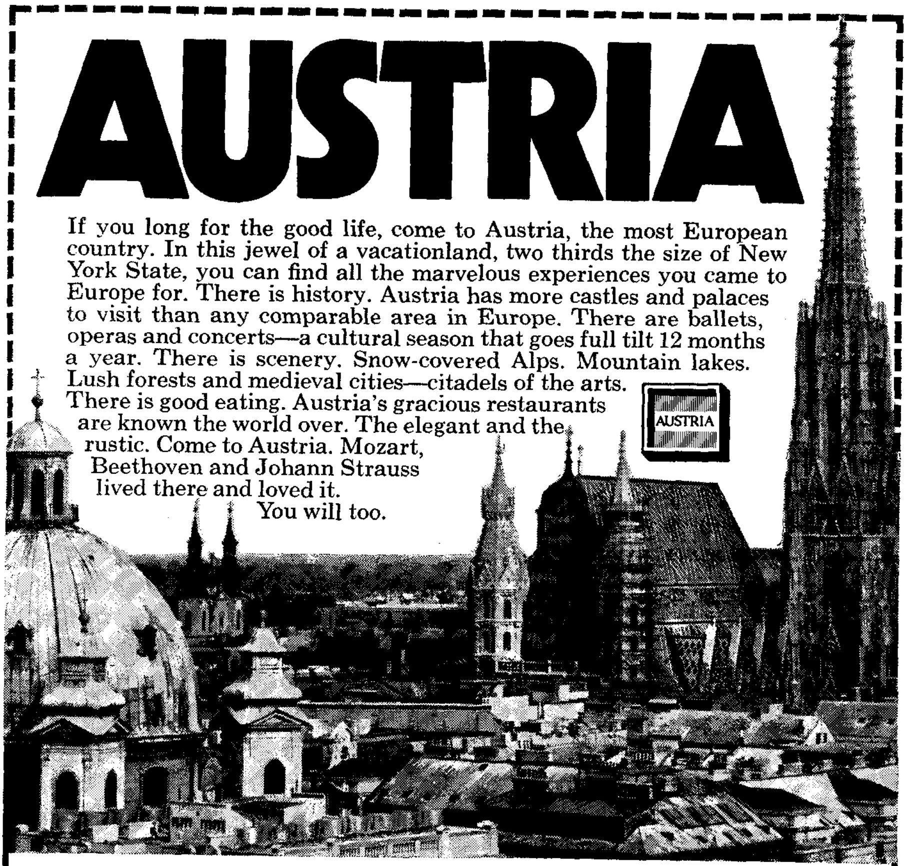

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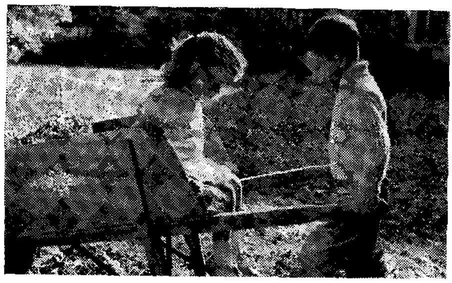

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ernment, and which may, over the long run, make an accumulation of power in the executive branch inevitable?"

"I hope not. I think we need a coequal system. The executive will always have certain advantages, because there's only one President, and he can make almost any decision he wants to—especially if he doesn't believe in the law. Also, he can get access to television and dominate the news when he wants to. He can make television and radio practically a private communication system with the American people. We have few ways to counterattack."

"Is it possible, though, that the increasingly complicated questions and large-scale enterprises and organizations that the federal government is dealing with just do not lend themselves to parliamentary control?"

"Oh, I don't believe that for a minute. I think that control may sometimes be more difficult. Let me say this—I think Watergate, when it's all over, is going to be very encouraging in terms of the fundamental strengths of American society and its institutions. As I understand it, there was a strategy for corrupting the last election, for literally buying it and then keeping the facts from public view, so no one knew what had happened. But slowly the courts were angered, the Congress was angered, the press bestirred itself, and the truth started coming out, and I believe we can follow now with legal reforms to prevent or discourage that sort of thing in the future. We were slow getting there, but I think the fact that we did get there showed that the traditions and strengths of our institutions were greater than even the tremendous power and inside advantages of the Presidency. And I don't think for a moment that the government is bigger than democracy. You know, I've been through some fights that I've lost here, but it's interesting to see what happens. I led the fight against additional aircraft carriers. I'm not against *all* aircraft carriers, but I didn't see why we needed a new one every year, costing a billion dollars. I lost on the Senate floor. But it's an interesting thing that we've now reduced the aircraft-carrier attack-force level by three carriers; that's a thirty-billion-dollar saving over the life of those carriers. I think the public debate here in the Congress made people face up to some of the realities they didn't want to face up to. I've been leading a fight lately against the space shuttle, which I think is a horrible waste. That never won on the Senate floor, but I noticed the other day that the chairman of the Appropriations Committee said that one of the ways we can save a lot of money is by delaying that space shuttle—which may mean the end of the space shuttle. I think that sometimes things work slowly, but if you're right they work, even against enormous commercial and governmental interests on the other side."

"Have we had an example here of the axiom that where you stand depends on where you sit? When the liberals were in charge of the White House—when one of their own was in power—there were frequent complaints that the Congress was blocking things. We heard about the 'deadlock of democracy.' There were all sorts of proposals for strengthening the hand of the President at the expense of the Congress. But then the Democrats lost the White House, and the power of the Congress to block the President looked more attractive. Do you think the liberals are coming to some new conclusions about this?"

"Well, I hope that to some extent we are, but I also think that the nature of the challenge the President posed at the beginning of the year was different from anything we'd had in the past, and ought to be a warning to us. I don't think that that was just another effort on the part of the President to crowd the Congress. What the President tried to do amounted to a massive, wholesale, un-Constitutional dismantlement of our system, in an attempt to convert it into a Presidential system. I think you have to look at the domestic side differently from the foreign one. I think in foreign relations the Congress has permitted itself to forfeit its Constitutional powers and responsibilities through many different Administrations, of both political parties. I think it's going to take us thirty years to repair the damage to the foreign-relations powers—warmaking powers, treaty powers—of the Congress. And we must do so. We're beginning to do it, but it's going to be a slow show. The Administration people tried to apply the same unlimited Presidential powers domestically that they've applied to foreign relations, and that's what was new about this challenge, it seems to me."

"How seriously will the Watergate controversy affect the President's power and affect the nature of his relationship with the Congress?"

"Some people have been saying that the damage will be so great that he can't govern. I don't believe that this is true, unless it develops that the President was personally involved in or per-

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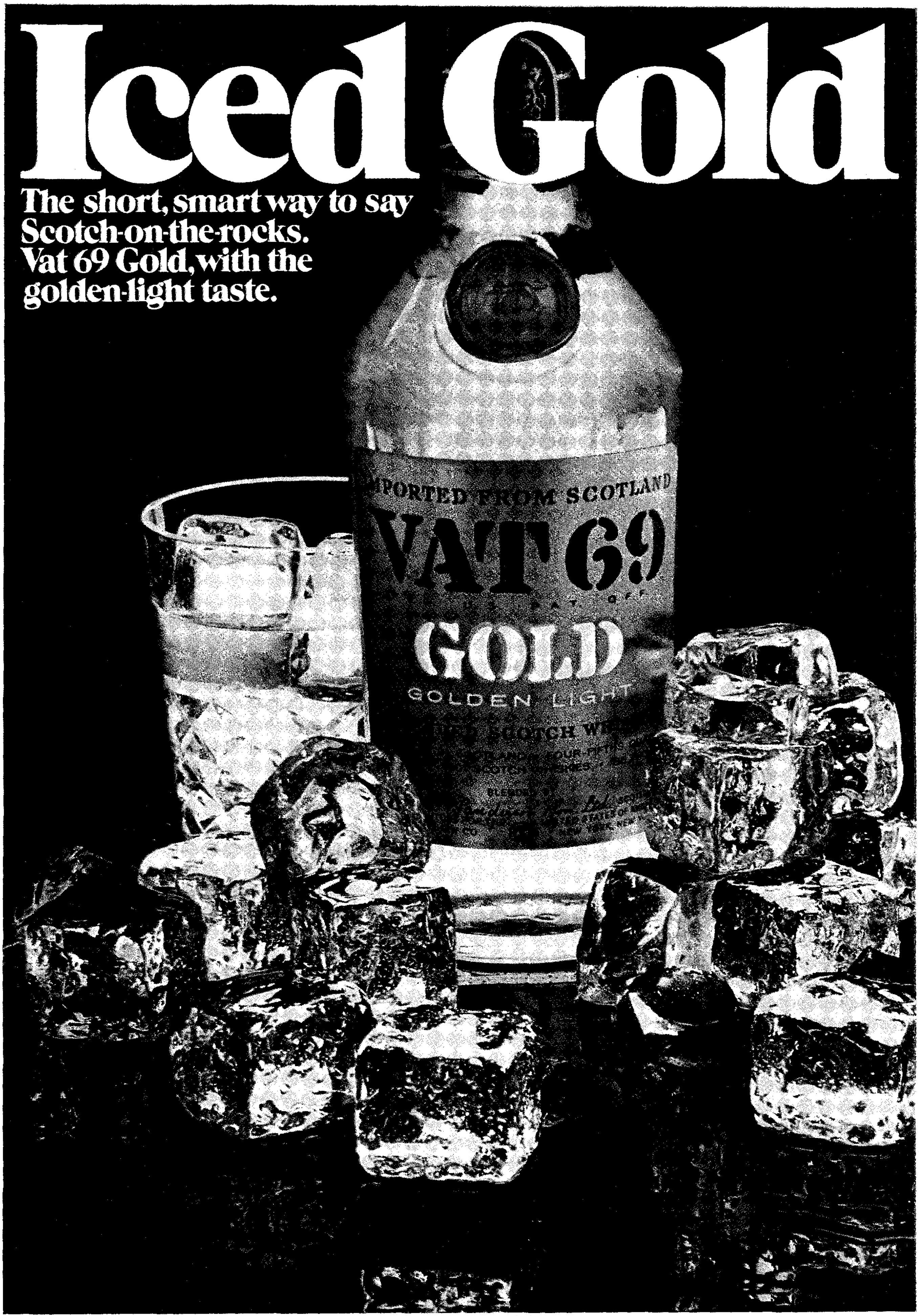
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sonally knew of widespread illegal acts. Even so, I think the scandal is much greater than anything else that has happened in or around the White House in our nation's history. If it would just make the President realize the strengths that come from working with the system, I think we could begin to restore government to some legal, due-process proportions; and I think the dramatic erosion of public confidence in the President and the great doubts about those who have been around him will inevitably force him to give some ground on these questions of Constitutional importance. And I think the weakening of the President politically will make him deal more realistically with other institutions, too."

"Does that mean that we have to wait for a President to get himself in trouble before politicians in the Congress will take him on?"

"Well, I think that there is what is always referred to as a 'honeymoon period,' when a President who's been newly elected or just been reëlected is given a period of special deference to develop and propose legislation. And I think the length of that honeymoon depends upon how he behaves and how he uses it. In the case of Mr. Nixon, he blew one of the largest mandates in American history in about a month by his divisive, hostile, and other negative tactics and his wholesale disregard for the law. In other words, I think that you can't suspend human nature, and it's the proper thing to do, in terms of normal Western traditions of civility, to be decent to a new President, to give him a chance. I think Herblock said every new President gets a free shave, and that's what we try to do, and that's what I do."

"But there are other times, not only after elections, when there is the phenomenon of the politicians backing off because they think the President may be powerful, even if he isn't right. I can think of President Nixon's November 3, 1969, speech about Vietnam, which a lot of people up here disagreed with but were not very vocal about, for fear that the President had in fact captured public opinion—a fear that then became self-fulfilling."

"I can't deny that that's what happened. But, fortunately, the fact is that there were some here who didn't follow that strategy and spoke up and criticized it. There was clearly an effort on the part of the White House to silence dissent. They warned everybody, 'Don't criticize us or you're going to be embarrassed.' The same thing followed the Cambodian invasion. I don't think the critics of the war will ever

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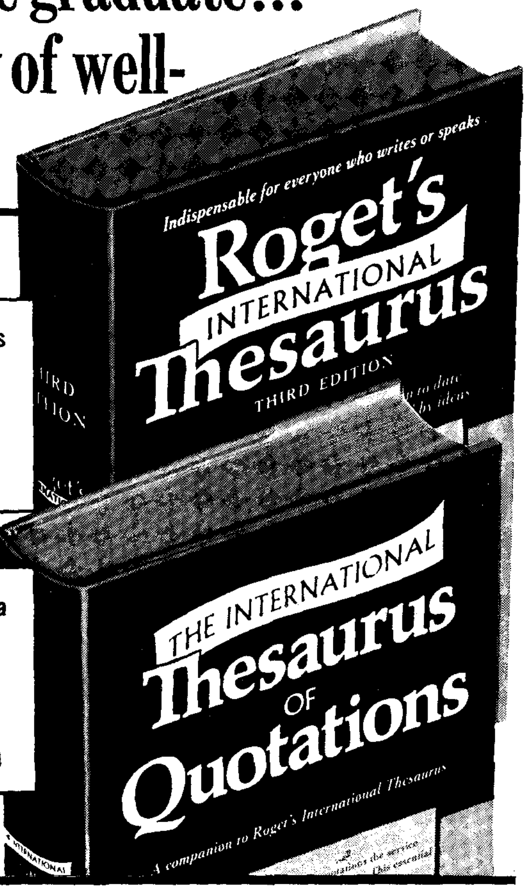
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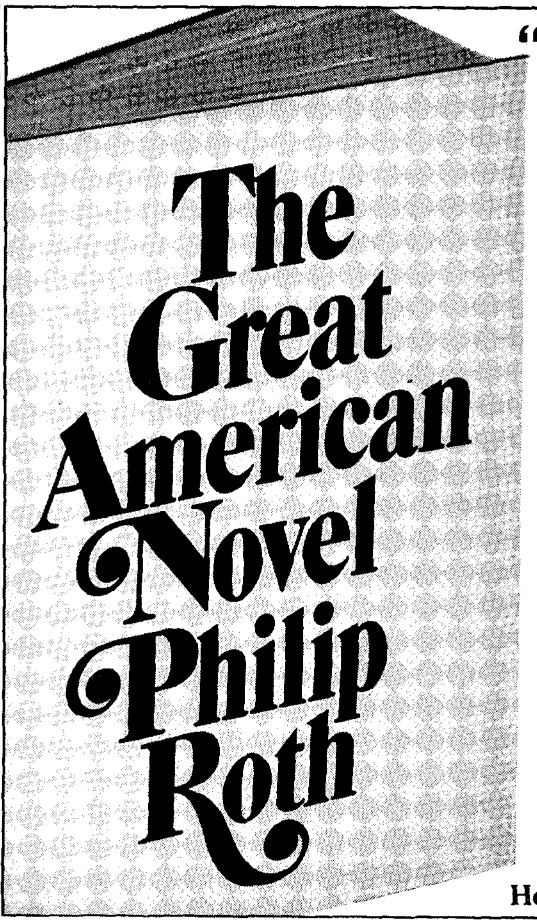

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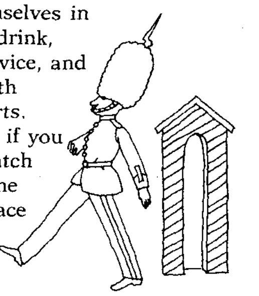

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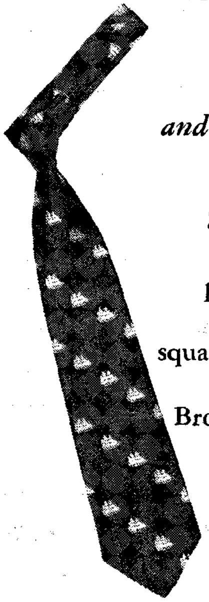

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get credit—at least, in the short run—but I think those criticisms and that debate helped end the war."

"That brings up something else I have been wanting to ask you. You supported the Vietnam war for a longer time than several of your colleagues. In 1967, you gave a very closely reasoned speech laying out what you considered to be the dilemmas, and came out on the side of supporting the war. How do you now look back on that?"

"The biggest mistake of my public career."

"How did you make it?"

"Well, several ways. First of all, I think I trusted the executive and its answers too much. I just couldn't believe that they could be that wrong. And I recall going to Vietnam myself for a week and going all over."

"What year was that?"

"It was early '66. And I came up with some questions about 'Why are they still fighting so close to Saigon if you're winning, if the people are for you?' And the leadership all had answers—the Defense Department or the State Department—and I guess if there's one thing that I learned out of all that it is that you have to trust your own judgment. You can't be sure of the accuracy, or sometimes even the honesty, of what you hear from established departments. That was one of my big mistakes. Another mistake I made was that I was applying what you might call the European analogy to Asia. It had no relationship at all, but I thought it did. Then it slowly dawned on me that there are limits to American power, limits to how we can influence what are essentially indigenous problems of another country. Finally, I saw first-hand what the war was doing to this country. It was not a pretty sight. The deaths and the injuries—permanent injuries. The costs—over a hundred billion dollars—which devastated so many human programs. But also the incredible spiritual and emotional costs. The war poisoned the public dialogue. It divided our country. It destroyed the affection of millions of Americans for their own government, and I think we'll be paying for it for the rest of my life."

"In what you were saying earlier, you painted a more positive picture than many do of the potential effectiveness of the Congress, and particularly the Senate. I'd like to ask you a little more about some of the human and realistic factors that make it difficult for senators to organize their colleagues to take action, or for the Senate in general to do very much at certain times. Each senator has his own constituency,

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has his own reëlection to think about. Collective action is not easy. It seems that after a large effort up here it's very difficult to mount another one; people get tired, they want to go home, they're caught up in having to answer their mail and greet constituents. Are these not also factors that affect what really happens?"

"Sure, they're factors. This is a democracy. We all have to be mindful of what our own people want in our states and how they want us to spend our time. That's part of our job, and anybody who said that wasn't true would not be realistic. And sure we get tired. We don't fight every fight that we perhaps should fight, and we don't win every fight that we should, because of these factors that you mentioned. And I think we can do better; I think we should do better. I think we should reorganize in some of the ways that I've suggested. More fundamentally, I think we need campaign-funding reform. I keep coming back to that. People do not realize the skyrocketing cost of campaigns and the growing temptation for compromising the public interest because of money. Now, that certainly has been exposed in an ugly way in the Watergate episode—how that money came in and how it was used and how it was falsely received and reported—but money in politics is the dark side of the political moon, and until we take full, pervasive action to solve that problem, we're going to have this continuing tawdry, tragic, dispiriting, demoralizing spectacle of public men trading public decisions for private money."

"Does this affect even those politicians who would like to be honest—who would like to feel that they are making decisions regardless of who has contributed how much?"

"It affects everybody. I think the miracle is that the system has remained as honest as it has. But the temptations are undeniable, and some people are weak. And the thing is subtle. For example, take just the access question. If you give money, you get an ear. I try very hard not to take money in amounts or from sources that would affect my course of action. But I would be less than candid if I didn't say that when I've had a large contributor he gets in to see me and I talk to him. While I try very hard to listen to everyone, I must admit that this is true. We're all a part of this system, and I think maybe in subtle ways that we don't even appreciate. We tend to remember who helped us financially, and even the most honest person cannot be unmindful of that support. And I just hope that we can get out from under this system."

"How?"

"Well, this goes back nearly seventy years. Teddy Roosevelt once called for public support of federal campaigns. I think we ought to begin with the Presidency and do that right. We've seen enough, I think, to understand the corruption of money. Maybe we could have a system like the one Albert Gore talked about a few years ago, where we would estimate approximately what a campaign would cost, give a candidate an amount out of the public treasury which would pay for a decent campaign, and then prohibit any outside money—something like that."

"What makes you think, from what we've seen, that federal support of campaigns could be set up in such a way that that process itself would not be corrupted or manipulated?"

"I can't be sure about it, but I am sure that the present system isn't doing it, and we'd better try. Maybe then the public could trust the government again. People all think it's being bought off. Even my son—he's eleven years old—said to me the other day when we were talking about Watergate, 'Daddy, are the courts honest?' Eleven years old, talking that way. The American people are being served up a raunchy, smelly, nostril-filling mess, and so much of it comes from money. It wouldn't cost much to try to change that. We have a national budget of about two hundred and sixty-nine billion dollars, and we're talking about an expenditure of a few million dollars to keep the thing honest. Well, why not do it? Well, I'll tell you the reason I think we haven't done it. It's that the people who control the American system with money now don't want to, because they *know* they control the American system and they don't want to let loose. It's been such a long, deeply embedded tradition in American life that you restrain and influence government through money—and that that's part of doing business in America—that they all do it and have more or less accepted it as being the proper thing to do. Well, it isn't proper. It's wrong and it's corrupting, and I think it's getting to the point where it's shaking American confidence in the basic integrity of our free system, and someday a demagogue is going to come along and really ride that wave unless we can correct it in a way that will restore confidence in the system. And I don't think Mickey Mouse changes are going to work; I think you need a basic

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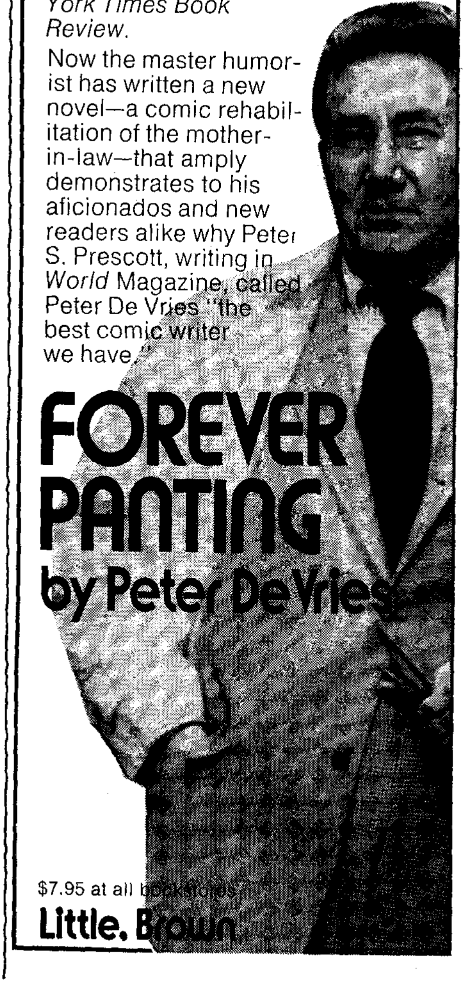


system of public support. You know, I saw a poll the other day that showed that, of all the occupations in this country, the politician ranked second to last in public confidence, just ahead of a used-car dealer. Well, one more month of this and we're going to be behind the used-car dealer."

"But you do think it is possible to restore faith in the governmental process and institutions?"

"It has to be done, and underneath all the current tragedy I feel better today than I have in a long time, because the institutions stood up to this mess. When you look at what Mr. Nixon's people had in mind—to sidetrack that last election and to hide what they did and to receive and spend money corruptly . . ."

"But wasn't there a failure of confidence in the institutions even before the Watergate story began to come out?"

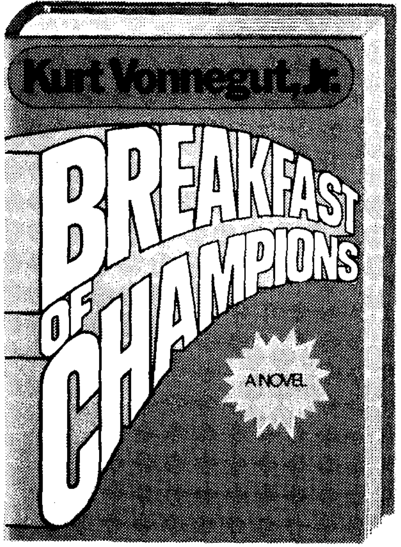
"Yes. But what I'm saying is that four or five months ago I was really feeling depressed, on the ground that there was no hope in the courts, there was no hope in the Congress, there was really no hope in the press, and a cynical Administration could ignore the laws, could ignore and could corrupt the truth, and could get away with it. In the middle of this mess, I think what we're learning is that the strength of our institutions is great—is greater than even the President—though it takes some time, it takes some pressure for the strength to show itself, it takes a while to anger. I feel that after this whole mess we can move for the kinds of reforms we're talking about in the Congress, in the way we fund elections, in the way we prohibit who can contribute and how they can contribute. If we just look at this whole investigation when we get done with it, we can say 'Now, all right, where did the system break down?' and pass laws and establish institutions that protect it."

"Do you feel that recent events—Watergate—will accelerate the kinds of change you seek?"

"Yes, I do. I hear more talk now about the system—how it can be improved and strengthened and made more honest—than I have heard before in my entire public career. I think leaders are both hopeful and worried. It can't go on like this. It must be changed."

"Do you at least entertain a question about the long-range success of our democratic experiment?"

"Yes, because I don't think it's secure, and I think there's so much more that needs to be done. I think there are so many danger points in our sys-



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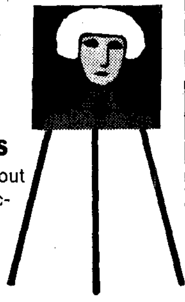

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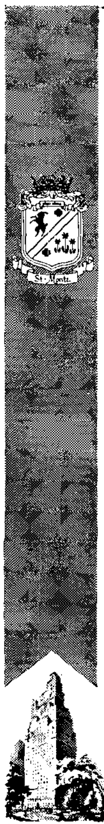

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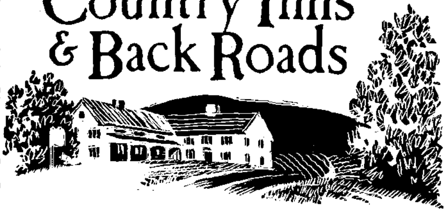

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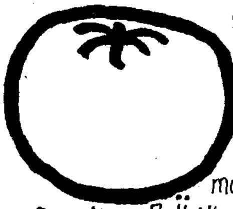

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tem. For example, I view these private wars that have gone on as a very dangerous thing—Cambodia, Laos. I think they've been carried on without a shred of legal support. I believe that the President's wholesale attempt to terminate programs he doesn't believe in—unless we can destroy that precedent over the next four years—will lead future Presidents to continue to press for omnipotence in the domestic field. Then we would move toward a Presidential system rather than a shared congressional system, a representative system—and that, I think, would be very dangerous. I can see that unless we deal with this money problem corruption could undermine the fundamental faith of the people in our government to the point where some demagogue could take it over in an anti-freedom and anti-politician campaign. There are many things that could happen. But I believe that we've got the wisdom and the strength to deal with these problems, and I believe that out of this mess may come some very important progress."

"Has the scope of what has been revealed in the Watergate affair suggested to you that there were greater dangers to our democracy than you had supposed—dangers hard to deal with through passing laws?"

"Greater dangers and greater strengths. It had never occurred to me that a major party would adopt and use on our own society tactics that had been developed in the C.I.A. to subject foreign governments to disruption and espionage and dirty tricks. In a sense, the invention has returned to plague the inventor, and it's very dangerous. There is much that we can do in terms of the law, and I've described some of them. I think there should be a study of the connections between our covert disruptive tactics abroad and the political process here at home. We might learn how to safeguard American society, and maybe other societies as well. But I think the fundamental decision is beyond the law. It is founded in the judgment that the American people make about our country, its institutions, and its leadership. If the final judgment is one of despair and cynicism, our nation will be fundamentally weakened. But if it's one of outrage against those who have tried to tamper with our laws, our freedom, and our Constitution—with the just powers of our institutions—and if that outrage is harnessed toward specific reforms, then it may be that out of the tragedy of Watergate can come a new level of confidence and morality in public life."

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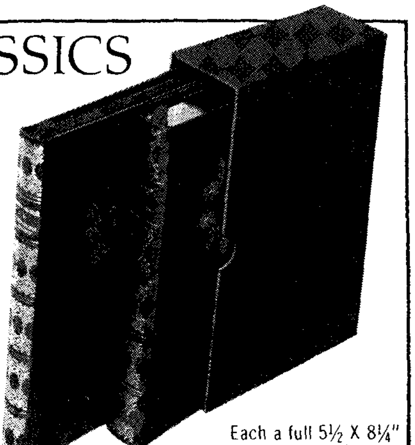

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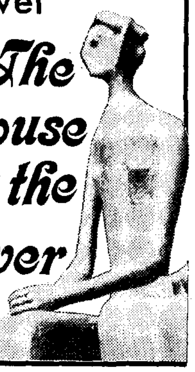

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BOOKS

Hieronymus and Robert Bosch: The Art of Thomas Pynchon

THOUGHTS on finishing Thomas Pynchon's new novel, "Gravity's Rainbow" (Viking):

(1) Whew!

(2) That was very long. It was like eating all of a thirty-six-pound wheel of Vermont Cheddar cheese. In fact, it took me thirty-six hours, which may (but probably doesn't) have some significance.

(3) But it was not dull reading. Anything but. It held me tight through all those permutations.

(4) What was it about? To explain that, I'd have to write a review nearly as long as the book. Oh, very well, then, I'll condense.

"Gravity's Rainbow" is a picaresque, apocalyptic, absurdist novel that creates a complex mythology to describe our present predicament. It is supposedly about a brief period in the decline of the West—fall, 1944, through fall, 1945. It is actually about our entire century, from the roots of the First World War through the final calamity, which keeps on threatening right up to press time. Beyond that, it is about the whole modern tendency of man to subordinate himself to the whims of the products of his intelligence, to the self-aggrandizing dictates of machines. It is also about the paranoia this subordination instills in men—a paranoia of which they are absolved as their persecution dreams come true and, ironically, destroy them.

If I have suggested an icily intellectual book by these adumbrations, I'm sorry. "Gravity's Rainbow" attempts to conceal its author's ultimately guiding intellect beneath a long series of marvellous, polyglot sideshows that entertain before they edify. The broad clownishness of modern men at war, in love, in painful, oblique communication with their peers is Pynchon's superficial text, beneath which a darker message lurks, and the funning alone is sufficient to carry the reader along through the book. Pynchon is a gifted mimic; from the very beginning he engages us with his absolute pitch in his renditions of the English and American vulgate, both in speech and in song. We commence in London late in 1944, when the slow, early V-1 buzz bombs, whose sound announced their coming (and which could be tipped off course and exploded in open country by an R.A.F. Tempest flying alongside), were supplanted by the faster, deadlier V-2s, which, since they travelled more rapidly than sound, gave no warning of their presence *until* the explosion. We are introduced to a motley cast of characters in a special intelligence unit dedicated to the detection and extinction of the German rocket sites. Among the leading players (and players they are, for this is an exercise governed by a paranoid kind of games theory) are Roger Mexico, a statistician, whose analytical calm is shaken not only by his affair with the beautiful Jessica Swanlake, whose accessibility to him is for the duration only, but by the unnerving fact that the pattern of bomb bursts on the map of London conforms precisely to the pattern of sexual conquests of the American Lieutenant Tyrone Slothrop, another leading player. A further card of high value in Pynchon's tarot deck is Edward Pointsman, a Pavlovian psychologist and sadomasochist (his name, the English word for "switchman," indicates that it is he who will pull the levers that govern the direction of the other characters, including both Mexico and Slothrop). Another is the obsessed German rocket commander Weissmann, who has adopted the nom de guerre of Captain Blicero. His whiteness—as implied by his name—is balanced by the blackness of his former servant in German South-West Africa, now, as Oberst Enzian, himself in charge of a black German rocket group known as the Schwarzkommando. Around these principal figures swirls a vast dramatis personae involving hundreds of English, German, American, and Russian spies, agents, dupes and counterdupes, scientists and counterscientists, roués and naturals. Their revels (celebrating life, celebrating self, celebrating greed) are subject always to the review and repeal of the higher, more sinister powers that move on, untroubled, above them—the ultramundane powers of the destructive machines these characters ultimately serve, machines governed, though perhaps less than absolutely, by

POLICE
Robt Day

the highest powers: the multinational cartels that dictate machine design and war plans alike.

This only begins to suggest the intricacy of Pynchon's plot. It is an overarching labyrinth—overarching like the rocket trajectory that is gravity's rainbow but meticulously designed to carry forward and, at length, to carry out its author's aims. It sees the American Slothrop posted from London to the Riviera and then to Germany, in pursuit of the mad Captain Blicero and the destination of a secret rocket he has fired—a specially equipped V-2 bearing the unrevealing numeral 00000 and aimed, for once, almost due north. In the course of his travels, Slothrop becomes a rocket figure himself; he becomes Rocketman, a character in an American comic book, but without such a character's supernal powers—floundering through the wastes of summer, 1945, with cadres of enemies (perhaps including his own employers) close upon his trail.

Slothrop's simultaneous pursuit and flight is in itself a parody (and an updating) of the Grail legend, as the terrible ruins he passes through recall the stricken city of "The Waste Land," as the rocket, in its megalomaniac amplification of human (and phallic) power, echoes the last lines of Rilke's "When Catching What You Throw Yourself": "Out of your hands,/ A meteor hurtles on its course through space. . . ." All these heritages and homages may be appreciated intellectually, in the abstract, for themselves. But it is the splendid concreteness of Pynchon's eye and voice that propel and compel us through the book. The eye is that of Hieronymus Bosch—an elevated eye encompassing, with fatal accuracy, human aberration and disorder. The voice is that, at one moment, of a poet and prophet, and, at the next, of a machine-serving scientist, using the certainties of a Robert Bosch—a German magnate of electricity and power—to carry his vision into the technical present. (Yes, "magnate," no pun intended; if Pynchon were writing this, he *would* intend one, as in his outrageous, Hobbesian Boston law firm—Salitieri, Poore, Nash, De Brutus & Short.)

Aside from plot, from statement, the heart and life of this book reside in its luminous, comical, frightening set pieces: Slothrop's pursuit of a lost mouth organ down a Roseland Ballroom toilet and into the sewers; Pointsman's eerily calculated S-and-M punishment for the ancient commandant of his research station, in the course of which the old Brigadier, chastised by a

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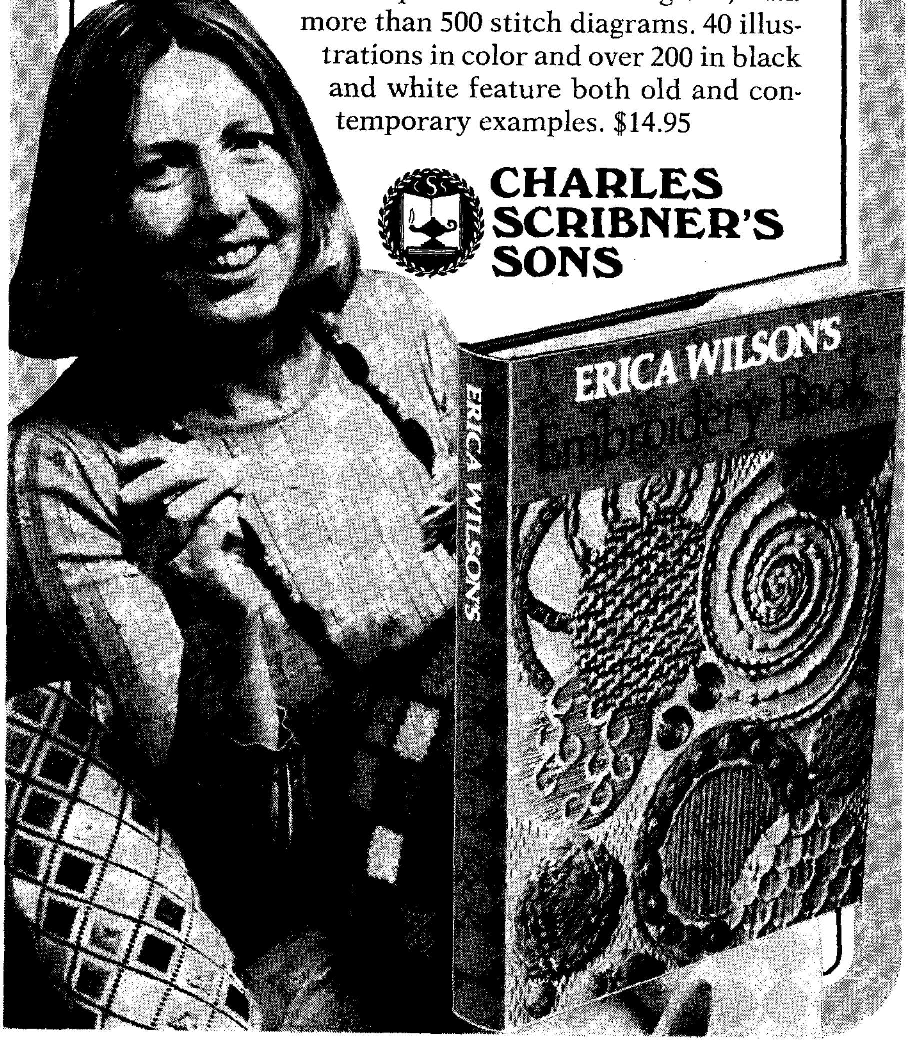

factitious Queen of the Night, atones for the butchery he caused at Passchendaele; the voyage of the pleasure ship (or Narrenschiff) Anubis (q.v.), peopled by a cast of degenerate aristocrats who recall George Grosz and "The Berlin Stories" as well as the fall of Rome; Mexico's high-level tantrum on learning of the long-planned loss of his lover, Jessica Swanlake, during which he demolishes a London conference of senior civil and military servants; and so many more that I can only refer you to the book.

One other thing: Pynchon's talent is far greater than mere mimicry, though he is master of that. He is almost a mathematician of prose, who calculates the least and the greatest stress each word and line, each pun and ambiguity, can bear, and applies his knowledge accordingly and virtually without lapses, though he takes many scary, bracing linguistic risks. Thus his remarkably supple diction can first treat of a painful and delicate love scene and then roar, without pause, into the sounds and echoes of a drugged and drunken orgy.

Pynchon, for his aloofness and wisdom, his sardonic knowingness of all the world, has been called a cold, lapidary writer. I do not find him to be one. Though his characters are not developed along conventional lines, they do, in their recalcitrant human oddity, live, and they do eventually touch the reader more than he at first thinks they will. Perhaps that is because the whole book moves, with slow deliberation, from the generalized past to the particular present. What begins in the far-off London of 1944 moves closer and closer to us, implicates us more and more in its events. At the end, in a long, diminuendo, beautifully modulated passage entitled "The Counterforce," he reminds me of the final lines of Philip Larkin's "The Whitsun Weddings" ("We slowed again,/ And as the tightened brakes took hold, there swelled/ A sense of falling, like an arrow-shower/ Sent out of sight, somewhere becoming rain"); Pynchon brings the past and the present and maybe the near future literally down upon our heads in, appropriately, Los Angeles.

"Gravity's Rainbow" is one of the best-realized paradigms of our century I have yet read. —L. E. SISSMAN

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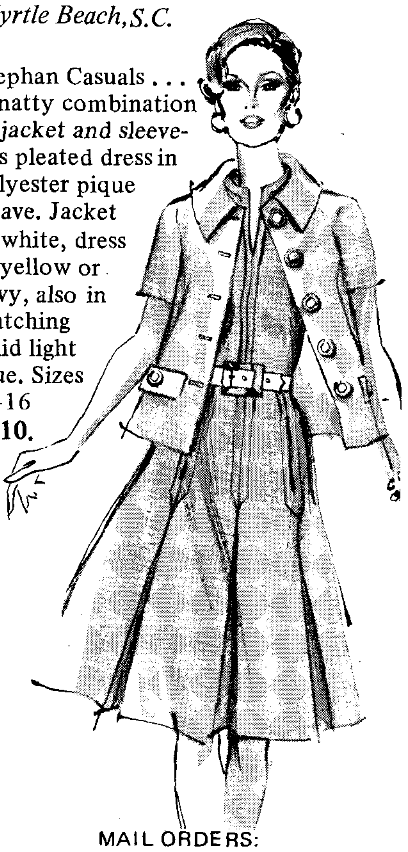

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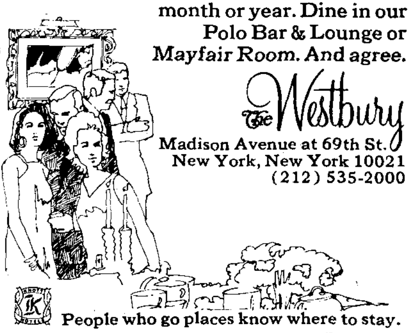

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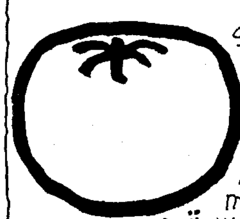

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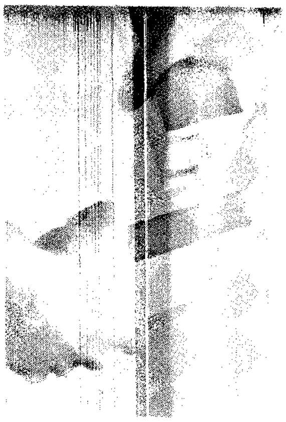

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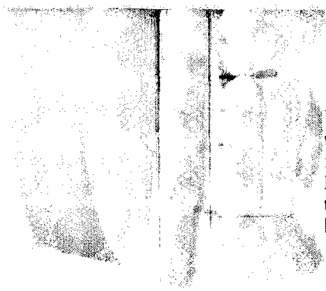

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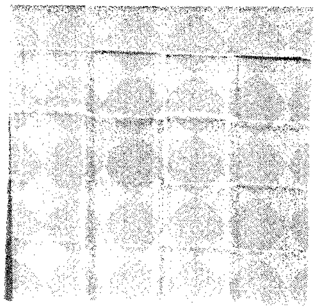

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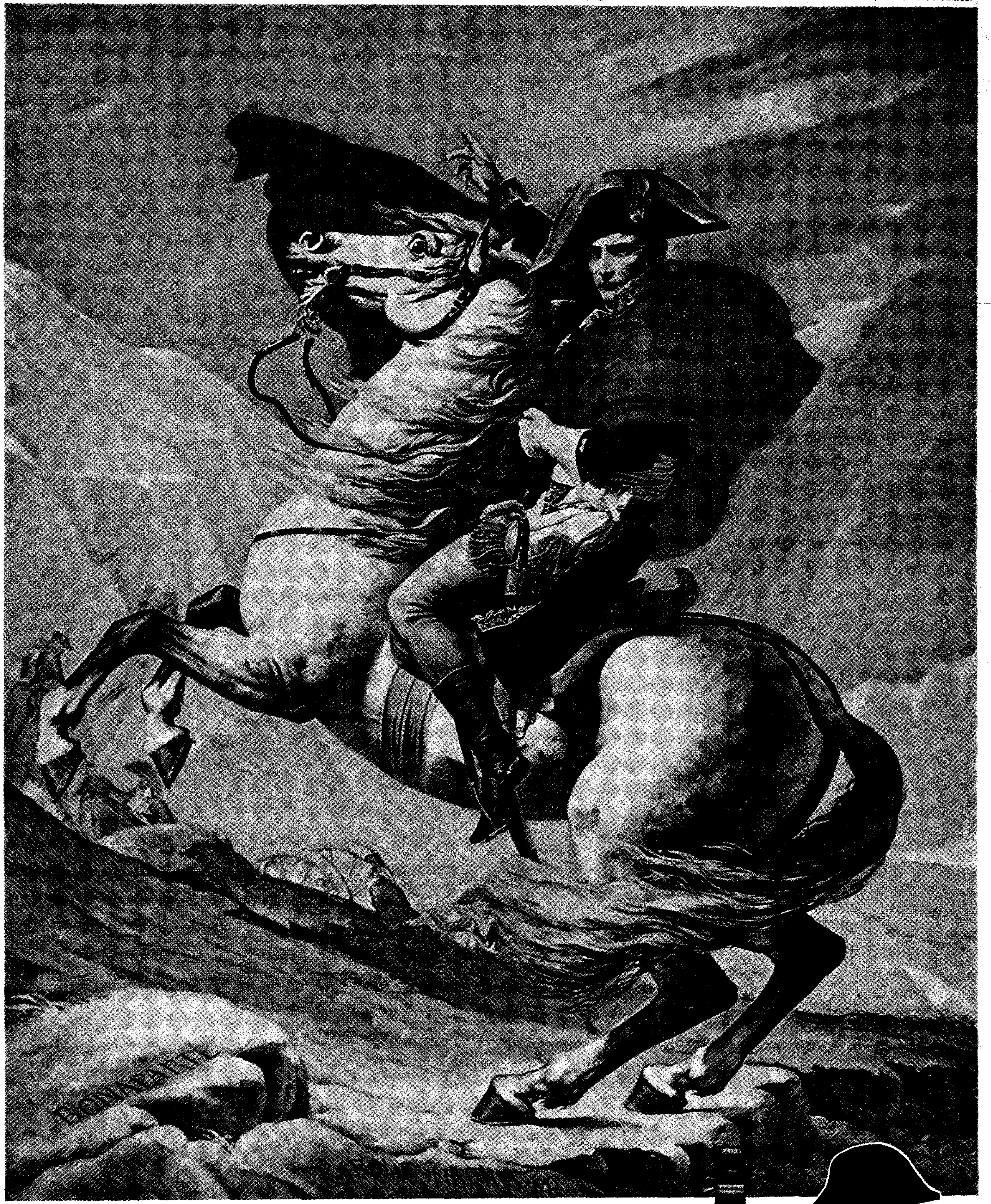

Like Hannibal and Charlemagne before him, Napoleon boldly crossed the Alps into Italy by the Great Saint Bernard Pass on May 15, 1800. An army of 40,000 men, with field artillery and baggage trains, completed the exhausting journey five days later, and went on to win the battle of Marengo on June 14th.

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